



Sold by Benj. Crayle in Fleet Street,



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God's Revenge
AGAINST
MURDER
AND
ADULTERY,
Express'd in Thirty several
Tragical Histories.

Wherein are lively delineated the *various*
Stratagems, subtle Practices and deluding Oratory
used by our Modern Gallants, in order to the se-
ducing young Ladies to their unlawful Pleasures.

To which are annexed the Triumphs of

Friendship and Chastity,

In some Heroick Examples and

DELIGHTFUL HISTORIES.

The whole Illustrated with about fifty Ele-
gant Epistles, relating to *Love and Gallantry.*

The Second Edition.

By **THOMAS WRIGHT, M. A.** of
St. Peter's College in Cambridge.

LONDON,

Printed for **B. Cople** at the *Peacock and Bible* at
the West end of *St. Paul's Church.* 1688.

God's Revenge

MURDER

AND
ADULTERY

Tragical Histories

Wherein are lively delineated the sad fates of
many famous persons, who have been guilty of
murder, adultery, and other heinous crimes,
and have suffered the most terrible punishments
for the same.

Friendship and Enmity

DELIGHTFUL HISTORIES

The whole illustrated with many fine
and curious cuts.

By Thomas Wright, M. A.

St. Peter's College in Cambridge.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the Black-Swan in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

1711.

Printed for J. Sturges, at the Black-Swan in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

the 17th day of the Month of April 1711.

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T H E

Introduction.

PLATO, a Heathen, thought Virtue so amiable in it self, that could it appear clad in Humane shape, the excellency of its features would attract the love and admiration of all its spectators; and shall We, who are Christians, be less in love with the Beauty of Holiness? Shall We, who live under the Meridian Illustrations of Divine Wisdom, not see those glorious Truths, which by the glimmering light of Nature He so much rever'd? O shame on that Egyptian darkness which clouds our Reason! O shame on that Infidelity that poysons our Souls! He liv'd a Divine Heathen, while we live and die professed Christians, but in Practice more wretched and inexcusable than Pagans; witness the Avarice and Rapine of some, the Malice and Ambition of others; in a word, to name no more, the frequent Murders of the Street, and the more close Adulteries of the Chamber; the bloody Revenge of the enraged Bravo, and the wanton Embraces of the lustful Paramour. Of these two last, viz. of Murder and Adultery, I shall more particularly treat, which as they are sins of the first Magnitude, so hath their punishment been the most dreadful, and their Guilt always prosecuted with the

most fatal consequence of Divine Vengeance, as the Reader may plainly see in the several following Histories ; of which some are extracted out of that excellent Piece of Mr. Reynolds his Murthers, and others altogether New, all reduc'd into so small a bulk, that they may be neither cumbersome nor tedious to the Reader. Examples of these Crimes, as most hainous in their own nature, (the first destroying Man, Gods Image, and the second defiling him) I have the rather pitch'd upon, for that they are the spreading Cancers of the Age, which have not only infected the Southern and warmer parts of the World, but spread their contagion under the Arctick Pole, in Climates bound up in Ice, and Lands covered with Snow. Murther, 'tis true, got the start of Adultery, and was the first-born of its wretched Parent Cain ; but since, like kind Companions, they have lovingly associated together, and rarely do we meet Adultery in the Van, but we find Murther in the Reer, which have now usurpt so large an Empire, that the Rigours of the Frost do not chill their heats, nor stop their growth : the cold Russes, Finns, and Tartars, are as well guilty, as the hot Moors, Blacks, and Ethiopians ; the phlegmatick Dutchman, or heavy German, as the lustful Spaniard, or Sodomitical Italian.

Murther has been always look'd upon as a most detestable sin in the sight of God and Man, and punished as a Capital Offence ; nor is Adultery to be less abhor'd. The Commands of God, the Laws of the Jews, and other Nations at this day, inflict death on the miserable Criminal ;

how

however it has obtained more favour amongst the
debauch'd Sparks of our Age, who esteem it but
a slight Peccadillo; a piece of Gallantry, and ac-
count it rather the Glory than the Shame of
their youthful heat, and vigorous Extravagance;
But let such know, that God has promised by a
severe threat, That he will judge the Whore-
monger and Adulterer; nor will they find the
punishment so light as they imagine. This it was
that brought a Deluge upon the old World; and
this it is which hath since overturn'd Kingdoms,
and laid wast the most flourishing States. And
as there is no Place, nor hath been any Age,
free from notorious Examples of this Crime, so
also are there no degrees of Persons exempted
from the commission of it: Princes of the highest
Dignity being as well guilty, as those of more in-
feriour Rank and Quality: But let such know,
that they shall both tast the bitterness of punish-
ment; for God will as soon sling his Thunderbolt
on the one as the other; the Princes Purple shall
no more excuse him, than the poor mans Rags can
defend him.

If our Body is the Temple of God, let us then
keep it undefiled, and not make it a Sanctuary
for Murthers and Adulteries; for that Holy
Spirit will not endure the impurity of our thoughts,
much less our polluted actions; our hands must not
only be free from the stain of Blood, but our
hearts from the guilt and the very desire of Re-
venge.

Incontinency is one of the Devils Light-
Horse, with which he at first skirmishes, till he

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can draw us into those Ambuscades of more dangerous Enemies he has laid to entrap us; and then charges us with his desperate Train of Adulteries and Murthers, and the whole body of succeeding Villainies. In Adultery he baits his Hook with the honey and sweets of the temptation, paints the hidden Thorns, and sticks them with Flowers; gilds the Chains, and studs them with Diamonds; makes every curling Tress (the Witchcraft of the Fair) of the most soft and shining Silk, which he ties up in True-Love-knots for garniture: but when once we have swallowed the deceitful Potion, we quickly lose the relish of those mistaken sweets, and find that bitterness and sorrow were the chief Ingredients in the fatal Composition, and a speedy Repentance our best and only Antidote.

I could here enlarge upon the various Punishments inflicted by different Nations, according to the rigorous or more merciful inclination of their temper, on the horrid sin of Adultery; but then I should transgress the modest bounds I intended to this Discourse. I shall therefore leave the Reader to the following Histories, in which I hope he will receive both delight and satisfaction; and conclude with the Remark of a witty and observing Traveller: "The Italian (says he) poysons the Adulterous Wife, the Spaniard stabs her, the German beats her, the French-man puts her away, and the English-man won't believe it."

THE

TO THE
Right Honorable and Noble Lady
FLOWER
Countess of Clarendon.

Madam,

IT may seem an unpardonable rudeness, that to this *Collection of Histories* I should prefix so Venerable a Name: But tho' I may be judg'd guilty of a Presumption in this *Dedication*, yet the general Character of Your eminent Virtues (which gives as great a Lustre to Your Name, as Your Honourable Birth) does somewhat excuse and apologize for me, and I question not but Your transcendent Goodness and Clemency will prevail with You to patronize a Piece (tho' unpolish'd before your Ladyships most discerning Judgment) which may prove instrumental towards the restraining those execrable Crimes which are so frequently committed in this exorbitant Age; and likewise as it publisheth some other

A

Exam-

Epistle Dedicatory.

Examples which may tend to the propagating those resplendant Graces of *Friendship* and *Chastity*, which may without *Hyperbole* or Flattery be said to be most Eminent in Your self. The Author's Affairs having call'd him far distant, before the Press had finish'd the *Book*, frustrated his intention of dedicating it to Your Ladyship himself. And therefore, as the Presentation of it was design'd You from its Birth, so I am sure I have infinitely oblig'd the Author, by performing his desire, and I hope no ways contributed to Your Honours Dissatisfaction.

Your Honours most Obligd.
and Humble Servant,

Benjamin Crayle.

*To my Ingenious Friend, Mr. Thomas
Wright, on his Excellent Histories.*

AFTER the first Apostacy of Man,
The rich Endowments of his Mind began
To be deprav'd, and lost its Excellence
By being conquer'd by the Lusts of Sense;
Since which unhappy time (of Man's being frail)
Examples more than Precepts do prevail;
For Exhortations we do seldom find
To leave such strong Impressions on the Mind.
Then who can speak the Debt the World does owe
To Thy ingenious Pen, that does bestow
An Antidote to Vice from others Woe,
And from th' Examples of the Chast and Kind,
Fix bright Imbellishments upon the Mind?
Thy Histories, by Chymistry Divine,
Do the depraved Faculties refine,
And make them in their pristine Lustre shine.
This Mirrour to the Vicious does present
Their Picture so deform'd, they will repent;
And to the Good such charming Graces show,
As they ill then could not so fully know:
Such-----as will make them to improve, and be
Like patterns of Heroick Piety.
Thou hast disclosed here a Golden Mine,
And hast with Eloquence enrich'd each Line.
So sweet's thy Style, so manly is thy Sence,
It justly may be call'd an Excellence.
Thy Wit and Skill may former Artists blame,
And *Reynolds Murders* now we must not name,
As sable Darknes, which attends the Night,
To the Days Sun-beams is the opposite,
So Vice from *Virtue*, *Wrong* from *Right*'s the same;
Then how canst thou write *wrong*, when WRIGHT's
thy Name?

London, May 29. 1685.

J. C.

To the Ingenious Author,
Mr. Thomas Wright.

Since the too bold aspiring Angel fell
(By his Ambition and his Pride) to Hell,
And since Rebellious man lost Paradiſe,
The World is fill'd with various ſorts of Vice;
Murther & *Luſt* Twin-Tyrants long have reign'd,
And a vaſt *Empire* thro' the World maintain'd;
The Sword of Juſtice could not ſtop their rage,
They've boldly tyranniz'd in ev'ry Age,
Nor could *Divines* their furious heat aſſuage,
Yet doubtleſs, *Friend*, th'examples you have giv'n,
May give them proſpect of revenging Heav'n;
Your Pen with Eloquence Divine inspir'd,
Will cool the Soul with *Luſt* and *Murther* fir'd,
Tame all the Paſſions, regulate the Will,
And ſtop that rage that guiltleſs *Blood* wou'd ſpill.
Thy Pen doth here ſuch Oratory give,
As teacheth Us by others Death to live;
And from a Life of *Chaſtity* and *Love*,
A great advantage to our ſelves improve.
Thy *Book* ſo much my Praises do outrun,
I do but light a Candle to the Sun.

J. Whitehall.

THE G L O R Y O F

Gods Revenge

Against the Bloody and Execrable Sin of
MURDER.

HIST. I.

Grand Pre and Mermanda.

The proud Hauteſelia hires Le Freſnay an Apothecary for 200 Crowns to Poiſon her Siſter in Law Mermanda, then ſeſs her Husband De Mallory at variance with her Brother Grand Pre, who kills De Mallory in a Duell; She afterwards gives Le Freſnay 300 Crowns more to Poiſon Grand Pre which he does, and being Condemned for a Rape Confesses the two Murders, and accuses Hauteſelia, who is apprehended, and both ſuffer the ſeverity of the Law:

HAD the Precepts of God or the Laws of Man been able to restrain the Extravagance of our debauch'd Natures within the limits of our Duty, we ſhou'd have had not only no Occaſion, but no Examples of ſuch wicked Wretches, whoſe Luſt, Ambition, or Revenge, has made them the unhappy Arguments of humane Miſery. Their vicious Courſes have plung'd them into Crimes which could not be expiated here, but by the ſevereſt puniſhments, both which the Fair-
fol

Gods Revenge against Murther

ful Historian has transmitted to us, that by the Obliquity of their lives, we may be perswaded to amend our own, since we see that Sin always proves fatall to the Offender, and an Ignominious Death is the certain consequence of a Corrupt and Vicious Life. If perfect Innocence was the beauty of our Creation and that happy Dowry which God Almighty gave, when at his Command the Soul and Body first espoused each other, which the more Willy Serpent stole from us: Oh let us not be again Cheated by the same Deceiver, and sell our Integrity for the gilded Shows of Sin and Misery, exchange our Glory for Shame, and to satiate one burning Lust, endure the Torment of Everlasting Flames.

The following Histories are all Tragical, and the parts of the chiefest Actors writ in Characters of Blood; which are not so much designed to divert the Reader with the Variety of surprizing Circumstances, as to afright him by the sad Examples from the Commission of that horrid Sin of Murther, of which sincerely to repent, is highly difficult, but to make Satisfaction for Impossible. When once the *Golden Bowl* is broke (which the wise man speaks of, *Ecclesiastes* the 12th.) by the Impious hand of some bold Assassin, he fills full the Cup of Gods Indignation against him, which will be a draught more bitter than all the glozing pleasures Life or Fortune can sweeten with their greatest advantages. Humane Laws have provided Shackles and Dungeons, Racks and Gibbets, not only to punish, but deter such sanguinary Bravo's, who, if they chance (which but rarely happens) to escape the latest hand of Justice, yet are they constantly haunted with the horror of the Crime, and are redare the Torments of a future, by the present Hell of an evil Conscience.

But I proceed to the History, which is thus.

Near *Auxonne*, upon the Frontiers of *Burgundy*, dwelt an Antient Gentleman nobly descended, whose name was Monsieur *De Grandmont*, his vertuous Lady was Ma-

mbly

moyselle De Carny, this happy pair were blest'd with a plentiful Offspring and a fair Estate to support the Honour and Grandeur of the Family. They had three Sons and two Daughters, of which *Grand Pre* (who was the first and chiefeft Pillar of the House) applyd himself wholly to Arms, and obtain'd leave to serve his Apprenticeship in the Wars under the Command of that Incomperable Captain *Grave Mairrice*, then Earl of *Nassau*, and since Prince of *Orange*. *Vileneuse* who altogether delighted in Books was sent to *Pont au Mousson*, and *Masseron* was for his Beauty beg'd a Page by that great Marshal of France who unfortunately lost his Head in the *Bastile of Paris*: *Hautefelia* the Eldest of the two Daughters liv'd at home with her Parents, and *de Cressy* the youngest had the honour to attend a great Lady of *Burgundy*, where she receiv'd all the advantages of a Noble and Vertuous Education. But see here how soon the Pleasure of Heaven can overthrow our most Establith'd fortunes, and sink all our present Joys and Ripening hopes into the botom of Despair. Within the Compass of a Year *Vileneuse* was Drown'd as he bath'd himself in the River at *Pont au Mousson*, *Masseron* was kill'd in a Duell at *Fontainebleau* by *Rassat* Page to the Duke of *Espernon*, and *Hautefelia* dyed at home of a Fever. *Grandmont* and *de Carny* being thus made unfortunate by the death of three of their Children, resolv'd to call home the other two, which were now the only Comforts and Props of their declining Age. First from the Baroness of *Lux* came *de Cressy* who Succeeded her Sister and we shall now term by the name and title of *Hautefelia*; After her very shortly came *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where he left many Honourable marks of his Courage and Bravery. Upon his arrival, the Flower of all the Nobility and Gentry came to Condole with him for the Death of his Brothers and Sister, and Congratulate his happy return, whom they all admire as a most compleat Gentleman in whose mien shone all the Graces and Accomplishments of a brave and generous Cavalier. *Grandmont* observing the

Martial disposition of his Son, and fearing least the thirst of honour would again Transport him to the Wars, and that his towering Spirit would not long endure the lazy retirement of the Country, resolves to try if the softer Charms of Love and Beauty could not assail that Breast which seemed wholly devoted to the God of War; For which end he proffers *Grand Pre* the Choice of several young Ladyes and Gentlewomen for his Wife, of the richest and most Ancient families near *Auxonne*; But *Grand Pre* appeared wholly averse to all proposals of this Nature, and thought it a high Blemish and disparagement to his Valour, to be made a slave and Captive to any Beauteous she, who knew no way to conquer but by smiles and the weak Artillery of her Eyes. *Grand-mom* perceiving this design would not take effect, resolves to leave the Country and reside at *Dijon* (formerly the ancient Seat of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and now famous for the Present Court of *Parliament*) where he hoped amongst the great confluence of Ladyes and Gentlewomen, *Grand Pre* might at last Espye that Paragon of nature whose Excellencies would subdue his stubborn heart, and Captivate his affections, which accordingly answered his Expectation.

On a Sunday Morning in Lent, *Grand Pre* went to the Royal Chappel to hear Father *Justinian* Preach, and over against him saw a most delicate and beautiful young Lady, infinitely rich in apparel, but far more glorious in the perfections and Excellencies of her mind; in a word being not used to encounter with such Beautyes, he was ravish'd with the Sweetness of her Angelic form, and she alone the Subject of his present Devotion and future Contemplation. Nor was *Grand Pre* less observ'd by the Lady, who seeing him a proper young Gallant well attended, would sometimes feast her Eyes with a Stolen glance, which presently her modesty and discretion would check her for, and paint her Cheeks with those graceful blushes, that *Grand Pre* was forc'd to do homage to her

her Beauty and ask pardon of that God of Love against whose power and dignity he had so long offended.

Sermon being ended, *Grand Pre* took a turn or two in the Church, and ordered his Page to make private enquiry who the Lady was; he speedily inform'd him that she is *Madamoysele Mermenda*, eldest Daughter to *Monsieur de Cressonville*, one of the chiefest Presidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* was extremely pleas'd in knowing who she was, and the more, in that it was no disparagement to his Quality or Family to marry with her. Wherefore, bidding farewell to all the bloody conflicts of the Camp, he resolves his future Engagements into amorous Encounters, which often prove no less fatal and dangerous: and accordingly, the next day, with two intimate Acquaintance, under pretence of other business, made a visit to *Monsieur de Cressonville*; who being abroad, his two Friends entertained the Mother, whil'st he made his addresses to the young Lady, whose conversation was so obliging and agreeable, that he now own'd no other happiness but what centred in the sole enjoyment of the beloved *Mermenda*. *Grand Pre* having received so respectful entertainment in his first visit, resolv'd to acquaint the old President with his affection to his Daughter, which he did, and having thus begun his Suite, left his Father *Grandmont* to finish it, whil'st he pay'd his daily Orisons to his beautiful Mistress.

Monsieur de Cressonville approv'd the Match; and knowing that *Grandmont* had likewise one only Daughter, and himself one only Son, desired it might be double, thereby to contract a more firm and stricter League between their two Houses; which, after some debates and conferences, was resolv'd upon. I do here on purpose omit the several Letters of Courtship between *Grand Pre* and *Mermenda*, and from *de Malleray* (*Cressonville's* Son) to *Hauteselia*, both because they would swell this brief History beyond its intended bounds, and expressed nothing more of moment, than the common Raptures of endearing Lovers in their first Addresses. These Marriages, to the joy of the Parents,

and the great content of their Children, were pompously Solemnized in *Dijon*, and the Interest and Honour of both Families (in the eyes of all) fix'd on the firm foundations of a lasting felicity. But, oh the strange and sudden revolutions of all worldly happiness! Our best fortune is chequer'd, & our greatest joys seem only given us to usher in more dreadful sorrows. Some few months had passed, in which the Lovers reap'd the full Harvest of their short-liv'd Pleasures, when *Hauteselia*, whose temper was imperious and revengeful, began to envy the advancement of her Sister-in-law *Mermenda*, and condemn her own: Her haughty humour could by no means submit to give place to her after marriage, who was her inferiour before. *Mermenda*, who was of a most gracious and mild nature, liv'd happy in the affections of *Grand Pre*: their virtuous behaviour, and loving respects to each other, was highly prais'd and applauded by all, but the sullen and envious *Hauteselia*. Mischief and revenge had now wholly engaged her thoughts, when she resolv'd to change the Scene; and make *Mermenda* as miserable in her Husband's Jealousie, as formerly she had been happy in his Love; and considering how to accomplish her black designs under the fairest pretences, she remembred that the Baron of *Betanford* frequently visited *Grand Pre* and *Mermenda*, upon which she might with easie arguments lay the surest foundations of jealousy and revenge. In pursuit hereof, the next day she sent a private Letter to *Grand Pre* by her Page, intreating him to come immediately over to her, to consult upon a point in which his Honour and future happiness were equally concern'd: He accordingly came, and supper being ended, *de Malleray* (after some discourse) complemented him to his Chamber, and took his leave; when *Hauteselia* coming up with tears in her eyes, acquainted him, That (to her great sorrow) she was assur'd that the Baron of *Betanford*, without respect to the sacred rules of Honour, Friendship, and Hospitality, had too frequently abus'd him, in his familiarity with *Mermenda*. *Grand Pre*, fir'd with this discourse, resolves a revenge upon both,

without

without considering the truth of circumstances, (so far does Jealousie infatuate!) that the next day riding home in the evening, he desired *Mermanda* to walk into the Garden, where in express terms he charged her with disloyalty to him, and dishonesty with the Baron: all which with floods of tears she utterly deny'd, and so far prevail'd upon him, that he declared himself satisfied with those assurances of her fidelity, and was perfectly reconciled. *Mermanda* fearing that if the Baron should still continue his visits as formerly, they might awaken the sleeping Jealousie of her Husband, and to take off all grounds of a future suspicion, writ this following Letter to him.

Mermanda, to the Baron of Betanford.

My Lord,

IT is not with blushes, but tears, that I presume to write unto you; nor can any thing more deeply affect me, than that I am now forc'd to publish my Husband's Folly, to vindicate my own Innocence. I must confess his ingratitude to you, and wrong to me, whilst his jealous humour charges us with those clandestine Crimes which both your Honour and my Virtue abhor to think of: And that we may both endeavour rather to quench than enflame this irregular passion, I beseech you to refrain our house, and neither to visit me, nor be familiar with him, and I hope time will conquer all those evil thoughts, which truth and reason must always condemn. Your Virtue and Generosity assure me of this favour, which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your Days may be as infinite as your Perfections, and your Fame as glorious as your Merits.

Mermanda.

Upon the receipt of this Letter, the Baron was highly incens'd against *Grand Pre*, for entertaining such unjust and dishonourable thoughts of him: But to remove all jealousies, he immediately left his house, and took Coach for Paris. *Grand Pre* understanding the Barons sudden departure, grew more suspicious, imagining it to be a plot between him and his Wife; which so enraged him, that

he refused her bed, and resolv'd that a quick and severe revenge upon them both should only atone for those injuries he had received. Accordingly the next day, under pretence of other business, with a Page and two Lacqueys, he went to *Briecount Robert*, and retiring to a private Inn, writ this Challenge, which he sent by his Page, with directions to deliver it secretly to the Baron, and bring him his speedy Answer.

Grand Pre, to the Baron, &c.

Could I have dissembled my malice, as you have done your friendship, you might have expected my revenge had been as private as the injury you did me. You need no other witness to inform you of my dishonour, than your own false self, who have wronged me; which is a Crime of so high a nature, that your blood can only expiate the offence. I expect this honourable satisfaction from you on Thursday at *Carency*, where I will meet you at five in the morning, with Sword or Rapier, on horse-back or afoot. The bearer hereof shall attend to conduct you to a fair Meadow, where without Seconds I expect you, when your life or mine shall end the difference.

Grand Pre.

The Baron having received this Letter, caused the Page to dine with him, and after dinner sent him away with this answer; *Tell thy Master*, that I will not fail to meet him on horse-back, without a Second, at the hour and place appointed. On Thursday morning they met accordingly, having only their Surgeons with them, and after a sharp and resolute fight on horse-back, and the exchange of several wounds, *Grand Pre* receiv'd a desperate thrust in the belly, upon which he fell from his Horse, and *Bertrand* remain'd Victor, who like a Noble Cavalier assisted him to a neighbouring Village, where his Surgeons took care of his wounds. The next morning, having something recover'd his senses, the Baron satisfied him of the odiousness of the scandal rais'd against his own Honour, and *Mermanda's* Virtue. These solemn protestations prevail'd upon *Grand*

Pre,

Hist. I. Grand Pre and Mermenda.

Pre, who now repented his groundless Jealousie, promis'd to renew his love to his Wife, and live and die his honourable Friend. Some few days after they took leave of one another, and *Grand Pre* returning home, related to his Wife the occasion and event of the Combat, begg'd her pardon for his jealous and credulous humour, and promised for the future that nothing should ever divide his heart from his virtuous and faithful *Mermenda*. Thus were all discontents buried in *Oblivion*, and their kind endearments sealed a perfect reconciliation.

But now must I return to *Hautevelia*, who seeing her wicked design thus disappointed, resolved rather to sell her Soul to the Devil, than not purchase her revenge on *Mermenda*; and accordingly struck a bargain with *le Fresnay* an Apothecary, for the reward of 200 Crowns to poyson her, which he promised, and effected in less than two months time.

Hautevelia, who had been thus succesful in her first Villainy, instantly begins to teem with a second; and as she hated *Mermenda* the Sister, so did she never love *de Mallery* the Brother, though her own Husband, and therefore resolves by a safe and speedy death to dispatch him to another world. To this end she set *de Mallery* at variance with *Grand Pre*, by telling him, that her Brother had been jealous of *Mermenda*, call'd her the Baron of *Betanford's* Strumpet, upon which they fought; and that since by her sudden death it was shrewdly suspected he had poyson'd her.

De Mallery, infinitely grieved at this News, acquaints his Father *de Cressonville* therewith, expecting that by order of Law he would question him for it; but *de Cressonville* thought it more prudence to forgive those injuries, than publish his Daughters Infamy by an unseasonable and uncertain Vindication. But *de Mallery's* fiery temper could not admit those sober considerations, but hastily resolves a revenge for his Sisters death; and understanding that *Grand Pre* was lately come to *Dijon*, sent him by a Confident of his own this following Challenge.

De

De Mallery, to Grand Pre.

I Should think my self of baser blood than the Honour of my Family entitles me to, should I suffer those wrongs and injuries you have offered your Wife and my Sister to go unpunished. I know not whether her Innocence deserves more pity, or your Jealousie contempt and revenge: Her unspossed Virtue, which you have so unworthily question'd, and sudden death, you have not yet accounted for, command me to a juster Challenge than that you sent the Baron of Betanford: The equity of my cause, and the unjustness of yours, makes me confident, that as you lost your blood at Briecount Robert, you shall leave your life in sight of Dijon. To morrow at five in the evening, by the row of Walnut-Trees, near the foot of Talon-Fort, I shall wait your coming, with single Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, without Seconds. I long to try the Courage of your Heart, and the Temper of your Sword, which can only satisfy the injur'd
de Mallery.

The next evening Grand Pre met him, and making choice of single Rapier, they stript, and without further ceremony fell to it, commanding their Surgeons to withdraw into the next Field till the death of one of them proclaim'd the other Victor. After the third breathing, de Mallery receiv'd a mortal wound under the left Pap, upon which he instantly dropt down dead, without speaking a word. Grand Pre mounted his Horse, and fled to Dole, a Parliament free City, where he stay'd till he had obtain'd his pardon, which at last he gain'd, notwithstanding all the opposition de Cressonville and his Friends could make to prevent it.

Hauteselia hearing of her Husband's death, (which was welcom News to her) presently pack'd up her Jewels and other Goods of value, and went home to her Father at Auxonne, where with an imperious hand, and more wicked heart, she controll'd at pleasure, till the return of her Brother, who in this time had discover'd her malice to Mermande and himself, and that she had been the only
cause

cause of his fighting with the Baron of *Beramford*, and killing *de Mallery*; all which created in him so great aversion and hatred to her, that he either wholly declin'd her company, or treated her with the most publick arguments of scorn and indignation. *Hauteselia* was now as resoly'd in her revenge against him, as she was formerly against *Mermenda* and *de Mallery*, and accordingly made a new contract with *le Fresnay* for 300 Crowns more to poyson him, which within a short time after he effected. She now domineer'd at will, without the least sense of her Crimes, or dread of that Vengeance which so closely pursu'd her. Scarce was *Grand Pre* laid in his Grave, and his Funeral solemniz'd, but *le Fresnay* revelling at a Tavern in *Dijon*, where every drop of Wine he drank was the price of innocent blood, growing now wanton in his Cups, commits a Rape upon *Margaret Pivot*, a Girl of twelve years old, and Daughter to the Master of the house, upon which he was apprehended; but denying the fact, was put to the Rack, and at the second torment confessed it, upon which he was condemn'd to be hang'd. Two Fryars who were sent to prepare him for his death, by their pious exhortations so wrought upon his conscience, that he confessed to them, That at the instigation of *Hauteselia* he had poyson'd *Mermenda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*, and received 500 Crowns for a Reward. Upon this Confession his first Sentence was alter'd, and for these bloody Villanies he was condemn'd to be broken alive on the Wheel, and there to languish till he died; which was executed accordingly.

A Provost was immediately dispatch'd to apprehend *Hauteselia*, who found her at her Fathers house, dancing in the Garden with several Gentlemen and Ladies, who seiz'd her, and carried her before a President and two Councillors appointed to examine her. At first she impudently deny'd all, and said that *le Fresnay* had basely bely'd her Innocence; upon which being adjudg'd to the Rack, at the first torment she confessed all, whereupon the Criminal Judges pronounc'd sentence upon her,

That

That she should be carried to the place of Execution, have her Breasts Tear'd and torn off with red-hot Pincers, be afterwards hang'd, her Body burnt, and the ashes thrown into the Air, which was accordingly executed.

Thus we see by the sad example of Haute felia, that they who sow wickedness shall reap misery, and he that sheds his Brothers blood, stains his own Soul, which nothing can wash away, but that Fountain of living Waters which cleanseth from all unrighteousness. The Judgments of Heaven may seem to follow the impenitent sinner with Leadens Feet, yet they strike at last with Hands of Iron.

HIST. II.

Pisani and Christineta.

Pisani robs Gasparino of the affections of his Mistress Christineta. Gasparino challenges him for the injury, and kills him in the field. He afterwards renews his Suite to Christineta, who dissembling her revenge, by the assistance of two Bravo's, Bianco and Brindoli, murder him in a Garden, and are all threethaken and executed.

IN the City of *Pavia* in the Dukedom of *Milain* liv'd Seignior *Thomaso Vituri*, a Noble Gentleman, who had one only Daughter call'd *Christineta*, a Lady no less eminent in all perfections of the Mind, than glorious in the outward excellencies of an admired Beauty. Amongst other Gentlemen who made their Courtship to this Lady, Seignior *Emanuel Gasparino* of *Cremona* was one; who acquainting his intimate Friend Seignior *Pisani* with his resolutions, he intreated his company to *Pavia*, and his friendly assistance in this great affair. Being arriv'd at *Pavia*, they were respectfully entertain'd by *Vituri*, to whom *Gasparino* motion'd his Suite to marry *Christineta*, which he courtously receiv'd, and like a prudent Father desired some time to advise upon it. During this interval *Gasparino* found *Christineta* very cool in her affections towards him, whilst

while he doted on her Beauty, and endeavour'd by all those courtly entertainments, which often please the fairer Sex, to gain her love: But still finding her averse, and not knowing what further to offer, he resolves to make use of the intercession of his friend *Pisani* to mediate for him, who readily accepted of it, and promis'd to discharge himself in this trust with all diligence and fidelity. *Pisani* presently after finding an opportunity, address'd himself to *Christineta* in behalf of his Friend, with all the Charms of Wit and Eloquence that the most endearing Lover could express his Passion in. *Christineta* seem'd strangely perplex'd at his discourse, which he carelessly observing, begg'd she would please to make him for once happy in a pleasing answer to his Friend and her Servant *Gasparino*. After a serious pause, and deep sigh, she told him she must needs confess the character he had given his Friend was both honourable and true, but she had already fix'd her affection upon another person, who at least in her own esteem was more deserving. *Pisani* earnestly press'd her to nominate the Gentleman so happy in her love, which she deny'd, but promis'd if he would meet her next day at eight in the morning in the Nuns Garden at St. Clare, she would acquaint him both with his name and person; which he readily agreed to, and took his leave. When finding out his friend *Gasparino*, he related to him the truth of the former passages, but conceal'd the intended meeting; whereupon *Gasparino* despairing of success in this amour, civilly took his leave, and return'd to *Cremona*.

The appointed hour being come, *Christineta*, with her Prayer-book in her hand, went to the Nunnery, and so to the Garden, where having taken a turn, *Pisani* entred, and having saluted her with the common Complements of the day, told her he was now come to wait the performance of her promise: Sir, (says she, with blushes in her cheeks) the person I love much resembles your self, (pray interpret my words with honour) and be pleas'd so admit *Christineta*

neta to solicit for her self the beloved Pisani, but never benighted forward let Pisani mediate for the hated Gasparino.

Pisani strangely surpriz'd at this answer, and considering that to reject the Ladies Love was discourteous, but to betray his Friend base and dishonourable; after a little stop thus replied, *As I must needs own the greatness of my obligation to you, without any merit of mine; so I must humbly beg your excuse, in that I cannot be your Servant, but I must be a Traytor to Friendship, Justice and Honour.* Upon which he abruptly took his leave, and the next day return'd to Cremona.

Christineta not able to conquer her Passion, within ten days sent this Letter after him.

Christineta, to Pisani.

THink it not strange, that I second my last Speech with this my first Letter; for were not my affections to you as sincere as they are constant, I should never thus have transgress'd upon the modesty of our Sex: But where the flames are so ardent, and the passion so generous as mine, I hope the truth of my Love will atone for my confidence in the pursuit of it. I must confess it is impossible for Christineta to love any but Pisani, whom I no sooner saw, but I deeply admir'd, and dearly affected. Now, since my Zeal to you is begun in Virtue, and shall be continued in Honour, it makes me flatter my self with the hopes you will not force me to despair. Thus can I fix bounds to my Letter, though not to my Affection.

Christineta.

The receipt of this Letter at first a little start'd the noble resolutions of Pisani; but upon second thoughts, Affection was forced to give place to Honour, as appears by his Answer.

Pisani, to Christineta.

I Can't tell whether you discover more Affection to me in your Letter, or I should Treachery to accept or requite it. But I will not fear to say, that Pisani loves Christineta because she deserves it, did not my friendship to Gasparino forbid it.

for though your Beauty commands the One, yet Honesty denies the Other. Could time reconcile these difficulties, I could fly swift to the Embrace of Christineta, whose affection I profess to esteem next to my friendship with Gasparino.

Pisani.

Though this Letter seem'd to flatter, yet fear quickly blasted those blooming hopes; wherefore once more she resolv'd to let him know the violence of her Passion, which she did fifteen days after in these following words:

Christineta, to Pisani.

I May pass the bounds of discretion, but will not exceed those of Honour, though I have learnt this Maxim, That the affection which receives end, had never beginning. If then I live, I must breathe the air of your Love, as well as this of my Life, since it is the sole cause thereof. Could you dive as deep into my Heart, as I have into your Merits, if Nature does not, Pity would inform you, that you ought to prefer the Love of a Lady before the Respect of a Gentleman, since he may carry his heart from you, and I desire to present mine to you. I write rather with Tears than Ink; and if you will not love my Saint, I must die your Martyr.

Christineta.

Having receiv'd this Letter, he was quite conquer'd, and now thought no more of Gasparino, or the fidelity of his friendship towards him, but cast off all respects to him, and pay'd his sole homage to this sovereign Lady of his affections, which he express'd in this Letter, which he presently dispatch'd away by his Page.

Pisani, to Christineta.

Your Virtue and Beauty might alone prevail with me, but your Affection makes me absolutely forget my respects to Gasparino, to remember my love to Christineta; and that which gives life to my resolution is, that it's impossible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoice and triumph, that you shall not be my Martyr, but my Mistress, and I will be both your Saint; and your Servant;

For

For as you desire to live in my Favour, so my greatest ambition is to die in your Affection. I will shortly follow and second this my Letter; till then you can never so much lament my absence as I desire your presence.

Pisani.

So great are her transports of joy at the receipt hereof, that my best expressions would appear but faint shadows to those lively colours. In few days *Pisani* having now quite forgot his old friend *Gassparino*, wing'd with desires began his journey to his new Mistress *Christineta*.

Such were the mutual embraces and kind caresses of this welcom interview, as longing Lovers would express their greatest endearments in; when *Pisani* being thus assured of the Daughters love, honourably (yet secretly) endeavour'd to win the Parents consent, which he found a task of greater difficulty; for *Vituri*, displeas'd therewith, forbid *Pisani* his house, and *Christineta* his company. This vex'd the Lovers to the heart, and nipt their hopes in the bud: however, they continu'd their affections with constancy, and *Pisani* for the present retir'd home, considering how to effect his desires; and at last concluded, that if *Christineta* could gain her Mothers good will, she might in time procure her Husbands approbation. To this purpose he wrote to her, which she put into execution, and in few days got the one, and in less than a month obtain'd the other, who had now fix'd the day of Marriage, and reviv'd the dying hopes of the despairing Lovers.

Come we now to speak of *Gassparino*, who notwithstanding the secret management of this affair, had notice of it; and considering the nature of *Pisani's* treachery, was extremely incens'd at him, and vow'd a sudden and sharp revenge. His judgment being thus overwhelm'd with passion, he thought not only himself, but his whole Family dishonour'd in this affront; and understanding *Pisani* was in *Pavia*, taking a resolute Gentleman along with him, and his Lacquey, he rode over to him, and concealing himself in his Inn till the next morning, he sent this Challenge to him by his confident Friend *Sebastiano*, who deliver'd it accordingly.

Gassparino.

Hist.

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Gasparino, to Pisani.

YOU who have made the first breach in our friendship, by treacherously robbing me of my Mistress, must now both in Honour and Justice take my life too, or give me yours in requital. If you think me severe, you may tax your own Ingratitude, but cannot condemn my resolution. I shall expect you at the west-end of the Park by four or five after dinner on foot with Seconds: the Weapons, if you please, two single Rapiers, of which I will give you the choice, and be content with the refusal. If your Courage answer your Infidelity, you will dare to meet

Gasparino.

Pisani having read the Letter, return'd this answer; Pray tell Gasparino from me, that I will meet him with my Second at the hour and place appointed. *Sebastiano* being return'd, *Pisani* found out a Gentleman of his acquaintance call'd *Sfondrato*, (to whom he related the whole business) who readily engag'd himself. The hour being now come, (and the matter carried secretly, that *Christineta* might not hear of it) they post away to the Park, where they found *Gasparino* and *Sebastiano*, when alighting from their Horses, they threw off their Doublets, and drew their Swords.

No less doubtful than bloody was the engagement between *Gasparino* and *Pisani*, when at the third encounter *Gasparino* run *Pisani* through the heart, at which he fell stark dead to the ground. *Sebastiano* running to congratulate *Gasparino* for his Victory, *Sfondrato* call'd to him to prepare himself, which he did, and so with various fortune they fought, till providence resolving to make both parties equal losers, after they had breath'd three several times, *Sfondrato* run his enemy *Sebastiano* through the small of the belly, and so nail'd him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier; which done, their wounds were dress'd; *Gasparino* fled to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*. *Christineta* at the News hereof was infinitely griev'd, tore her hair in fury, and swore by all the Powers above, the death of her beloved *Pisani* should be reveng'd as deep as it was now lamented.

Some time after *Gasparino* having obtain'd his Pardon, returns home, from whence he began presently to renew his love to *Christineta*, first by Letters, then by his Friends, and at last in person. She dissembling her malice, thought this a fit opportunity to be reveng'd on him for the death of *Pisani*; and finding him very earnest in his Sute, appoints to meet him in the *Nuns Garden* at six next morning. No sooner was *Gasparino* gone, but she agreed with two *Ruffians*, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for 100 Duckats to murder him.

Gasparino and *Christineta* are both early up, but with different intents, and so are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*: They all meet, she walks in publick, they hide themselves in private, when immediately in came *Gasparino*, and approaching *Christineta* with his Hat in his hand to salute her, she utter'd these words, *Gasparino*, *this place I first had conference in with Pisani, and here I purpose to have my last with You*: At which words the *Ruffians* issued out and killed him, but with some noise and resistance. *Christineta* thinking him not dead enough, runs to him, thrusts her Handkerchief in his mouth, and with a *Stillette* stabs him many times into the body, with this bloody Speech: *This I sacrifice to the memory of my dear Love Pisani*. Then throwing the body into the Well of the Garden, the *Ruffians* fled at a Postern, and *Christineta* went to the *Nuns Church*.

The *Nuns* in their Cells having heard the clashing of Swords, acquaint the Abbess with it, who with other company coming into the Garden, found the Postern open, saw the Alleys bloody, and suspected Murther: whereupon she order'd the Garden to be search'd, but forgot the Well. The Magistrates being advertis'd of it, caused enquiry to be made among all the Chyrurgeons who (having fresh wounds) came lately to be cur'd: *Ronutio*, a principal Chyrurgeon, informed them of *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who being both sent for, and examin'd how they came by their wounds, they said they had a quarrel between themselves, for which they fought at six

the morning in the *Nuns Garden* at *St. Clare*; which agreeing with the relation of the Nuns, all was ended.

But *Gasparino* having been now missing from his Lodgings two whole nights, which his Lacquey confirm'd upon examination, with some other circumstances of suspicion, the Judges order'd *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to be imprison'd, examin'd, and tortur'd, which they stoutly bore, without confessing any thing. The Garden was again search'd, and the Well which was neglected before, when letting down their hooks, they brought up some pieces of wrought black Tassara, which *Gasparino's* Lacquey did affirm his Master wore when he last saw him; and searching more narrowly, they brought up the dead body with thirteen several wounds, whereupon all concluded *Bianco* and *Brindoli* guilty. A little Boy standing by, ask'd what cloth that was in his mouth? which being pull'd out, was found to be a Cambrick Handkerchief with *Christineta's* Name upon it. Upon this she was apprehended in the midst of her pleasures; but upon examination deny'd she knew any thing of his death, until she was adjudg'd to the Rack, when she confessed the fact, and that in revenge of *Pisani's* death she had hired *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murder him for 100 Crowns.

The Russians were condemn'd to have their right hands cut off, and then to be hang'd, and their bodies thrown into the River *Po*. *Christineta* was first hang'd, and then burnt, and her ashes thrown into the Air, which Executions were perform'd, to the great satisfaction of Justice, and all the spectators.

May all Christians read this History with a holy dread, and remember it with horror and detestation. If thou wilt shun the Punishment, be sure to avoid the Crime; for if the wages of sin is Death, sure none but a Madman will lay out his pains to be so rewarded.

HIST. III.

Mortaign and Josselina.

Mortaign deluding Josselina with promise of marriage, giveth her with child, and then causes his Lacquey Le Verdure and Le Palma her Host, to murder her and her Son: Isabella, Le Palma's Wife, by her jealousy of her Husband discovers the murder, upon which they are all taken and executed.

NOT far from the City of Lyons in France, near Darenol a small Countrey Village, dwelt an honest Farmer call'd *Andreu Mollard*, who being a Widower had one only Daughter named *Josselina*, whom he intended for his Heir, a Maid of that blooming Beauty, that she was justly call'd *Josselina the Fair*.

Within a league of *Mollard's* house dwelt a rich Gentleman who had several Children, of which the eldest was *Mortaign*, but young in years, though of great hopes, and nobly educated in the Families of several Persons of Honour. *Mortaign* having now liv'd some years in *Paris*, was desirous to see his Father *De Caucye*, who was both aged and sickly, as also to be present at the Nuptials of one of his Sisters, who was to be married to a Gentleman of *Auvergne*.

The wedding being over, and *Mortaign* weary of the diversions of the Countrey, resolves upon his return to *Paris*; but the night before his departure *De Caucye* fell dangerously sick of a burning Feaver, which for the present put a stop to his journey. During his stay in the Countrey, as he was walking one day in the Fields he sprung a Pheasant, which flying to the next Woods, he sent for his Hawk; but having rang'd far and near for several hours in quest of his Game, which he could not recover, he grew very thirsty, and spying *Mollard's* house at a distance, made up to it.

Mortaign

Mortaign seeing a man in the Vineyard, demanded if he might have any Wine there; *Mollard* answer'd, Yes; and (guessing by his face who he was) courteously invited him into his house, where being set down, he sent his Daughter *Joffelina* for Wine, and what other homely Dainties his house afforded.

Mortaign admiring to see so fair a Maid in so obscure a place, and curiously observing each grace and feature, to which was added a natural modesty, and simplicity of behaviour, was wholly ravish'd in the contemplation of her Beauty, and vow'd to himself he would be Master of her affections, how dear soever it cost him. No sooner had *Mortaign* entertain'd these thoughts, but a lucky opportunity (and most favourable to his designs) offer'd it self; for *Mollard* told him, that he rented a small Tenement of *De Coucy*, who now su'd him for two Heriots, and therefore intreated his good word to his Father in his behalf, which he promis'd, and with thanks for his kind reception, departed.

Under pretence of discourse and business with *Mollard*, *Mortaign* made frequent visits to *Joffelina*, whose Chastity he attempted with variety of Gifts and Presents, which she modestly refus'd to accept upon so dishonourable terms; and assur'd him, that as a chaste and virtuous Reputation was the greatest part of her Fortune, so she would never exchange it for the infamous portion of shame and misery. *Mortaign* was now out of all hopes of success; but rather than miss his aim, was resolv'd to play his last stake, and promise Marriage; and accordingly told her, that notwithstanding the inequality of their Birth and Fortunes, he would condescend to marry her, provided she would first permit him to enjoy his desire. *Joffelina* flattering her self with the hopes of advancement, consented to it; and now finding her self with child, (which her Father likewise discover'd, to his great grief and sorrow) advertis'd *Mortaign* of it, who one night stole her away from her Father's, and sent her ten leagues off from *Durency*, to a poor Kinswomans house of his, where she was deliver'd of a fair lusty Boy.

Calantha, *Mortaign's* Mother, who know nothing of these passages, advis'd him to marry, and proposes a match to *Monsieur De Vasse*, the Seneschal of *La Palisse*, between his only Daughter *Madamoyselle La Varina*, and her eldest Son *Mortaign*: The Parents readily concluded, and upon sight the young Couple agreed, so that it was now generally reported the Marriage would be suddenly solemniz'd. This News startl'd *Josselina*, who considering she must look to her self, being now dis-inherited by her Father, and having no Friend left to assist or advise her, she resolves to write *Mortaign* a Letter, to re-mind him of his promise, and desire some relief for her self and her Son.

Josselina, to *Mortaign*.

YOU prevail'd upon my Honour with the sacred promise of making me your Wife: 'tis true I credulously believ'd your Oaths, and consented to my shame, but it was under the solemn pretence of Marriage; and though we wanted the Ceremony, yet Heaven is witness to the Contract, which now you resolve to violate. What though the sweetness of my Youth and the freshness of my Beauty have now lost their charming powers over you? yet methinks the innocent smiles of that lively Image you have left to my care should raise some pity in your breast. ---- But if you will not advance my Fortunes, yet make not shipwrack of my Life, as you have of my Chastity; and since all my support must proceed from you, it will be high ingratitude in you to deny her Maintenance, who hath given you a Son, and extreme cruelty not to allow the poor Babe wherewith to live, who receiv'd his life and being from You. I hope you will prove more natural to Him; and more charitable to Me, otherwise be assured that such unkindness will never be long unpitied of men, or unpunish'd of God.

Josselina.

With this to *Mortaign*, she sent another of the same effect to his Mother *Calantha*, which they receiv'd, when he, as an unworthy Gentleman, triumphs in his sin, and mocks at her poverty, and will neither relieve her or the Child.

Child, but burns the Letter without any further concern at it. *Calimba's* malice was so great, that she not only refus'd to assist them her self, but commands him that he should not supply them with any conveniencies, and heartily wishes them both in another world. At the hearing of this cruel News, *Josselina* fell into a swoon, and had not some accidental assistance came in, she had then ended her life and misery together. Barbarous *Calimba* understanding in this interim poor *Josselina's* residence, was so devilishly bent against her, that she persuaded her Lapd lady in a dark and cold night to turn her and the Child out of doors, and suffer her to have no other shelter but the ground for her bed, and the Heavens for her covering. In this distressed condition, with the unfortunate Babe in her arms, she wander'd all night through the fields and places unknown, when by the morning light she discovered a Village which she knew, where she sold her cloaths from her back to relieve her self and her Child. Here she continued some time in great extremity, when at last, forc'd by meer want and necessity, she acquainted some persons with her sad and deplorable condition, who advis'd to send *Mortaign* his Son home, and provide for her self.

This was not so secretly discours'd, but it came to the ears of *La Varina*, *Mortaign's* Mistress at *La Plaisse*, who presently withdrew her affection from him, and her Father his respect; which *Mortaign* perceiving, and imagining it was upon the account of *Josselina*, swore he would destroy both her and her Son, and the better to dissemble his design, he gave orders that she should be lodg'd in a better Inn, where she was furnish'd with all necessaries; and further sent her word, that he had provided a Nurse for his Son, and would shortly send his Lacquey for him, and take more particular care for her support and maintenance, if she would keep things private to her self. *Josselina* was much rejoiced hereat, and within three days *Mortaign* sent his Lacquey *Le Verdure* for the Babe, which with many tears and kisses she delivered to

him. *Le Verdure* following his Masters command, and being now four leagues from *Villepont*, strangles the pretty Infant whilst it smil'd in his face, and wrapping it in a linen cloth, threw it into the River *Lignon*.

Mortaign being thus rid of the Son, makes a bargain with *Le Palma* (*Josselina's* Host) and his Lacquey *Le Verdure*, for 200 Franks to stifle the Mother in her bed, which they perform'd, and buried her body in the Garden. As soon as these Villains had perpetrated this cruel murther, they went over to *Durency* to give *Mortaign* an account, and receive their reward; which having done, they continued several days together frolicking and drinking; when at last *Le Palma* went home to *Villepont* to his Wife *Isabella*; who being an old woman, and he a young man, she was jealous of his stay, supposing he went out in company with *Josselina*, whereupon she entertain'd him with this salutation, *Le Palma* (quoth she) *you are very unkind so soon to forsake your Woore Josselina*. For which he gave her the lye, call'd her Whore, and exprest himself highly passionate and angry. She continued her railing, and provok'd him to that degree of impatience, that he struck her a box on the ear, which fell'd her dead to the ground; upon this noise the Neighbours came in, and supposing his Wife dead, apprehended *Le Palma*, and carried him before the Procürer Fiscal of *La Palisse*, who committed him to Prison. *Isabella* being recover'd, complains to the Fiscal of her Husbānds cruelty towards her, gives a true account of the occasion of the quarrel; adding, *that if Josselina is not her Husbānds Strumpet, she believes he is her Murthurer, of which her Maid can say more*. *Faquel* the Maid upon examination declar'd, *That her Master Le Palma and Le Verdure were together at midnight in Josselina's Chamber, and since she was never heard of*. *Le Palma* being charg'd with these points, deny'd every syllable, that he neither was in her Chamber, nor knew what was become of her; but being judg'd to the Rack, confessed the Murther in the several particulars.

Serge-

Sergeants were presently sent to *Mortaigh* and *Le Verdure*; they met the *Lacquey* in the way, and seiz'd his Master in bed. *Le Verdure* upon the torment confessed the murder of *Josselina* and her Son, and *Mortaigh* being examin'd, with great penitence own'd the guilt he was charg'd withal; whereupon *Le Palma* was condemn'd to be hang'd and burnt, *Le Verdure* to be broken on the Wheel, and his body thrown into the River *Lignon*, and *Mortaigh* to be broken on the Wheel, his body burnt, and his ashes to be thrown into the Air; which on a Market-day was accordingly executed in *La Palisse*.

Let all Maidens learn to preserve their Chastity by the example of Josselina, and men by Le Verdure and Le Palma, not to shed innocent blood for the lucre of money; and by the lamentable end of Mortaigh, to be less inhumane, bloody and lascivious.

HIST. IV.

Alsemero and Beatrice-Joanna.

Beatrice-Joanna causeth de Flores to murder Alonso Piracquo, who was a Suter to her, that she might marry with Alsemero; who being wedded to her, and finding her in Adultery with de Flores, kills them both. Alsemero afterwards treacherously kills Thomaso Piracquo in a Duel, for which being beheaded, the murderer of Alonso is discovered and punish'd.

Not many years since, at the City of *Valentia* in Spain lived *Don Pedro de Alsemero*, a young and Noble Cavalier, who wholly applying himself to the Wars, added to his own plentiful Estate as large a share of Honour and Reputation. This Gentleman, whose temper altogether inclin'd to Martial affairs, resolv'd to leave his own Countrey, (now in peace) and enter himself into the Society of the Valiant Knights of *Malta*, and accordingly went to *Alicam*, where he stay'd in expectation of a favourable

nable wind. During his abode here, going one morning to Church, he observ'd a young Lady kneeling over-against him, with whose Beauty he was so surpriz'd, that it was difficult to determine whether Love or Devotion more inflam'd his heart, and inspir'd his thoughts. Mass being ended, he enquir'd of the Priest who this Lady was, her Name and Quality: The Priest told him, She is Daughter to Don Diego de Vermandero, Captain of the Castle, and her Name Donna Beatrice-Joanna. The next morning *Alfemero* rose early, and went to the same Church, in hopes fortune would bless him with a second sight of her whose charming Graces had already so far prevail'd upon him: when entering the Quire, he saw her upon her knees at prayers in the same place. *Alfemero*, who thought himself extremely blest with so lucky an opportunity, resolv'd to improve it to the best advantage; and kneeling down by her, (not having the patience to wait till Mass was ended) whisper'd his affections in her ear, interrupting her Devotions with his amorous Complements, vowing to live and die her affectionate Servant. The Lady check'd his bold Address with a modest reprehension, which (Prayers being ended) *Alfemero* renew'd with all the passionate expressions of a vigorous Lover, and after several refusals, at last prevail'd to wait upon her to the Castle, where the Captain her Father received him with all imaginable respect, and in return for his civilities to his Daughter, shew'd him the rarities and strength of the Fort. *Alfemero* continued his addresses to the Lady by frequent visits, which the Captain her Father seem'd to encourage by a generous and courtly reception. In *Alicam* liv'd a young Gentleman of Noble Extract and plentiful Estate, whose name was *Alonso Piracquo*, a compleat Courtier, and passionately in love with *Beatrice-Joanna*.

Piracquo, who had a long time conceal'd his affection, resolves now to make a visit to *Vermandero*, and acquaint him with his passion for his Daughter, which he accordingly did: *Vermandero* receiv'd him with all the demonstrations of respect and kindness, thank'd him for the fa-

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your he did him in his honourable proposals, which he highly approved of, and was of nothing more ambitious than an alliance with a person of so great worth and merit. Thus we see *Alfemero* rivall'd in his pretensions to his Mistress, by an unknown Cavalier; but however, though *Piracquo* had gain'd the Father, *Alfemero* had already won the Daughter, who carried her self with that prudence and respect to *Piracquo*, that he liv'd in hopes, whilst *Alfemero* had the assurance of her love and affection.

Vermadero after some time understanding the inclinations of *Beatrice-Joanna*, which more respected *Alfemero* than *Piracquo*, now declared himself in behalf of *Piracquo*, and with an austere look commanded her to direct her affections accordingly; which she not observing, he withdrew himself to his Countrey-house at *Briamata*, and took her privately along with him. *Piracquo* had here the opportunity of courting his Mistress, which was deny'd *Alfemero*, who had already gain'd the Fort, which *Piracquo* in vain endeavour'd to storm. *Piracquo* made his constant visits, whilst *Alfemero* could only sollicite by Letters, which were powerful enough to preserve the heart he had already obtained. Several Letters had pass'd between *Alfemero* and *Beatrice-Joanna* without the privity of *Vermadero*, when the last told him, *That as he was sole master of her affections, so she earnestly coveted his company, which she desired that evening at eleven, when she would acquaint him with a secret which concern'd them both.*

Alfemero upon this advice took post, and arriv'd at the hour appointed; when going privately into *Vermadero's* house, he found *Diaphanta* her waiting Gentlewoman attending his coming, who directed him to *Beatrice-Joanna's* Chamber. And here, with the Readers leave, I'll draw the Curtain before those amorous Complements and more familiar Dalliances with which the Lovers entertained themselves. In discourse *Beatrice-Joanna* cast out some doubtful expressions to this purpose, *That before Piracquo was in another world, there was no hopes for him to enjoy her for his Wife in this.* *Alfemero* presently understood the sense

sense of it, and offer'd to send him a Challenge, and fight him, which she would by no means admit of, and desired him to leave *Alicant* for a short time, and return to *Valentia*, and for the rest (says she) repose your self upon my constancy and affection. The morning now growing upon them, *Alsemiero* took his leave, and promised a full observance of her commands, and accordingly within four days left *Alicant*, and went back to *Valentia*. This meeting (though private) was not so closely carried, but *Vermadero* had notice of it, whereat he was very angry, but however assured *Piracquo*, that in a short time she should accomplish his desires, and that if his paternal admonitions could not, his authority should prevail over his Daughters perverseness. Thus was *Piracquo* encouraged by *Vermadero*, though he had private intelligence sent him that *Beatrice-Joanna* was already contracted to *Alsemiero*, and it would now more nearly concern him to consult his reputation by an honourable retreat, than to advance his Sute with so much zeal and violence, which it was impossible he should ever obtain. But *Piracquo* press'd on more eagerly, which gave *Beatrice-Joanna* great trouble and disquiet. *Vermadero* understanding that *Alsemiero* was gone back to *Valentia*, return'd to *Alicant*, where *Piracquo* made his daily visits. There was a gallant young Gentleman of the Castle whose name was *Don Antonio de Flores*, a person who dearly affected *Beatrice-Joanna*, and one whom she thought might be a fit instrument to execute her barbarous and bloody design. She sent for *De Flores* accordingly, (who was now besotted with her Beauty) and acquainted him with her intentions, and by the powerful arguments of her more particular kindness and respect, won him to promise, that within few days he would answer her desires. *De Flores* insinuates himself into *Piracquo's* company, and waiting for an opportunity, he heard *Piracquo* one day commend the strength of the Castle, when *De Flores* told him he had not yet seen that which consisted in the *Casemates*, which were stored with good Ordnance to scour the Ditches: These *Piracquo* desired to see, but *De Flores* told

told him it was now noon, and if he pleased he would meet him after dinner, and wait upon him himself. After Dinner they met accordingly, went to the Ravelins, Sconces and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Postern to the Ditches and to the *Casemates*: Three of them they had view'd, and coming to the last, *De Flores* laid off his Rapier, telling *Piracquo* that the descent was narrow and craggy, upon which *Piracquo* put off his. Being entred into the Vault of the *Casemate*, as *Piracquo* was looking through a Port-hole *De Flores* (who had hid a Sword and Ponyard behind the door, stabb'd him into the back, so swiftly redoubling his blows, that he killed him dead, and buried him under the ruines of an old wall.

De Flores having committed this murder, acquaints *Beatrice-Joanna* with it, who was over-joy'd at it, and the better to blind the world caused it to be reported, that *Piracquo* was seen to go forth the Castle-gate, and take boat in the City, as was supposed for a little Sea-air. *Piracquo* being thus mislaid, after several days search in vain, was supposed to be drown'd at Sea; and three months being now past, *Alfemero* was solemnly married to *Beatrice-Joanna* at *Alicant* in much state and bravery.

Alfemero had not been long married, but he grew jealous of his Wife, and so far restrain'd her former liberty, that she complain'd to the Captain her Father of his discourteous usage, upon which *Alfemero* provided a Coach, and carried her away to *Valentia*. *Hernandez* willing to know how matters stood between his Daughter and her Husband, sent *De Flores* to *Valentia* with Letters to them both. *Alfemero* being abroad, she told him of her Husbands unkindness, of which he taking the advantage, reviv'd his old sute: she willingly complies with his desires, and prays him to see her more often. *Alfemero* coming home, understands by his Wife that *De Flores* had been there with Letters from her Father, and by *Diaphanta* her Waiting-woman (who was one of his spies) that there passed many amorous kisses between *De Flores* and her Mistress, and relates to him whatever she either heard

or saw. *Alsemere* in a great fury flies to his Wife, charges her with too much familiarity with *De Flores*, and as his passion rises into a greater rage, calls her Whore, Strumpet, &c. Upon which, to palliate her own Crimes, she was forced to discover *Piracquo's* murther. *Know* (says she) *Alsemere*, since you will enforce me to shew the true cause of my chaste familiarity with *De Flores*, that he it was who at my request dispatch'd *Piracquo*, without which I could never have enjoy'd you for my Husband; and so told him all the circumstances of that cruel Murther, and conjur'd him to conceal the same, vowing to die a thousand deaths rather than defile his Bed. *Alsemere* wondred at this discourse, and strictly charged his Wife to admit *De Flores* no more to her company; but she continuing a correspondence with him, which *Diaphanta* informed her Master of, he pretended one day a Journey into the Countrey; but with a Case of Pistols in his Pocket, and his Rapier and Ponyard privately withdrew into his Closet, which was within his Bed-chamber.

De Flores had presently notice that *Alsemere* was gone into the Countrey, and immediately came over to visit *Beatrice-Joanna*; and as they were in the middle of their pleasures upon the Bed, *Alsemere* rushed in, and discharged his Pistols on them, and afterwards stabb'd them with his Sword and Ponyard, of which wounds they instantly died. This being done, he went and acquainted the Criminal Judges with the death of his Wife and *De Flores*, whom he had killed in the very act of Adultery. *Diaphanta* appeared a Witness for him, who declared upon Oath, That she had several times seen her Mistress and *De Flores* commit Adultery, and had acquainted her Master with it. Upon mature deliberation *Alsemere* was acquitted of the Fact, and the dead Bodies ordered to be buried.

But

But now let us speak of *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, who had formerly advised his Brother *Alonso Piracquo* to give over his sute to *Beatrice-Joanna*: He hearing of all these occurrences afresh, remembers his dead Brother, and confidently supposes that *Alfemero* and *Beatrice-Joanna* had a hand in the loss of him; wherefore he now resolves to call *Alfemero* to account for him, and accordingly sent him this Challenge to *Allicant*, where he now resided.

Thomaso Piracquo, to Alfemero.

I Fear *Beatrice-Joanna's* vanity and your rashness have bereaved me of a Brother I ever esteemed more dear than my life. As I am a Gentleman I think I ought to seek satisfaction for his death with the hazard of my own life: wherefore, as your Sword has chastised *Beatrice-Joanna's* error, I hope mine is reserv'd to correct yours. I pray meet me at the foot of *Glisseron-hill* to-morrow at five in the morning, and it shall be your choice either to use your Sword on horseback, or your Rapier on foot.

Thomaso Piracquo.

Alfemero accepts the Challenge, and they met at the hour and place appointed; when *Alfemero* throwing away his Rapier, with his Har in his hand, told him he was ready to joyn with him in the revenge of his Brothers murder: *Piracquo* not suspecting any treachery, threw away his Sword too, and with the same civility addressed himself to *Alfemero*, who suddenly drew his Pistols out of his pocket, and shot the one through his head, and the other through his breast, upon which *Piracquo* cry'd out, *O Villain! O Traitor!* and fell down dead.

The News of this murder, with the treachery and flight of *Alfemero*, was presently known, and the Criminal Judges ordered a speedy pursuit after him; in the midst of his haste his Horse fell with him, and broke his fore-leg, and *Alfemero's* right arm; when endeavouring to escape on foot, he was presently overtaken, and surrounded by six horse-men, against whom he defended himself like a Gentleman and a Soldier; when at last

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his Rapier being broke, he was forced to yield himself their Prisoner.

This was he brought a pited spectacle to *Alcarr*, where he was condemned to lose his head; and being upon the Scaffold, and seeing no hopes of life, he discovered *Don Alonso Piracque's* murder by *De Flores* in all its circumstances, protesting his own innocency, only in the concealment of it: Of which the Judges being advised, they caused his head to be taken off for *Thomaso*, and his body to be thrown into the sea for concealing *Alonso's* murder, and the bodies of *De Flores* and *Beatrice-Joanna* to be taken out of their Graves, and burnt at the common place of execution, and their ashes thrown into the Air.

Thus we see the Justice of Heaven will at last overtake the bold offender, and though he seems at present to triumph in sin, and praise the success of his iniquity, yet let him consider the end of it will be bitter; and that though God does forbear, yet he will not forgive, without a sincere repentance,

hour and place appointed; when *Alonso* knowing his hour was near, with his hand on his sword, ready to join with him in the revenge of his brother's murder: *Alonso* not suspecting any treachery, threw away his sword, and with the same civility addressed himself to *Alonso*, who suddenly drew his sword out of his pocket, and cut the cord through his hand, and the

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O William! O Thomas! and fell down dead.
The laws of the monarch, with the treasury and
light of *Alonso*, was properly known, and the crime
and judges entered a speedy posture after him; in the
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HIST. V.

Syppontus and Victorina.

Victorina causes Syppontus to murder her first Husband Souranza, which is strangely discovered, and Syppontus executed. Afterwards she poisons her second Husband Fafino, for which her Maid Felicia being condemned, and upon the point of Execution, her innocency is cleared by a miraculous discovery of the truth, and Victorina hang'd and burnt.

IN the Reign of *Leonardo Donato* Duke of *Venice*, there lived a worthy Gentleman called *Seignior Jacomo Beraldi*, who had one Daughter named *Donna Victorina*, a young Gentlewoman rich, noble, and fair, and courted by several persons of the first rank and quality in *Venice*. Amongst other tutors, *Seignior Syppontus* was most esteemed by the Lady; but having lately suffered great losses by the *Turks*, her Father recommended *Seignior Souranza* to her affections, who as he was of a far greater Estate, so was he now in his declining age, and wanted those warmer Charms which the youthful *Syppontus* was blest withal, and the sprightly *Victorina* most affected. However, her Parents forc'd her affections to submit to their will, and within few days she was married to *Souranza*; but *Syppontus* (to use the *Venesian* phrase) was her *Enamorado* and she his *Courtizana*. *Victorina* now grew so notoriously vicious, that she perfectly hated her Husband, and wish'd him every day in another world, which she often hinted to *Syppontus*, but he seem'd to take no notice of it, till one day hearing of two great losses which had befallen him in the *Levant Seas*, which amounted to at least 70000 *Checchines*, and knowing *Souranza* to be very rich, he resolv'd to make himself master of his Estate, by murdering him, and marrying his Wife. This was concluded on, and three days after *Souranza* going to his house of pleasure near *Padua*, upon the bank of the *River Brenta*, *Syppontus*

hired two Watermen to assassinate him, who being sworn to secrecy, as *Souranza* return'd (after three days stay) in the close of the evening, *Sypontus* in disguise entred his Boat, and with his Ponyard stabb'd him to the Heart, cut off his Nose and Beard that he might not be known, and threw him into the Sea, and the Waterman after him, that he might tell no tales; and making hast home, sent this Letter to *Victorina*.

Sypontus, to Victorina.

My dearest *Victorina*.

I Have begun and ended a business which infinitely imports your good and my content. The party hath drunk his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to his eternal rest. I hope a little time will wipe off your Tears, and confirm our Joy. Judge by this the sincerity of my love, who will rather endanger my life, and hazard my hopes of a future Heaven, to enjoy the present Paradise of your Company. We must for a time refrain each others company, that we may the sooner meet and embrace with more content, and less danger.

Sypontus.

Victorina was extremely pleased at the News; but the better to hide her malice began to complain of her Husbands long stay; and sent a Nephew of his own to see how he did, who brought word that he was come from thence four days before; and that after all the enquiry he had made, he could hear nothing of him. *Victorina* appear'd all in tears, and griev'd above measure, for fear any mischance had befallen him. What she did in appearance, his friends did in reality, when word was brought that a dead body was taken up by some Fishermen, and landed at St. Mark's Stairs. Seignior *Souranza* the Nephew went presently to the place, and observing the body more curiously, at last espy'd a red spot in the Neck, and a Wart under the left Eye-lid, by which marks he was too well as-

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fured it was the body of his Uncle Seignior *Baptista Souranza*.
 The body was decently interred, and *Victorina* remained the
 most disconsolate Widow in the World. *Souranza* the Ne-
 phew, who had formerly made some observations on the
 carriage and behaviour of *Victorina*, vehemently suspected
 her of this Murther; and for the more effectual discovery,
 enquires of *Felicia*, *Victorina's* waiting Gentlewoman,
 what persons most frequently visited her Lady, when
 she nam'd *Sypontus*, that he sent her many Letters, and
 that there was much love and familiarity between them.
Souranza conjur'd her to intercept some of their Letters,
 which she promised to do; and in a short time after, be-
 ing sent to fetch her Lady a pair of Romish Gloves, she
 opened an Ivory Box, where she found the Letter which
Sypontus sent to her. *Souranza* having read the Letter,
 accused *Sypontus* and *Victorina* of this murther before the
 Criminal Judges. They were examined, but deny'd the
 Fact, and disown'd the Letter, upon which they were
 separately committed to Prison. *Sypontus*, suspecting
 the discovery of this Letter was by the treachery of *Victo-
 rina*, sent a Letter privately to her, in which he charged
 her with it; but she in her answer to him so well cleared
 her Innocency to his great satisfaction, that he now re-
 solved no torments should force him to accuse her. The
 next day he was put to the Rack, where he endur'd the
 torments with admirable constancy; but the next day
 the torments being redoubled upon him, he confessed
 the Letter his, and himself guilty of the murther, and
 totally clear'd *Victorina*. Upon this he was condemn'd to
 lose his head between the two Columns at *St. Mark's
 Place*; and being brought upon the Scaffold, confessed
 the murther to all the spectators, but took it upon his
 death that *Victorina* was absolutely innocent, and no
 ways privy to it. *Victorina* was afterwards sent for into
 Court, and threatned with the Rack; but she boldly
 denied all, and was in open Court acquitted and dis-
 charged.

Six months were scarcely past, since these tragical revolutions happened, but *Victorina* throwing off her mourning, adorned her self with her richest Jewels, and resolves to have a second Husband; and amongst the crowd of Suters which her great Wealth and Beauty brought her, she fix'd on Seignior *Ludovico Fassino*, a handfom young Gentleman, rich and nobly born, but extremely vicious and debauch'd. A month was hardly past since the Nuptials, but he left her, to follow his old course of Whoring, so that now she is become a married Widow; and understanding that the Lady *Calanare* was the Loadstone that attracted him from her, she first endeavour'd by all the endearments of Love and Respect to recover his stragling heart; but this not affecting him at all, she storms and in most sharp and severe terms reproaches him for his unkindness and disrespect to her, who must now be slighted for the company of an impudent and common Courtizana. Seignior *Fassino* took no heed to her words, but pursued the same lewd courses upon which *Victorina* vows a revenge, and that his life shall pay dearly for abusing her, and so concludes secretly to poyson him, and to that purpose sent for *Augustino* an Apothecary, to whom she offer'd 300 Cheeklines to perform it; but he very honestly refused it, and perswaded her to better thoughts; but she persisting in her bloody design, was resolv'd to do it her self, and to that purpose procur'd Poyson from a strange Emperick, and now only waited an opportunity to administer it.

Not long after *Fassino* complain'd he was very sick, which was occasion'd by his dissolute life, and desired his Wife to make him some comfortable Broth; which she glad of, commands her Maid *Felicia* to make it, and going up to her Closet, fetch'd down the Poyson, and (having sent *Felicia* from the fire) put two parts of it into the Broth, and kept the third by her. *Victorina* (who no less intended a revenge on *Felicia* too, for discovering *Sypontus's* Letter) orders her to carry the Broth up to *Fassino*, which he supped off, wh:at she went and laid the other part of the Poyson in

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in *Felicia's* Trunk, and came down undiscovered. About an hour after the poyson began to operate with *Fassino*, who call'd for his Wife, and told her that he fear'd *Felicia* had poyson'd him in the Broth she gave him, and desir'd she would send for his Friends and Relations, who found him ready to expire, and cry'd out with one consent, *he was poyson'd*. *Victorina* accuses her Maid *Felicia*, which dying *Fassino* confirms, that she had that morning poyson'd him in the Broth, upon which she was apprehended, and carried before the Criminal Judges, where with tears and cries she justified her innocence: But *Fassino* being now dead, and there appearing all probabilities of *Felicia's* guilt, she was hurried away to Prison.

Three days after being brought upon her tryal, she confessed she gave him the Broth, but knew nothing of any poyson it; when being asked if any body else meddled with the Broth, she answer'd, *No, not to her knowledge, but she was afraid it was a device of her Ladies to be reveng'd upon her for a former grudge*. Upon this they went to *Fassino's* house, and secur'd *Victorina*, and search'd all the Boxes, Trunks, and Caskets, but found nothing; when going into *Felicia's* Chamber, they in search of her Trunk found the remaining part of the Poyson, upon which she was condemn'd to be hang'd next morning at *St. Mark's Place*, and *Victorina* discharg'd. Being now brought to the place, she ascended the Ladder, and protested to the world she knew nothing of the matter, but imagin'd her Lady *Victorina* was not innocent, and so prepared herself to die; when *Augustino* the Apothecary landed at *St. Mark's* stairs, and seeing a young Gentlewoman ready to be executed, demanded who she was, and her Crime, and being told the whole circumstance, remembered that *Victorina* had formerly tempted him to the same murder, and did believe the Maid was innocent, and the Mistress guilty: wherefore hasting to the Officer, he requested him to stay Execution, for he had something material to discover in relation to *Fassino's* murder. *Augustino* then in discreet manner informs the Judges of the manner,

time, and place where *Victorina* seduced him to poyson *Fassino*.

Felicia was presently remanded to Prison, and *Victorina* apprehended, and confronted with *Augustino*, who now made good his former allegation. At first she deny'd every thing; but being adjudg'd to the Rack, she acquitted *Felicia*, and acknowledged her self guilty both of her first and second Husbands murther. Upon this Confession innocent *Felicia* was freed, and *Victorina* condemn'd the next morning to be hang'd and burnt at *St. Mark's Place*, which was perform'd accordingly. She died very penitent, and desired that her example might be a caveat to forewarn others from commission of the like Crimes, which would certainly bring them to the same punishments.

Could the Power of sin defend us from the Punishment, or the fading Pleasures of it comfort us in our Sufferings for it, we had some encouragement to be wicked: But when our utmost Reward is to be compleatly miserable, he that is guilty of it sins against the light of his own reason, and to be sure not to be happy, purchases his own Damnation at the price of his immortal Soul.

Let us therefore praise the Providence and Justice of God; the first by protecting the Innocent after an extraordinary manner from the brink of destruction, in the example of *Felicia*: and the latter by punishing the detestable sins of Murther and Adultery, in the sad example of *Victorina*.

HIST. VI.

De Salez and La Hay.

De Salez kills Vaumartin in a Duel, murders his own Father, that he may marry La Hay a Strumpet, who afterwards cuts his throat. She hires Michael to poison La Frange, for which Crimes La Hay hath her right hand cut off, and is burnt. Michael is broken on a wheel, and De Salez his dead body is hang'd and burnt.

AT Tbolouse in France liv'd a Counsellor whose name was Monsieur de Argentier a Widower, who had one only Son called DeSalez, of two and twenty years-old, whose martial temper, (which wholly inclin'd him to the Wars) being displeasing to his Fathers quiet disposition, he endeavour'd to divert him, by offering to his choice several Noble, Rich and Virtuous Ladies, out of whom he desir'd him to choose a Wife, and more particularly recommended to him *La Frange*, the only Daughter of Monsieur de Clugny, very young, and of most compleat perfections of mind, though of a mishapen body. The Fathers had already agreed upon the Match, and appointed a solemn meeting for their Children, which produced different effects: *La Frange* highly approved, and passionately lov'd De Salez, whilst he on the contrary could entertain no thoughts but what shew'd his slight and disesteem of her.

At the same time there was a Nobleman called the Baron of Vaumartin, who to repair the Debaucheries of his youth, courted *La Frange* in marriage, but more out of respect to her Fortune, than affection to her Person; and being put off with only verbal complements by De Clugny the Father and *La Frange* the Daughter, was at last acquainted that his sute would be but vain and fruitless, for De Salez was that happy person she lov'd and admir'd. De Salez was in this interim grown acquainted with Mon-

sieur de Soulange, a Gentleman of small Estate, but blest with three Daughters fam'd for their Beauties thro' the whole City, of which the Phœnix was *La Hay*, the youngest. *De Salez*, who had contracted a friendship with *Monsieur de Soulange*, that he might have the better colour to visit his Daughters as other young Sparks of the Town did, grew passionately in love with *La Hay*, who as she was exceeding beautiful, so did she in her mien and behaviour appear with all the graces of modesty and goodness: But though in publick she seem'd an unspotted Virgin, yet was she in private a professed Courtezan; nor was she so secret in her lascivious delights, however she obliged her Gallants to conceal her favours, but she was suspected of dishonesty by all chaste and virtuous persons. Amongst others of her Enamorato's, *De Salez* was one, who doring on her delicate Complexion, and counterfeited Modesty, spent all his hours in visits to *La Hay*, and with his best art and policy laid siege to her chastity: but such was her subtilty, that knowing he lov'd her, and was the only Son of a rich Councillor, she resolv'd to decoy him in for her Husband, and would not by all his costly Treats and constant solicitations be won to his embraces and consent to his lustful desires.

This folly of *De Salez*, and subtilty of *La Hay*, was not manag'd with that privacy, but *Argemier* his Father took notice of it, and considering *De Soulange*'s mean Extraction and Poverty, and his own Nobility and Wealth, was high incens'd with *De Salez* for his courtship to *La Hay*; told him she was a Strumpet, and swore if he did not leave her, and marry *La Frange*, he would disinheret him, and never repute him for his Son. But *De Salez* is resolute in his folly, and contemning his Fathers advice, privately contracts himself to *La Hay*, and promises as soon as providence shall be so kind to him to call his Father into another World, he would consummate the Espousals. In the mean time the Baron of *Vaumartin* seeing all his addresses to *La Frange* was unsuccessful, and his Debts and Creditors growing clamorous upon him, resolves with

himself

himself that so long as *De Salez* lives, to whom *La Frange* had entirely devoted her self, he must never expect to be happy in her arms; and therefore, to remove this obstacle, concludes to send him a Challenge, since it would appear more noble and generous to kill him in the field, than privately murder him by Poyson or Ponyard. The next day by his Page he sent him this Letter.

Vaumartin, to *De Salez*.

IF you seek the cause of my malice, you may find it in the *Lady La Frange's* affection to you, and hatred to my self; wherefore think it not strange that I command my Pen to invite you and your Sword to meet me at five in the morning to morrow, on horse-back, without Seconds, behind the *Jacobins Garden*. Could that sweet Lady have affected Me more, or You less, we might have proved as true Friends, as now our Reputations conjure us to live or die honourable Enemies.

Vaumartin.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, wondered at it, considering he neither regarded *La Frange*, nor valued her affection: But lest *Vaumartin* should think by his declining the Combate, it was for want of courage to meet him, he called the Page, and bid him tell his Master he would not fail to breakfast with him at the time and place appointed.

The morning being come, our Champions met bravely mounted, with each his Chyrurgeon at the place assigned; where they no sooner saw each other, but setting Spurs to their Horses, they closed furiously, and at the third encounter *De Salez* ran *Vaumartin* through the body, when dropping his Sward, his body fell from his Horse stark dead to the ground. *De Salez* galloped to the next Village to dress his wounds, and then provided for his safety by flight. All persons rejoiced at the good success of *De Salez*, whose Father and Friends with much difficulty at last obtain'd his Pardon. But no sooner was *De Salez* return'd,

return'd, but he renewed his visits to *La Hay*, to the great grief of his Father, and dissatisfaction of all his Relations. Sometime after *Argentier* being oblig'd upon some considerable business to go to *Paris*, both advis'd and charg'd *De Salez*, during his absence to forbear his visits to *La Hay*, and for fear he should forget his commands, as he was on the way to *Paris* he writ this Letter, and sent it to him.

Argentier, to De Salez.

It is out of a religious and fatherly tenderness that I now send thee these lines, for thy Youth cannot see what my Age knows, how many miseries attend Vice, and how many blessings wait on Virtue. If *La Frange* be not fair, yet she is not contemptible: If therefore thou wilt leave a Saint to marry a Strumpet, then take *La Hay*, and forsake *La Frange*; but if thou wilt forsake a Strumpet to marry a Saint, then take *La Frange*, and leave *La Hay*: In the First thou shalt find content and honour, but in the Second shame and repentance. This Letter shall be a witness betwixt God, my self, and thee, that if thou perform not my commands I will deny thee my Blessing, and deprive thee of my Lands.

Argentier.

De Salez was infinitely troubled at this Letter, to see his Mistress disgrac'd, and himself oblig'd to so difficult a task, that he was not able to hide his discontent from the observance of *La Hay*; who desirous to know the reason of it, as he was one day asleep on the Couch, she div'd into his pockets, where she found his Fathers Letter, and having perus'd the contents with choler, awak'd *De Salez*, and with the Letter in her hand call'd Heaven and Earth to witness her Innocence, and the wrong his Father had done her, and that whatever he might out of malice or prejudice say or think, she hop'd the world entertain'd a more honourable opinion of her, whose Virtue was as chaste, and Reputation as unspotted, as the envious and deformed

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deformed *La Frange*. *De Salex* at last with the most powerful expressions of the sincerity of his affections to her, appeas'd her raging passion, and solemnly swore that he would never be prevail'd upon to forsake his admired *La Hay* for the hated *La Frange*. But she being doubtful of the worst, and fearing that at some time the commands of the Father might take place upon the duty and obedience of the Son, like an impious Wretch resolves to send her into another world, and for that purpose hires *Bernardo Michael*, an *Italian* Emperick, for 400 Crowns to poyson her, which he promised to perform.

Michael being now to consider what methods he was to take, concludes to insinuate himself into *de Clugny's* acquaintance under the notion of a Chyrurgeon, who by his great skill was able to reform the crooked body of the young Lady his Daughter, and accordingly furnished himself with several plausible reasons to induce him to believe it. This succeeded, and *de Clugny* having had consultation with divers other Physicians and Chyrurgeons, resolves to employ him, and gave him 100 double Pistols in hand to attempt it, with the promise of as much more when he had perform'd it. *Michael* being thus employ'd, betakes himself to his business, applies Plaisters and Searcloths outwardly, and inwardly Pills and Potions, into which he infused the Poyson, which he assuredly knew would in ten days send her into another world; whereupon he secretly went to *La Hay*, and bid her provide the rest of the money, which she willingly gave him, and again swearing him to secrecy they parted; and just on the tenth day *La Frange* (to the unspeakable grief of her Parents) died, not without suspicion of Poyson, upon which *Michael* was apprehended, when *La Hay* (to prevent his discovery) privately sent him 100 Crowns more, and promised him a rich Diamond Ring, which so wrought upon him, that when he was upon the Rack to extort a Confession from him, he out-brav'd his torments, deny'd the Fact, and so was acquitted.

La Frange being thus dead, *De Salex* resolves to go to *Paris* to obtain his Fathers leave to marry *La Hay*; but the old Gentleman to prevent the same had bought a Captains Commillion for him, and contracted with *Monsieur de Brianfon* to marry *De Salex* to his Daughter; whereupon he sent to his Son to make hast to him at *Paris*, and upon his arrival discours'd his intentions to him. *De Salex* obstinately refused both his Commillion and his new Mistress, and would neither accept the one, nor see the other; whereat his Father in a rage swore he would disinherit him if he would not comply with his commands in three days. *De Salex* mad on the other side, resolv'd rather to dispatch his Father, than leave *La Hay*, when two nights after he found an opportunity to perpetrate his villainous design. Supper being ended, his Father complain'd he was not well, and ordered his Clerk next morning early to carry his Water to Dr. *Salop*, an eminent Physician who liv'd at the other part of the City. No sooner in the morning was the Clerk gone, but *de Salex* stole privately into his Fathers Chamber, and finding him in a sound sleep, stiff'd him betwixt two Pillows, went out undiscover'd, and speedily hasted to St. *Honories* gate, and so to St. *Clow*. The Clerk returning from the Physician, entred his Masters Chamber, found him dead, and almost cold in his bed; at which sight crying out, the Master of the house came up, who vow'd he saw no person enter his Chamber, and that his Son departed as soon as himself. The body was search'd, but no wounds appearing, it was concluded he died a natural death, upon which the Corps was nobly interr'd by *De Salex* with all the outward expreßions of grief and sorrow.

De Salex having with all pomp and decency perform'd the Obsequies of his Father, within eight days returned to *Thalouse*, where the old Gentleman was much lamented by all but the wicked *La Hay*, who rejoyc'd at it, and *De Salex* himself was so senseless and forgetful of his Fathers memory and his own Reputation, that in six weeks he threw aside his Mourning, and in the most gaudy Appa-
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rel solemnly married *La Hay*, at which the whole City wonder'd.

Three months were hardly past after their marriage, before *De Salez* discovered the lascivious Intrigues of his Wife, whose Adulteries had now made him a Knight of the *Forked Order*; to prevent which, or at least conceal it, he persuades her to reform her life, complains to her Father, but neither prevail'd, for she was now grown so impudent, she scorn'd her Husband, and plaid the Whore before his face with open doors: whereupon he resolves to divorce himself from her, and took advice upon it: which coming to her knowledge, she vow'd not to lose her share in his Estate, which was very great, but to prevent him, and satisfy her own malice by a present and bloody revenge. To this end, watching an opportunity when most of the Servants were abroad at the Vintage, she stole into her Husbonds Chamber, and finding him soundly sleeping, she drew out a Razor from her Dreeve, steep'd to him, and cut his throat; when throwing the Razor and her Taffara-gown (which was all bloody) into the house of Office, she secretly got out to Church. *De Salez*, whose throat was not cut so fully through, but he could cry and groan, was over-heard by two of his Servants, who hastily coming up, heard him utter these fearful speeches; *That Strumpet my Wife hath kill'd me! O that she-Devil my Wife hath murder'd me!* The Servants cried out at the Window, and call'd in the Neighbours, who sent for his Confessor, and the Lieutenant Criminal, to both which he said the same words, confess the stifling of his Father, and instantly died. Search was presently made for *La Hay*, who was found in the *Dominican Fryars Church* at Sermon, from whence she was dragg'd to Prison, and charg'd with her Husbonds murther, which she confessed upon the Rack; upon which she was condemned to be hang'd and then burnt. Being remanded to Prison, some Divines who were sent to her so wrought upon her conscience, that she confessed further how she hired *Michael* for three hundred Crowns to poyson *la Frange*; of which the

Judges

Judges having notice, altered her sentence, and judg'd her to have her right hand cut off, and then be burnt alive. *De Salez* his dead body was order'd to be hang'd at the common Gallows by the heels, and then burnt.

Michael as soon as he heard of *La Hay's* imprisonment, fled disguised in a Fryars habit; but being discover'd, was brought back to *Toulouse*, where for poysoning *La Frange* he was adjudg'd to be broken on the Wheel, and there to remain till he was dead, and his body to be thrown into the River *Garrow*, which the same day was executed accordingly. As he lived an Atheist, so he died impenitently; saying only this, *Because the World had had so much to say to Him, he would have nothing to say to the World*, but had the Executioner dispatch him quickly.

Thus do we see the Justice of Heaven punishing the Disobedience of *De Salez* by the dishonesty of *La Hay*, and the murther he had committed on his Father reveng'd on him by his adulterous and bloody Wife, who is her self at last rewarded with the justice and severity of the Law, whilst the wicked Emperick *Michael*, who had lived in sin, dy'd in shame; he liv'd the Devils Servant, and dy'd his Martyr.

HIST. VII.

Mertillus and Doranta.

Geronto murders Floria in the street by night. Doranta and her Maid Salvia poison'd her Husband Mertillus. Salvia afterwards strangles her new-born Child, for which being apprehended, upon the Ladder she confesses that her Mistress Doranta and her self poison'd Mertillus, for which Doranta is taken and hang'd.

IN the fam'd City of Barcelona dwelt an ancient Lady named Donna Felicia Maracalla, who by her late Husband had two Children, a Son called Don Floria, and a Daughter nam'd Donna Doranta: Maracalla (though not rich) educated her Children very genteely, and maintain'd them exceeding rich in Apparel. The Beauty and courteous behaviour of Doranta invited an old rich Gentleman term'd Don Francisco Geronto to make his courtship to her: The Mother approved of Geronto's Riches, but Doranta despis'd his Age, (being near threescore and ten) at whose request Don Floria soon prevail'd with his Mother to change her good opinion of Geronto, upon which they all three gave him the repulse and denial; but such was his obstinacy, that he would receive no answer, though by frequent disobligations they endeavour'd to tire his patience, and often either refused his visits, or left him to converse with the bare walls.

But Doranta was so urgent with her Mother for a Husband, that she was ashamed of her unchast desires, and to prevent future mischief promis'd her at large to get her one; but she impatient of delay, urges her Brother Floria both to remind her Mother of her promise, and that he would recommend some Gentleman of his acquaintance to her love.

It chanced not long after, going with her Mother to the *Benedictine Monks Church*, she saw a proper young Gentleman not far from her, and ordering her Lacquey privately to enquire who the young Cavalier was, he brought her word his name was *Don Mertillus*, Son and Heir of *Don Richardo de Mantex*: *Doranta* at first sight was so enamour'd with the comeliness of his person, that she vow'd neither her Mother or Brother should have any truce before they had made a motion of Marriage for her to *Don Mertillus*, and so prevail'd with her importunity, that some few days after *Don Floria* invited him home to his Lady-Mother *Maracalla's* house, where after a noble entertainment, *Maracalla* with the greatest complement and commendations of him she presents her Daughter in motion to him. He saw *Doranta*, and very respectfully told her he thought himself extremely happy that a Lady of her Perfections was pleas'd to have an esteem for him, and that he would advise with his Father, whose consent he was oblig'd to receive, and hop'd to obtain. *Mertillus* at his return acquaints his Father with this proposal, who by all means endeavours to divert him from it, alledging as the most considerable argument, that the poverty of the Mother could never raise a Fortune for the Daughter answerable to his Estate and Quality, and therefore charged him to think no more of it.

Geronto, who upon all occasions still prest on his Sute, understanding that *Mertillus* had gain'd *Doranta's* affection, and (as the report went) would shortly marry her, (which he thought made him slighted) he vow'd his death; and hearing that the following evening *Mertillus* sup'd at *Maracalla's* house, (which he yet secretly visited, notwithstanding his Fathers commands to the contrary) charg'd his Pistol with a brace of Bullets, and waited his coming forth; but *Don Floria* accidentally coming out upon some particular business, *Geronto* lets fly at him, (supposing he had been *Mertillus*) and shot him through the head, at which he fell down to the ground.

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The report of the Pistol was heard, and *Don Florin* found reeking in his blood; upon this noise in the street the house was alarm'd, and *Mertillus* coming hastily out, saw his friend *Don Florin* murder'd at his gate. *Mertillus*, who was diligent in the search and pursuit of the murderers, found *Geronto* limping in the street with his Dark-lanthorn in his hand; and laying hold of him, caused him to be committed to prison. Next day *Marcella* went to the Criminal Judges of the City, and accus'd *Geronto* of the murder of her Son, for that he was found near the house with a Pistol in his pocket which had been lately discharged. *Geronto* boldly deny'd the Fact, and justified his own innocency; but being order'd to the Rack, upon sight thereof he confessed the murder, and the reasons which prompted him to it; upon which he was condemn'd to be hang'd, which the next day he suffered at the common place of execution; where by a foolish Speech he endeavoured to excuse himself, and that it was by the darkness of the night he mistook *Florin* for *Mertillus*, against whom only his Pistol and Revenge was levell'd, whilst *Florin* suffer'd by mistake.

Don Richardo knowing his Son *Mertillus* yet continu'd his visits to *Doranta*, as this accident publish'd to the whole City, was infinitely troubl'd at it, and to prevent his marriage sent him to *Marina*, (a Mannour-house of his some ten leagues off in the Countrey) with charge to continue there till he receiv'd his positive order to return. *Mertillus* was extremely troubl'd at the rigorous commands of his Father, and *Doranta* in appearance griev'd no less; but being of a wanton disposition, and thinking *Mertillus* stay'd too long as she conceiv'd, began to entertain lascivious thoughts, and could neither live chaste nor constant; but utterly forgetful of her respects and profess'd affection to *Mertillus*, received new impressions from other Gallants, whose courtship found a welcom reception, and easie conquest, to whom *Dor*

Doranta prodigally dispens'd her favours; which at last grew so publick, that her Mother both sharply reprehended her, and by strict confinement endeavoured to reform her looser conversation. At this she pines, grows sick, and keeps her bed, at which her Mother was very much troubled, and sent a messenger to *Mertillus*; to inform him of *Doranta's* indisposition, which he credulously supposed was occasion'd by his absence, and very kindly sent word he would certainly wait upon her the next day, which he performed accordingly; when *Doranta* dilembling her affection to him, told him, *It was for him alone she thus languished, and must certainly die, if she could not be for ever so happy both in his company and affection.* *Mertillus*, whose love was sincere as his expressions, with much difficulty obtain'd his Fathers consent, and married in state and bravery.

Never did Husband love a Wife more dearly, who deserv'd so ill; for three months after marriage she not only slighted his conversation, but refused his bed, which unkindness of hers brought him into a deep Consumption; whereof being ready to die, she was so far from sorrowing for him, that in her heart she wish'd him dead; and for fear his skilful Physicians should recover him, resolv'd to poyson him, and with her own wicked hands administer the fatal Boll. To this end she acquainted her Chamber-maid *Salvia* with her design, who for the reward of 50 Duckats consented to it, and promised her assistance. After her Mistress had sworn her to secrecy, she sent her to procure a strong poyson, and advising *Mertillus* to drink some comfortable Broth she had made him, infused the poyson in it, of which before night he died, and by his Wife was privately and suddenly buried, his long illness taking off all suspicion of a violent death.

This Tragedy being thus acted, *Doranta* (tho' a Widow) was very jovial, and merry, and now breaks Pale, ranging beyond all bounds of Chastity and Honour,

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nour, insomuch that her Mother and all her Relations were ashamed of her infamous behaviour. Two months were scarce expired since *Mertillus* was laid in his untimely Grave, when (contrary to the minds of all her friends) she married with *Don Renardo de Polez*, one of her former Paramours, altogether as vicious as her self, who though he well knew her to be dishonest, yet for the advantage of her present fortune was induced to be her Husband; but that not answering his expectation, he thought it high time to be wise, and (contrary to *Mertillus* his humour) was very strict to her, and after a little time confin'd her Prisoner to her Chamber, where (like a Scholar) she conversed only with her Book and Needle; and to make an absolute conquest over her haughty temper, he despoiled her of her best Apparel, her Rings, Chains and Jewels, allowing her little or no money.

Doranta, tho' grievously perplex'd at this change of her fortune, yet still continued in her unchast pleasures as often as opportunity gave her leave; and no sooner was her Husband abroad, but she had a Russian at home. And her Maid *Salvia* following the example of her Mistress, with the 50 Duckats given her for the poisoning of *Mertillus* bought her new Cloaths, which procured her a Sweet-heart named *Blanco*, with whom she wantonis'd so often, that at last she had a great Belly, which she conceal'd from all persons but *Blanco*, who advis'd thereof, fled into *France*. *Salvia* now considering her former folly, and present misery, and seeing her self deserted by *Blanco*, and no friend she could rely upon, in the midst of these distressed thoughts fell into labour, and was delivered of a fair Son, which she strangl'd as soon as born, to hide her own shame, and the same evening wrapt it up in a linen cloth, and with a pack-thread ty'd a stone to it, and carried it to a Pond without the City, and threw it in without being observ'd by any body. This done, she did not think it proper for

her to go home to her Masters house that night, but lodg'd at an Inn whose Sign was the *St. Johns head*, where (pretending lameness which she had got by a fall) she was kindly entertained.

But within an hour after a Groom watering his Horse there, so sported and plung'd the water with his feet, still pawing and snuffing and thrusting his head therein, that at last the pack-threed broke, and the linen cloth appear'd floating, in which was found the Infant lately murder'd. This brought a great concourse of spectators, who all concluded it to be the Bastard of some Strumpet, and murder'd by her; upon which a search was made in the adjacent parts, and *Salvia* apprehended by the Officers of Justice, who upon search appeared to be the Mother of the Infant. Upon this she was imprison'd, and threatn'd with the Rack, and for fear of the torments confessed she had strangl'd and thrown it into the Pond, for which she was condemn'd to be hang'd. Being brought to the place of execution, and now upon the Ladder, she confessed there was one sin which she had not discover'd, or repented of; which was, that she with her Lady *Doranta* had poyson'd *Mortillus*; whereupon *Doranta* was immediately apprehended, and confessing the fact which *Salvia* accus'd her of, was condemn'd to be hang'd, which was executed accordingly; and to *Salvia's* sentence was added, that after she was hang'd her body should be burnt to ashes.

Hence may every lascivious Dame learn the practice of
Virtue and Chastity by the sad examples of *Doranta*
and *Salvia*, and take warning by *Geronco* not to stain
their gray hairs with the scarlet dye of Adulter, which
will bring them with sorrow and shame to the Grave.

HIST. VIII.

Ursina and her Son Bernardo.

Bernardo poysoneb his own Mother Ursina, and afterwards kills Romeo in his Garden with a Carbine from a window. For these two Murthers he is beheaded, his body burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River.

IN the Noble City of Orleans in France there lately dwelt a rich Canon of a Cathedral named *Carcesine Romeo*, who had a young Gentlewoman to his Niece of excellent Beauty and Disposition, whose deceased Mother left her very rich: her Uncle *Romeo* being nearest in blood, took her into his protection, giving her all manner of Breeding and Education requisite for a person of her Rank and Quality; and the better to accomplish her in all virtuous perfections, carefully sent her in his Coach to *Mortieu*, to the Lady *Margareta Ursina*, a Widow-gentlewoman, eminent both in Virtue and Piety. Donna *Carolla* (for so was she called) with her waiting Maid and one Man-servant, arrives there, where she is kindly receiv'd by *Ursina*, highly applauding *Romeo's* honourable care of his Niece, who she hopes in few years will be a most compleat Gentlewoman.

Romeo did well to place his young Niece with the Lady *Ursina*, but ill forgot that she had a young man to her Son named *Monseur Bernardo*, a most debauch'd person, and one whose vitious life made him the scorn and pity of all *Mortieu*. This young Spark seeing so sweet a Beauty, and so great an Heiress (as *Carolla* was) fallen into his Mothers hands, secretly courts her, but she received him with contempt and indignation, upon which he grew more importunate, and she no less averse; when *Bernardo* hoping no success from these violent courses, acquaints his Mother with his passion for

Carolla, who forbids him to proceed any further, unless he would swear to reform himself, which he vow'd on his knees to do, and perform'd accordingly. *Romeo* came three several times over to *Morlieu* to see his Niece, whom *Ursina* entertained with all imaginable respect, charging her Son during his stay not to mention one word to *Romeo* of his affection to his Niece. But *Ursina* now secretly understanding by Letter from *Orleanse*, that the following Autumn *Romeo* design'd to send for his Niece home, thought it convenient to motion it to him, which she did in a fair and honourable manner. But *Romeo* displeas'd with her ambition in desiring his Niece for a Wife for her Son, well knowing the small Estate of the Mother, and corrupt conversation of the Son; yet taking no notice thereof, he excus'd himself that he had already disposed his Niece, and could not with Honour or Justice recede from his promise.

Three weeks after this answer, not thinking his Niece to be safe at *Morlieu*, he sent over his Coach and Servants to bring her home, writing a gratulatory Letter to the Lady *Ursina*, for her great Care, honourable Education, and Entertainment.

Romeo, to Ursina.

HAVING formerly contracted my Niece *Carolla* to a Husband, his request and my promise now oblige me to take her from you in *Morlieu*, and give her to him at *Orleanse*. To this purpose I here send my Coach and Servants to you for her, and desire you to return her to me, with your best prayers that she who by your sober instructions and indulgent care has begun the morning of her life in Piety and Virtue, may continue in those happy paths, and die in Peace, to live in everlasting Glory.

Romeo.

This Letter vex'd both *Ursina* and her Son, as seeing thereby no hopes of attaining their ends; wherefore

Ursina

Ursina (at her Sons intreaty) uses all her Interest to persuade *Carolla*, but she was deaf to her motion, and so far from hearkening thereto, that she now refused to see *Bernardo*, much less admit him to any grace or favour.

Breakfast being now ended, and the Coach ready, *Carolla* departs to *Orleanse* to her Uncle *Romeo*; but *Ursina* would not be thus repulsed, but writes a second Letter to *Romeo* to the same purpose; who very angry that she should so disrespect him as not to credit what he had said, and believe him that she was præ-contracted, very sharply returned her the same answer as before, protesting withal for the future either not to receive her Letters, or to answer them with silence. *Bernardo* was so incens'd to see all his great expectations utterly defeated, that he returns to his former Vices, and lives more dissolute than ever, upon which *Ursina* vow'd she would never speak in his behalf any more. This resolution of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Son, so that he now determines with himself to work his revenge on his Mother, and his own advantage by the same villainous act; for was she but dispatch'd, he should then be sole Lord of all her Wealth and Fortune, which might induce *Romeo* and *Carolla* to accept of his affection: To which purpose he provides himself with Poyson, which he still carries about him, waiting an opportunity to administer it.

Bernardo's return to his former lewd courses so distempers his Mother, that she falls sick of a burning Fever, to allay the heat whereof she caused some Almond-milk to be made her, in which were infus'd several cooling Herbs, and drinks thereof three times a day. On the fourth day of her sickness, walking in the afternoon in her Garden, she was suddenly surprized with the symptoms of her Fever; when sitting down, she caused her Maid to hold her head, and pray'd her Son to fetch her a Bottle of Almond-milk, which he did, and in the way pour'd the poyson into it, which he gave her, who

drank plentifully of it ; but on a sudden a cold sweat over-spread her face, she look'd pale, and ready to faint away call'd for a Chair, in which they carried her to her Chamber, and laid her on the Bed, where few hours after she died in great torture, and is by her Son and Servants coffin'd up, and (with all the counterfeit signs of immoderate grief) buried by her ungracious Son.

The News of *Ursina's* death was soon known at *Orleanse*, where *Romeo* and *Carolla* hearing of it, exceedingly lamented and sorrowed for her. *Carolla* being now grown marriageable, in regard of her excellent Perfections and great Estate, (for she was now declared sole Heir to her Uncle *Romeo*) was courted by many Noble Gentlemen ; but her Uncle at last privately married her to *Monsieur Le Berdu*, a rich young Gentleman who was Nephew and Heir to the Bishop of *Orleanse*.

Let us now return to *Bernardo*, who desperately gave himself over to all Vices, consuming all his time in licentious Riots, in the midst of which follies he remembers *Carolla* : wherefore putting himself and Servants into very rich Equipage, he rode over to *Orleanse*, where he became an importunate Suter to *Romeo* and *Carolla*, but all in vain ; yet he obstinately persists, which made *Romeo* tell him in plain terms, *That his Niece was married, and that in consideration thereof he forbid him his house and her company*. This unkindness *Bernardo* took so ill, that in his rage he swore he would murder *Romeo* ; and then considering the safest way, determin'd to shoot him with his Carbine as he walk'd in his Garden, which he constantly did every morning and evening alone. Thus resolv'd, he went in disguise at six in the evening to a small Tavern, where the Chamber-windows look'd into *Romeo's* Garden, and pretending to stay for a friend, call'd for some Wine : then bolting the Chamber-door, he opens the Casement, and sees *Romeo* walking in his Garden ; he lets flie at him, and shot him into the breast with a brace of Bullets, and *Romeo* after three shrieks fell down dead. As

As soon as this was done, he endeavoured to make his escape, but by the immediate Judgment of Heaven he was presently struck in a stupified swoon, and fell to the ground. The noise of that and his Gun caused the people below to come up, who finding the Chamber-door bolted, imagined he had shot himself; when forcing open the door, they found him grovelling on the ground, upon which they took him and pull'd off his Cloaths to search for his wounds, but found none. After an hour he opened his eyes, and with a distracted look and amazed countenance, rather raving than speaking, in the heat of his madness he cried out, *I have murder'd Romeo! I have murder'd Romeo!* which he often repeated. By this time the dead body of *Romeo* was found in the Garden; and search being made for the murderer, and seeing his Horse at the door of the Tavern, they went up stairs, where they found *Bernardo* in bed. The people of the house being examined, they reported what they knew, as also his confession that he had murder'd *Romeo*; whereupon he was apprehended, and the next morning arraigned, when he forswore his former Confession: but the Judges, to extort the truth, condemn him to the Rack, where at the first torments he again confesses all, for which he was sentenced the next day to be beheaded; and being brought to the Scaffold, there confessed the murder of his Mother *Ursina* by poison: His first sentence was executed upon him, and (as an addition of punishment for his Mothers death) his body was burnt, and the ashes thrown into the River *Arno*.

Thus we see by miserable Bernardo, that he who ripens in wickedness as he grows in years, shall at last reap the bitter fruits of his own Debaucheries; for he that slightes the Grace of God here, shall never taste his Mercy hereafter.

HIST. IX.

De Bushie and La Valere.

St. Quintin is kill'd in a Duel by Moreni. Pharamond hires Prochier the Apothecary for 300. Crowns to poison his Brother De Bushie. Prochier falls down the stairs, and breaks his neck: Pharamond first debauches Lucia, and then hires Mariot a Miller to strangle her, which he does, and throws her body into the Mill-pond, for which he is broke on the Wheel, and Pharamond beheaded and burns.

AT Roan in Normandy of late years there dwelt a rich and noble Gentleman called Monsieur De Bertue, who had two Sons; his eldest was Monsieur Pharamond, and the younger Monsieur De Bushie, both hopeful Gentlemen. De Bushie being at Christmas-time at a friends house at Curant, (10 Leagues from Roan) saw a young Gentlewoman infinitely fair and beautiful, called Madamoyfelle La Valere, whom he lik'd and lov'd so dearly, that he resolv'd to make all his courtship to her, which he so handsomly and discreetly manag'd, that at last she consented to love him; but withal inreated him to conceal her affection, till he had made his application to her Father, and gain'd his good will. De Bushie in few days after made a visit to Monsieur De Moulin her Father, who liv'd at Curant, acquaints him with his Sute, and begs his consent. But he not relishing the motion, returned De Bushie a very cold answer, upon which he civilly took his leave, and the next week went home to Roan, and acquainted his Father and Mother with his affection to La Valere, which they approving of, he pray'd his Father to ride over to Curant, to confer with Monsieur De Moulin about this affair: but De Bertue being seiz'd with a sudden fit of the Gout, order'd his elder

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Brother *Pharamond* to bear him company, and in his name to treat with *De Moulin*. *Pharamond* and *De Bushie* nobly attended, with a Letter from their Father to *De Moulin*, took horse and rid to *Curant*, where being arriv'd, *Pharamond* delivered his Fathers Letter; and after a short conference with *De Moulin*, in which he discovered his Brothers affection to *Valere*: he address'd himself to her, whilst *De Moulin* and *De Bushie* took a walk in the Garden. Having this opportunity of a private discourse, after he had oblig'd her to secrecy, told her, *That tho' he came over to Curant his Brothers Advocate, yet her powerful Charms had already captivated his heart, and his passion for her now oblig'd him to make use of all his Oratory in his own behalf; and tho' his Brother had the honour to see her first, yet his love (he hoped) deserved not least regard, or the last place in her affections.* *La Valere* incens'd with this unexpected discourse, with a frown told him, *That this was not only an ignoble Ingratitude, but a base Treachery; and therefore know (says she) that I undervalue you, as much as I highly prize your Brother:* and so with a countenance which shew'd both anger and disdain, left him alone, who presently went to her Father, and in fair terms inform'd him of his love to his Daughter, assuring him of the sincerity of his affection to her, and that he coveted nothing in the world more than to be happy in the enjoyment of her.

Old *De Moulin* approves *Pharamond's* motion, but was unwilling to displease *De Bushie*, yet over-sway'd with ambition, calls his Daughter into his Closet, and bids her leave *De Bushie* to love *Pharamond*; but she positively refus'd it, telling him that she had already made her choice, which she would not alter for any worldly advantage. *Pharamond* contriving how to deceive his Brother, told him, that tho' he found *La Valere* inclinable, *De Moulin* was altogether averse, nor could he ever hope to gain his consent; and therefore (says he) let us go home to morrow, which was agreed to. But *La Valere* (who

(who had well considered the base treachery of Pharamond) resolves to give her *De Bushie* a private meeting, and at night sent for him to her Chamber, bid him be cheerful, and that in life and death she will be his, and only his, and that she would send him a Letter to *Rouen*, which should acquaint him with a business her tongue was obliged to conceal. So after all the promises of constancy and fidelity, they parted, and as a pledge of their mutual kindness, he presented her with a Diamond-Ring, and she gave him a pair of Pearl Bracelets.

The next morning *De Moulin* took *De Bushie* aside, and in short terms pray'd him to forbear his house, and refrain his Daughters company, for he had provided another Husband for her. After a solemn leave, the Brothers took horse, and return'd home. *LaValere* remembering her promise to *De Bushie*, two days after his departure sent him this Letter.

La Valere, to De Bushie.

M*Y* promise owes you this Letter, wherein I must acquaint you, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love Me, or hate your Brother, in regard he vows he loves me dearer than your self, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, which (if I mistake not) is base Treachery in him. I have heard his Courtship, but for your sake hate both It and Himself. He hath won my Father, but be assured that he neither can nor shall prevail with me; and tho' my Father hath banished you his house, yet his Daughter is resolved to retain you in her heart, and you alone.

La Valere.

De Bushie having received this Letter, was passionately incens'd against his Brother *Pharamond*; but discretion at last took place, and he resolv'd to hide his resentments, and dissemble his anger, and immediately returned.

ned her many thanks for her courtesie and constancy. Pharamond three days after privately went over to Curant, where he renews his sute to her with all the earnestness and vigour of a passionate Lover: but La Valere seemed absolutely averse, and without hopes to prevail, return'd sorrowfully to Roan. But tho' Pharamond endeavoured De Bushie should know nothing of his journey to Curant, La Valere next day gave him word thereof by a second Letter.

La Valere, to De Bushie.

I Hold my self oblig'd in duty and affection to acquaint you, that these two days I have been importunately solicited by your unkind Brother for Marriage: but he hath found my first to be my last answer. I hope I have blasted all his endeavours, by giving him and my Father this infallible resolution, either to wed You, or my Grave; and I believe they will be satisfied without giving me further trouble: But if your Brother shall still pursue his fruitless addresses, I will beg on my knees to my Father to hasten our marriage. And this is my positive resolution.

La Valere.

De Bushie kiss'd this last testimony of his dear Ladies most tender affection, but smother'd inwardly at his Brothers malice, whereof he is resolv'd to tax him, but first returns her ten thousand thanks for her inviolable affection, and went to find out his Brother, whom he finds feignedly sick, when Pharamond (as if were rejoycing at his presence) told him, That his tender love to La Valere had reduc'd him to that extremity, and therefore commended him for the saving of his life to quit his pretensions to her, and resign up all his interest to him: At which impudent request De Bushie was so intrag'd, that in indignation and disdain he call'd him base and treacherous, and vow'd to die before he would consent to such a thought; and

and (without any other farewell) hastily flew out of the Chamber,

Pharamond swore he would make his Brother repent his sawey carriage; whereupon three days after, understanding his Brother to be at Charron, he sent Monsieur St. Quintin, his particular Friend, (whom he had engaged to be his Second) to him with this Challenge,

Pharamond, to De Bushie.

IN regard we cannot both enjoy the fair La Valere to Wife, it is fit that one of us should die, that the survivor may be enrich'd with so precious a Treasure; which considering, as I have done your late uncivil carriage towards me, I find it not strange to see Affection to give a law to Nature: wherefore I invite Thee with thy Second to meet me and mine with single Rapiers on foot to morrow at three after dinner, in the Meadow next to St. Vallery. I shall as impatiently expect your coming, as I do my revenge.

Pharamond.

De Bushie smil'd hereat, and bid St. Quintin tell his Brother he would not fail to meet him; when turning to Monsieur Moreni his Friend, who sat by him, Pray (says he) read this, and give me your company to morrow; which he readily promised. The time being come, the Brothers and Seconds met in the field: The Principals first drew, and after three or four breathings, and several wounds, De Bushie ran Pharamond into the Sword-hand, and forc'd him to surrender his Sword, and beg his life, which he did, and the other as generously gave him. The Principals having thus ended the dispute, the Seconds drew near; but Moreni thought it no dishonour to refuse to fight, since his Principal had foil'd his Enemy: but on the contrary St. Quintin was resolute, and would not by any arguments be persuaded, upon which they

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they both drew, and at the third pass *Moreni* kill'd him dead in the field; a fit reward for his boasting temerity.

The News of this Duel was presently known to their Father and Mother, nor was it long before it arrived at *Curant*, where *De Moulin* grieves, but *La Valere* rejoices at *Pharamond's* foil, and taking advantage thereof, with tears and prayers gain'd her Fathers consent, so that in a short time she was solemnly married to *De Bulhie* in great state and splendor.

Pharamond, tho' he had receiv'd his life from his Brothers hand, still continues his ingratitude to him, and reviving his lustful desires to *La Valere*, (whom he could not possibly enjoy so long as his Brother liv'd) he therefore resolves to get him poyson'd, and to that end offers *Prochier* his Brothers Apothecary 300 Crowns to do it, which he undertook, and perform'd in this manner.

De Bulhie six weeks after his marriage found himself inclinable to a Feaver, for prevention whereof he sent for *Prochier* (his Apothecary) to open a vein, which he did, and towards night gave him a Clyster, wherein he infused strong poyson, which so operated, that the next morning he died in his bed. *La Valere* passionately laments, and is wholly dissolv'd in tears at the sudden death of her Husband; and amongst other Relations who came to comfort her, *Pharamond* was one, whom she both slighted, and shrewdly suspected to have a hand in his murder, but in what manner she was not able to discover. Her year of mourning being out, she had many Suters, amongst whom she made choice of *Monsieur Moreni* for her second Husband, and was publicly married to him. *Pharamond* seeing himself thus slighted, turns his love into hatred, and gives himself over to the company of Whores and Strumpets, and leaves no sin unpractis'd that his wicked heart desires, or his lustful eyes can see.

Amongst others, hearing of a Farmers Daughter 7 miles from *Roan* that was fair and young, he resolved

to tempt her to his obscene desires, and riding over saw and lik'd her, and laid close siege to her Chastity; which her Mother observing in his frequent visits, fearing the worst, forbids him her house, saying, *that if he persisted, she would acquaint his Father with it*; at which he was much troubl'd, but remembering an old Fryar nam'd *Simplician*, he thought him a fit instrument to gain *Lucia* (for so was she call'd;) to consent to his lewd embraces, which for a reward he undertook, and accomplished. It was agreed between them, that *Pharamond* should fetch her away in the night to his old Nurses house, where he secretly kept her till he had surfeited his lustful desires with repeated pleasures.

Lucia's Father and Mother very much griev'd for the loss of their only Child; and suspecting *Pharamond* to have stole her, complain'd to his Father and Mother, who sent for, and very strictly examin'd him; but he deny'd all, and call'd the old Woman Hag, to charge him with stealing of her Daughter: Thus without any redress did they return home, and *Pharamond* to *Lucia's* arms, where we shall leave him to speak of *Prochier*.

Pharamond (as was formerly said) hating *La Valere*, hir'd *Prochier* likewise for 300 Crowns more to poyson her, which he speedily promised to perform. About two months after her second marriage, she fell sick of a pestilential Fever: *Moreni* her Husband sent for *Prochier* the Apothecary, who having drawn six ounces of blood from her, intended next morning to give her Pity-sick, wherein should be infused the Poyson; but as he was taking his leave on the top of the stairs, and complementing with *Moreni*, his foot tript, and he fell down headlong, and broke his neck. *Pharamond* hearing thereof, was neither glad nor sorry, but spent all his time in revelling with *Lucia*, so that it was now publickly known he kept her, whereof her Father and Mother being inform'd, they went again to *Pharamond's* Father, beseeching him to restore them their Daughter;

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He promis'd his assistance, and gave them leave to search all his Tenants houses ; which *Pharamond* hearing of about midnight he order'd *Mercot* his Fathers Miller to fetch *Lucia* from her Nurses to the Mill-house, where at length she proved with child, when seeing her sad condition, she repented of her folly ; especially since she saw her Lover *Pharamond* made not those frequent visits he was accustomed, and in his respects to her seem'd more strange and reserv'd than usual. But alas ! poor wretch, she knew no way to remedy it, but by the common cure of *Patience*.

Pharamond now deals with the Miller to marry *Lucia*, but he down-right refus'd it, and poor *Lucia* besought him either to provide her a Husband, or permit her to go home. *Pharamond* (who now loath'd her more than ever he lov'd her) first absented himself from her company, and afterwards plainly refus'd to see her. She exclaims at his ingratitude, prays *Mercot* to speak to his young Master in her behalf. *Mercot* finds him out, but instead of comfort, they conclude to murder her, which *Mercot* undertakes for the Fee-simple of his Mill, and within three days with a small Cord steals into her Chamber, and strangles her ; when carrying her to the Mill-boat in the Pond, he fastned a piece of a Mill-stone with a strong new Rope to her middle, and sunk the body in the deepest part of the Pond. The next morning away goes the Miller to tell his young Master what he had done, who were both over-joy'd at the success of their Villainy.

A month was scarce past, when *Moreni* (*La Valere's* second Husband) with some other Gentlemen his Friends had a mind to hunt a Duck, and made choice of this very Mill-pond for their sport ; where the Duck and two Dogs are no sooner in, but coming to the place where *Lucia* was sunk and tied, they left the Duck, and howl'd and bark'd at each other, without stirring thence ; which the Gentlemen observing, they

presently imagined that some body was drown'd there; but before they proceed to search, they intend to make a second tryal after dinner, and for that time call'd off their Spaniels. At their return the Dogs do as they did in the morning, which confirms their jealousy, so they desired to draw up the Sluce, and let the water out of the Pond, which the guilty Miller refused to do, upon which the Gentlemen seem'd to desist, and went into the Mill to play at Cards for Wine, which the Miller offer'd to fetch from the Town, (there being none nearer) and when he was gone, they drew up the Sluce, and by that time the water was half out, they saw the dead body float, but the face was so mangl'd and disfigur'd by the Fish, it was impossible to know the person. They all concluded the Miller guilty, whom they apprehended at his return, and shut him up in his Mill till the body was own'd, which not long after happened by her Father and Mother, who knew her cloaths, and affirm'd it to be their Daughter *Lucia*.

Moreni rid to *Roan*, and acquainted the Judges with this deplorable fact, who sent for the Miller, and examin'd him of the same murther, which he deny'd and forswore, whereupon he was order'd to the Rack, at sight whereof he confessed himself to be the sole author and acter in this murther, and spoke not a word of *Pharamond*; whereupon he was adjudg'd to the Scorpions, to know if any person was accessary with him: but he not able to endure the cruelty of that torment, confessed that his young Master Monsieur *Pharamond* hired him to strangle *Lucia*, for which he gave him the Fee-simple of his Mill.

Upon this *Marcot* was condemned to be broken alive on the Wheel, but execution was deferr'd till *Pharamond* was taken, who was then gon to *Morleaux*: At his return he was suddenly apprehended and imprisoned,

son'd, and upon hearing his Indictment read, and Mercot's Confession, presently acknowledged the Fact, for which he was condemned the next day to be beheaded; when mounting the Scaffold, he first publickly own'd the murder of Lucia, and then confessed he hir'd Prochier to poyson his Brother De Bushie, and had contracted with him for three hundred Crowns more to poyson La Valere which he had effected; had not Providence preserved her by punishing him with so sudden a death. For which he heartily craved pardon of God, and then his Head was chopt off, and his Body for his Brothers death burnt to Ashes. Mercot was broken on the Wheel, and Prochier's dead Body digg'd out of the Grave, and in the Coffin burnt by the common Hangman, and his ashes thrown into the Air.

So strong is the deadly poyson of Revenge, that it breaks through all ties of Friendship, bonds of Relation, and rules of Religion. The desperate Pharamond, to satisfy his malice, murders his Brother, and to please his unchast desires, first robs Lucia of her Virtue, and then of her life; for which his Body suffers the punishment of the Law, and his Name perpetual Infamy.

HIST. X.

Formoso and Almira.

Almira twice attempts to poyson her own Sister Corinna, by the means of her waiting woman Doria: but being both times disappointed, she hires Nicon an Emperick to poyson Doria. Almira is kill'd with a Thunder-bolt, and Nicon hang'd. Corinna, to revenge her Lover Formoso's death, murders her Brother Puteoli, for which she dies immur'd.

AT Lisbon (the chief City in Portugal) liv'd Don Sebastian Florenzo a Nobleman, great both by Blood and Revenues; he married the virtuous Donna Andrada, (a Lady of eminent Quality and Perfections) by whom he had one Son called Don Puteoli, and two Daughters, Donna Almira, and Donna Corinna. Don Puteoli (whose Education was abroad) in his travels acquaints himself with Don Formoso de Castello, a Gentleman of refin'd conversation and courtly behaviour. Puteoli, that he might perpetuate the friendship which was thus happily begun with Formoso, invites him to Lisbon to his Fathers house, proposing a marriage with his eldest Sister Almira. Formoso very courteously embraced his offer, and went with him, where he was generously receiv'd by Don Sebastian his Father, and saw his two Daughters, the stately Almira, and matchless Corinna, but with different sentiments, for Corinna the youngest had already taken possession of his heart, where the other had not made the least impression; whereupon Formoso made his court to Corinna, and desires her in marriage of her Father; which he refuses, but offers him the eldest, alleging that he would give her the same preference that Nature had done, who as she was his eldest, should be first disposed of.

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However *Formoso* persists in his love to *Corinna*, and continues his suit to her Father, which *Puteoli* earnestly (but in vain) solicits for him; so obstinately resolved was *Don Sebastian* in behalf of *Almira*, that he was forced to take leave of his beloved *Corinna*; when the faithful Lovers mutually express'd their kind endearments to each other, and vow'd eternal constancy. *Formoso* civilly took his leave of *Sebastian* and *Puteoli*, and return'd to his Castle ten leagues from *Lisbon* at *Villamont*, and in this recess made it his only comfort to converse with *Corinna* by Letters, which were secretly convey'd to her, and hers to him, by his faithful Page *Honorio*, who making love to *Doria*, *Almira's* Woman, pass'd unsuspected.

The frequent visits of *Honorio* at last rais'd jealousy and mistrust in *Almira*, who suspected they were only pretended to *Doria*, whilst in reality they were design'd to *Corinna*, whereupon she order'd *Doria* to sound him, but *Honorio* would not make any discovery; but at last an unhappy accident did that for her which all her artifice and cunning could not attain: for one Sunday-morning, when *Corinna* was walking in the Garden, *Almira* went into her Chamber to see for a little Book, which not finding where she expected, she put her hand into her Sisters pocket of the Gown she wore the day before, and instead of that pulls out *Formoso's* last Letter to *Corinna*, which she shews to her Father, who was very much concern'd at it, and severely checkt *Corinna* for entertaining a private correspondence with *Formoso*, and to prevent it for the future, strictly confin'd her to her Chamber.

But this was not satisfaction enough to *Almira*, who (rather than lose *Formoso*) resolves to poyson her Sister; to which end she hires *Doria* with 100 Duckats, and the promise of as many more, to undertake it: *Doria* agreed to it, and accordingly sent an unknown messenger for it, who presently return'd with it in a small Gal-

ly-pot, *Doria* intending to make use of it that very night, but *Honorio's* visit prevented her, who finding her in the Garden, they sat down in the Arbor, and in the midst of their discourse *Honorio's* nose fell a bleeding, and not readily pulling out his handkerchief, she hastily pulls out hers, and with it the Gally-pot of Poyson, which falling upon a stone, immediately broke, and the baneful Dose was lickt up by *Honorio's* Spaniel, who presently swell'd and dy'd before them. At this they were both amazed, but especially *Doria*, who knew not what excuse to make, or how to palliate her wicked Design; for *Honorio* press'd to know for whom this Poyson was prepar'd, she gave him uncertain answers, which made him the more inquisitive, so that at last he prevail'd with her to discover the naked truth, *that her Mistress Almira had hired her therewith to poyson Corinna.*

Honorio no sooner saw this, but he informed *Corinna* privately of it, praying her to be careful of her self, for fear they might be more succesful in a second attempt, which no doubt the malice and wickedness of *Almira* would prompt her to. *Honorio* pretending his Father had suddenly sent for him, (who lay dangerously ill) took his leave of *Doria*, promising in a short time to see her again, who confidently trusting to the counterfeit love of *Honorio*, believ'd her design was no ways discover'd to *Corinna.* *Honorio* having privately receiv'd a Letter from *Corinna*, (which in part acquainted *Formoso* with the villainous mischief of *Almira* to her, recommending him for the rest to his Page, who would give a fuller account) went hastily back, and gave his Master the Letter, and a large relation of the whole matter. *Formoso* reading the Letter over again, and pondering upon it, (especially that part where she told him she could be no longer safe in her Fathers house, and therefore desired him to protect her Life and Honour, which she hop'd to secure by his favourable assistance) assur'd her of it in another by *Honorio*, and that he would be ready

ready at the Garden-door the next night at twelve, and the signal to be a lighted Candle in her window to him, and the discharge of his Pistol to her.

In the mean time *Almira* urg'd *Doria* to the performance of her promise, which she assur'd her of in three days, and to that end a second potion of Poyson is prepared: in the mean while *Honorio* return'd, and delivered his Masters Letter to *Corinna*, who is now busie in packing up her Jewels and richest Apparel; when *Almira* pretending to go to bed ill, sent *Doria* with a sweet Posset to *Corinna*, desiring her to eat the rest, of which she had already taken her share. *Corinna* very kindly received it, and intreating *Doria* to fetch her Prayer-book and Gloves out of her Sisters Chamber, pour'd out the Posset into a Bason in her Closet, and washing the Cup put Almond-milk into it, which at *Doria's* return she drank up, and dismiss'd her. Not long after *Honorio* came privately to *Corinna's* Chamber, where she related to him this second attempt, which they concluded to experiment upon *Almira's* Parrot, which was then in *Corinna's* Chamber, the Bird immediately swell'd and dy'd. They laid the dead Parrot upon the Table, and upon the report of *Formoso's* Pistol, (which they soon after heard) *Honorio* took up her Trunk, and they went softly down the stairs to the Garden-door, where (to her great joy) she found *Formoso* with a Coach and six ready to attend her to his Castle at *Villamont*.

Next morning *Almira* hopes to entertain her self with the pitiful out-cries for her Sisters death: but being deceiv'd, about ten a clock (according to her custom) she went up with *Doria* to her Sisters Chamber, where instead of her Sister, she found her Parrot dead on the Table. They lookt fearfully on one another; but hearing that *Honorio* was also gone, they concluded *Corinna* was fled with *Formoso*, upon which *Almira* immediately allarms her Father and Mother with the News, who dispatch'd away a messenger to *Villamont* to enquire the truth, who brought word she was there. Don

Don *Sebastian* being then ill of the Gout, sent his Son Don *Puteoli*, with six other resolute Gentlemen, to demand her, and take satisfaction of *Formoso* for and indignity he had offer'd him. *Puteoli* arriving at *Villamont*, made his demands of her, and assured him that his Father and himself would have her at what rate soever. *Formoso* gave him a positive denial, and urg'd for reasons the two attempts *Almira* had made against her life, which his Castle should protect. *Almira* now suspecting that her designs against her Sister were discovered, by her Father's examination of her to that purpose, and fearing that *Doria* might confirm their suspicions by an open and plain discovery, hired *Nicon* an Emperick for 200 Duckats to poyson her, which in few days he perform'd. Whilst this was acting at *Lisbon* by *Almira*, her Brother is endeavouring a more honourable satisfaction at *Villamont* from *Formoso*, who had now received express orders from his Father, Either by point of Law or dint of Sword to bring back *Corinna*; whereupon he sent his Cousin Don *Morellos* to *Formoso* for his last resolution, who gave him the same answer as before: Upon this, *Puteoli* reflecting upon the Honour of his Family, and his own Reputation, which lay both at stake, resolves to regain her by arms; and making choice of *Morellos* for his Second, the next morning sent him to Don *Formoso's* Castle with this Challenge.

Puteoli, to Formoso.

I Must either return my Sister to *Lisbon*, or lose my life here at *Villamont*, for I had rather die than see her dishonour, which so nearly reflects upon my self. It is not I who have first violated the bonds of friendship, but your self, who is both the author and sole cause thereof: wherefore of two things resolve on one, either to morrow at six in the morning to render me my Sister *Corinna*, or at that hour meet me on foot with your Second in the square green Meadow under

senden your own Castle where the chairs of two Rapids shall attend you. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my first; and if generous, thou canst not deny my second request.

Putcoli.

Don Formoso received and accepted the Challenge, and choosing a near Relation of his named Don *Le Forto* for his Second, they met and fought at the place appointed. At the third close Formoso was run through the heart, at which first staggering he soon after dropt down dead, and immediately after Don *Le Forto* had the same fate. The Criminal Judges had presently notice of this Combate, whereupon *Putcoli* and *Morellos* were apprehended, but by the great interest of their Friends procured their pardon. *Putcoli* being now at liberty, went again to the Castle and demanded his Sister, which was utterly denied him, upon which he apply'd himself to the Judges, who granted him an armed Power, where-with he forced the Castle, and took his Sister away (all in tears and mourning for her dear *Formoso*) and returned her to his Father, for which and the death of *Formoso*, she vow'd a severe revenge upon him. At her return her Sister *Almira* earnestly desired to be reconciled to her, and privately confess her former malice, for which she was now heartily sorry, and begg'd her pardon.

Doria had a Sister nam'd *Maxetta*, who having been particularly acquainted with the two Ladies *Almira* and *Corinna*, invites them to her wedding. *Corinna* excus'd her self, but *Almira* promis'd her company. The day being come, *Almira* went in her Fathers Coach very splendid and rich in Jewels: but whilst they were on their way a sudden Tempest arose, with loud peals of Thunder, when after a terrible crack the fatal bolt pierced through her breast, and almost kill'd her in her Coach: at the fright whereof her waiting Maids and Coach-

Coach-man return'd home with her, who was put to bed, and finding she could not live, confess'd that she had twice attempted to poyson her Sister *Corinna* by her Woman *Doria*, and had afterwards hired *Nicon* for 200 Ducks to poyson *Doria*, which he perform'd, whereof she heartily repented, and so dy'd.

The Criminal Judges being acquainted with this, they sent their Officers to apprehend *Nicon*, whom they found very merry at the Wedding-house, and (notwithstanding all his endeavours to escape) took him coming out, and committed him close Prisoner. In the afternoon being put to the Rack, he confess'd all the circumstances of the murder, for which next morning he was hang'd over-against Don *Sebastian's* house, on a Gibbet erected on purpose.

In the mean while *Corinna's* desire of revenge had arm'd her with a large sharp knife, which hiding under her sleeve, with her Lute in her hand (about ten days after her Sister's death) early in the morning she went into her Brothers Chamber, and finding him fast asleep, with her Knife cut his throat so suddenly, that he could neither cry nor speak, and stabbing him seven times in the body, retir'd to her Chamber. As she went out, she was met by her Brothers Page, who went directly into his Masters Chamber, where he found him murder'd in his bed, at which, with his loud out-cries he rais'd the house, who seeing this bloody spectacle, went in search of the murderess; but finding none to suspect, the Page said he met *Corinna* coming out, as he entred his Masters Chamber, who was easily apprehended, but peremptorily deny'd it. The next morning she was brought to the Rack, but seem'd not at all daunted. In this interim the Servants having search'd every corner of the Room, and *Corinna's* Chamber, in the Close-stool they found the murdering Knife wrapt in her bloody Gown, which being brought before the Judges, at the sight of it she confess'd the fact, and begg'd for mercy, but notwithstanding

standing was condemn'd to be hang'd in the publick Market-place; but by the mediation of her Friends her sentence was alter'd, and she was sentenced to be shut up between two Walls, and there with a slender Diet to end the remainder of her days. This Judgment was executed upon her, but in few days a violent Feaver put a period to her miserable life.

Thus did disgrace and misery eclipse the lustre of this Noble Family, through the Fathers obstinacy and perverseness: Hence let all Parents be warned to bear an indulgent tenderness towards their Children, whilst they are so pay a dutiful regard to all their lawful commands.

HIST. XI.

Briant and Lauretta.

Monsieur Ferio a rich Merchant is poisoned in his Inn by Father Constantine a Priest, and Briant the Inn-keeper, and his body buried in the Garden, where a month after a Wolf digs it up, and devours part of it; upon which the Murderers are discovered by their flight, apprehended and hang'd.

A Rich Merchant of Tours in France named Monsieur Ferio, being of sixty years of age or upwards, having been at Venice, where he received 2000 Checchines, and not meeting with a speedy and convenient return for his money, he carried it in a Cloak-bag behind him, and some Jewels of great value which he had bought for the Dutchess of Orleans, in a private leathern Girdle next his skin.

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As he travell'd on his way, he chanced to fall ill, and having for two or three days contended with his sickness, it now overcame him, and finding himself weak, and unable to travel further, he got into a poor Country-Tavern on the High-way, where he took up his Lodgings for that night: The next morning (not liking his Lodging, and doubting his safety there, in a loathsome place) he took his Horse, and about 2 of the clock after dinner came to *Dieren*, and went into the very first Inn he came to at the Towns-end, where his Host's name was *Briant*, and his Wife *Lauretta*. *Briant* was a debauch'd fellow, and addicted to all manner of lewdness, poor, and of mean Parentage, but his Wife well descended, with whom he had 2000 Crowns in marriage, all which he had spent in Luxury and Riot.

Into this House, and to this vicious Host *Briant*, entered poor sick *De Ferio* for the recovery of his health: He lik'd his Hostess very well, but not his Host; however, he prays him to procure him a Physician, which he did, Monsieur *Morat*, who seeing his Water, and feeling his Pulse, let him blood, to prevent a burning Fever, and still gave him new hopes of recovery, tho' the Patient complain'd he was rather worse than better. *Lauretta* tended him diligently, and perform'd both the duty of a good Hostess and a good Woman: but her Husband imagining *De Ferio* to be rich, hop'd and pray'd that he might speedily die in his house, and if he does not, resolves to kill him by one means or other. *De Ferio's* sickness increasing upon him to the despair of his life, he intreated *Briant* to bring him a Priest to give him the Sacrament, which he did, named Father *Constantine*, a person as notorious in all vicious courses as himself, and one whose prodigality had made very poor. To this wicked wretch, *Briant* (having first endeavour'd to draw his Wife *Lauretta* to be concern'd in it, who peremptorily and constantly refus'd it) on a Monday-morning reveals his bloody purpose, which he readily con-

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consented to, provided what Gold, Silver, or Jewels they should find about him might be equally divided between them, which was consented to; so, solemnly swearing to one another not to discover their design, they parted.

At night they met again to consider of the manner and time when they should perpetrate this Murder: the safest way was agreed to be by Poyson, which *Briant* should buy, and *Constantine* administer in a Wafer which he used sometimes to give him in his sickness: And as it were the better to favour their Devilish design, word is unexpectedly brought that *Lauretta's* Father (who liv'd four leagues off) was dangerously sick and like to die, whereupon *Briant* with all hast dispatch'd away his Wife to him and her Maid *Joanna*. *De Ferio* was much troubled at his Hostesses departure, in whom he repos'd all his trust and confidence; and finding himself every day worse than other, began to suspect his safety as well as recovery: for he often observed his Landlord and the Priest whispering together, and saw some fatal apparitions in their faces which told him all was not well: This afflicted him day and night with new cause of despair.

However, he still conceal'd his Gold and Jewels from his Host and the Priest, but fear'd their jealousy and hopes of it would hasten his end: But so cunning was *Constantine*, that he would not murder him till he knew what would be the reward of his villainy, and what Wealth he had about him; wherefore he advis'd him to send for his Son to *Tours*, and proffer'd himself in person to carry a Letter, and deliver it with his own hand: *De Ferio* thank'd him, and told him he had rather trouble his Host with it, if he would bear him company in the meantime, which was agreed. The next morning *De Ferio* gave *Briant* this Letter, and four double Pistols to defray his charges to his Son *Du Mont* at *Tours*, praying him to bring his Son back with him, with all possible speed.

De Ferio, to Du Mont.

Seven weeks since coming from Venice, I fell sick at Die-
pen, where I lie very weak in the house of my Host Bri-
ant, the bearer hereof, whom I purposely send to command
you to come over to me with all hast. I have here with me
2000 Cheebimes, and some Jewels of value for the Dutcheff
of Orleance, and I fear that neither it nor my life is safe
here: Come away with intent to find me either dead or dy-
ing: Conceal this Letter from all the world. Love this
Messenger, but trust him not. God prosper my health, and
ever bless you with prosperity.

De Ferio.

Briant having this Letter, pretends to take leave, and
Father Constantine in civility goes to see him take Horse;
but instead thereof they went into the Parlor, and bolting
the door open'd the Letter, and satisfied with the disco-
very by the contents, resolv'd to make that ensuing
night his last, so they burnt the Letter, and Briant pri-
vately hush'd himself up in his own house from the sight
of all the world. Father Constantine went back to De
Ferio, who was infinitely troubl'd in mind, fearing that
his death was already plotted, and blaming his indiscre-
tion in mentioning in the Letter what sum he had, which
if they should come to the knowledge of, might tempt
them to commit some violence upon him. And now
was the fatal hour come, for about midnight De Ferio
waking out of a troubled slumber, pray'd Constantine
to give him a little warm Wine in a small earthen Pot
he used to drink in: Constantine glad of this opportuni-
ty, mix'd the Poyson with it, and gave it him to drink,
which he innocently did, and dy'd therewith two hours
after: But for fear he should make any noise in the
last agonies of death, these two Devils with Bedstaves

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ramm'd a great holland Towel down his throat. This was no sooner done, but they cut open his Cloak-bag, where they found a great quantity of Gold and Silver, and searching further, they discovered the leathern Girdle about his waist, in which were quited the Jewels and several pieces of Gold, which they presently divided, and in a great fire burnt his Cloaths, and every thing that belong'd to him, and turn'd his Horse loose into the Fields to seek a new Master: so cautious they were in their villainy! By this time the Corps was grown cold, which (digging a Grave in Briant's Garden) they buried, and covered the place with green Turfs so artificially, that no mortal eye could discover it.

Three weeks after, Briant sent for his Wife home, who wondering to see her Husband so gallant in new Cloaths, enquired after *De Ferio*, he told her that about ten days before he went from thence safe and well, and gave him 50 Crowns for his Lodging and Entertainment, and (as a token of his love for his care and kindness to him) 20 pieces of Gold more to himself, and as much to Father *Constantine*: but *Lauretta* fearing the worst, would not touch any part thereof.

And now with wonder and admiration may we see the Justice of Heaven in the discovery of this cruel Murder: for the same day month *De Ferio* was buried, a huge Wolf seeking for his prey came into Briant's Orchard, and smelling dead Carrion, with his paws fiercely tore up the earth, and dragg'd up the dead body, and there continued till an hour after day-light, eating the flesh of his Arms, Thighs and Buttocks, but never touched any part of his face. Some Gentlemen being hunting in the field, their Dogs took the scent of the Wolf and followed it into Briant's Orchard. But the Wolf terrified with the shouts of the Hunters, and cry of the Dogs, left his Prey and fled: when the Hunters coming in to see what the Wolf prey'd upon, with great horror and

and amazement they saw the body of a man miserably mangl'd, which the Wolf had digg'd up from his untimely Grave. They presently suspected him to have been murder'd by *Briant*, his Wife and Servants, and setting a Guard upon the house, they sent and acquainted the Criminal Judges with it.

In the mean time *Lauretta* hearing so early and unusual a noise in the Yard, (her Husband lying abroad that night with his Strumpets) began to doubt the worst. By this time the Criminal Judges were come, and with them a multitude of people, amongst whom was the Physician Monsieur *Morel*, who knowing the dead body by the face, cry'd out it was *De Ferio* the Merchant who lay long sick in *Briant's* house, and he verily believed was murder'd by him, and buried there. The Judges believing the report of this honest Physician, broke open the house, and seiz'd *Lauretta* and her Maid *Foanna* and the Ostler, who were brought to the body, and flatly charg'd with the Murther, which they as resolutely deny'd.

Lauretta and her Maid both declar'd they believ'd it was the body of *De Ferio*, but called Heaven and Earth to witness they were innocent, and knew not who were the bloody authors of it: however they were all kept close Prisoners, while search was made after *Briant*, who lying that night at Father *Constantine's* house with two Courtezans, hearing the news of it, they fled together, upon which they were both adjudg'd guilty, and close pursuit made after them. The three Prisoners were all threatned with the Rack, the tortures of which the Ostler and *Foanna* endured with wonderful constancy and patience (so great a comfort is it to be innocent!) but *Lauretta*, upon the good report of her Neighbours, was dispensed withal for that time, and all of them remanded to strict confinement.

The Judges sent away post to *Tours* to advertise *Du Mont* of this disaster, who with all speed came to *Dierren*, where

where upon view he own'd his Fathers dead body, and with showers of tears decently interr'd him in the next Church. The Judges acquainted him with the manner of the discovery, the certain suspicion they had of *Briant* and Father *Constantine*, who were fled upon it, and that they had *Lauretta* his Wife, and her Maid and Ofler in Prison, that the two last had been put to the Rack, but would not confess any thing, but strongly justified their Innocence, and that *Lauretta* had so good a repute amongst all her Neighbors, that they exempted her from the torment.

Eight days were now past since these wretches first fled, in all which time they had not gone above seven leagues from *Dieren*, when on the tenth night being extremely tired, at the entrance of a Wood they spy'd a stray Horse grazing, and coming nearer to him, *Briant* knew him to be *De Ferio's* Horse: At this they were very jovial, and making a Halter of their Girdles and Garters, they both mounted, hoping to recover *St. Juan* three miles off before night. But not being acquainted with the way, they wander'd all night, and were now farther off than before: They feared every Bush was an Officer, and to add to their trouble their Horse began to tire, when alighting by turns to ease him, they took the nearest way, and hoped to get thither before people were up, it being yet early in the morning. Providence directing *Du Mont* the same way, within a mile of *St. Juan* he overtook them, and eying the Horse well, knew him to be his Fathers, or very like him, and what more confirmed his suspicion was, that one of the two persons was a Priest, and the other much resembl'd the description that was given of *Briant*. He now and then made a halt, by pretending to mend his Bridle, or better girt his Saddle, that they might keep before him. Coming now to *St. Juan*, they went in at the Sign of the *White Lion*. where he followed them, without seeming to take notice of them, but as

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soon as they were gone into a Room, he sent to the Criminal Officers and apprehended these two persons, upon suspicion that they were the same who fled, and by all circumstances were guilty of his Fathers murther. They confidently deny'd it, but in searching their Pockets they found store of Gold about them, and several pieces more, with some Jewels, quited in their Doubles, which confirmed them in their belief that they were the persons, and were really guilty. The Prisoners the next day with a strong Guard were sent over to *Dieren*, where they were again examined, and still as impudently deny'd it, upon which they were both adjudg'd to the Rack, and at the first wrench *Father Constantine* confess'd the murther in all its circumstances, and affirm'd that *Briant* and himself were the sole actors, and *Lauretta*, *Joanna* and the Ostler absolutely innocent and ignorant of it. The like did *Briant* after some time, upon which the others were acquitted and discharged, and *Constantine* and *Briant* condemn'd to be hang'd next morning and their bodies burnt to ashes, which was executed accordingly. The remainder of *De Ferio's* Gold was restored to *Du Mont*, to the general satisfaction of all parties.

The Devil first tempts us with the delights of some forbidden pleasures, that he may draw us into more dangerous Crimes. Thus Constantine and Briant in their Luxury, Drunkenness and Whoredoms, only gave him earnest for some greater sin they were ready to commit upon as fair an invitation, which he offer'd in poor De Ferio, and they accepted, to their own Ruine and Destruction.

HIST.

HIST. XII.

Leonardo and Cordelia.

Leonardo basely murders Durel in the street. Cordelia, Durel's Mistress, betrays Leonardo to her Chamber, where she shoots, and by the assistance of her Maid Sabrina, kills him with a Ponyard. Sabrina flies for the fact, and is drown'd. Cordelia is apprehended, hang'd and burnt.

AT Montpelier in France dwelt Cordelia, a young Lady of greater Beauty than Wealth, adorn'd with many excellent Qualities and Perfections, but all were sullied by one Vice of Unchastity, which she was too frequently addicted to. She was now Mistress of her Person and Fortunes, (her Parents being dead) which was attended with the interment of her own Honour and Reputation. Amongst other Gallants who were her Enamorato's, she was particularly delighted with the company of Monsieur Leonardo, Nephew to the Duke of Turenne, a Gentleman of more Wealth and Discretion, who was absolutely bewitch'd to her, than spent whole days and nights in her Courtship and Entertainment. Leonardo not content to enjoy her favours in private, used often to make his boast how kind and obliging Cordelia had been to him ; which she understanding, at their next meeting severely taxed him with it, and check'd him for it ; and as an argument of her high displeasure, forbid him her company, and vow'd never to see him more. Leonardo was extremely grieved at this, but however continued his visits, and by all the sacred protestations imaginable endeavoured to purge himself of so malicious a scandal.

Cordelia, who did in part believe him, judging his Innocency by his Constancy, re-admitted him to her favour, with most dreadful threats of a sharp revenge if he ever relapsed into the same Error.

Much about this time *Monsieur Durel*, a brave young Gentleman, came to *Mompelien*, where he no sooner saw *Cordelia*, but he lov'd, admir'd, and was totally enamour'd of her ; but his Courtship was only a piece of Gallantry, not in the honourable way of Marriage. *Cordelia*, whose pretensions to Honour were as great as any bodies, was wholly averse and deaf to his requests. Her denial made him the more eager to contrive some means to attain his desires ; which after he had in vain endeavour'd, an unexpected accident presented him with, by *Madamoyse de Sinclere*, a rich young Lady, who seeing him dance, fell in love with him, of which she gave many shrewd signs, that he could not but be sensible of it, though his heart was prepossessed with the Charms of *Cordelia*. *Madam de Sinclere* knowing that *Cordelia* was the cause of his indifferency to her, acquaints him that *Cordelia* was already engaged and Mistress to *Monsieur Leonardo*. This stings him to the heart, when confirmed by *Sabrina*, *Cordelia's* waiting woman, (whom he had gain'd by Gold to confess) that *Leonardo* was the only happy man there, but that he had like to have been discarded lately for a word he let fall to her dishonour. *Durel* hearing this, and being told that *Leonardo* was but a Coward, insinuates himself into his acquaintance, and becomes his most familiar and intimate Companion. *Durel* making use of this opportunity, contrives a match at Tennis with *Leonardo* for a Collation, and beats him ; so taking *Monsieur le Roch* and *Monsieur le Mot*, they went to the Tavern, where they were very pleasant. *Monsieur Durel* in return of his civility invites the Company to sup with him at *Le Hare's*, who was sam'd to have the best Wine in *Mompelien* : After supper they drank

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drank plentifully, and now *Durel* laid his bait; O (says he) how happy are the Gentlemen of Italy, to us in France! they each of them after dinner go to their Courtizans without controul. I believe (says *Le Mor*) Montpelier has as good-natur'd Girls as Italy. Ay (cry'd *Leonardo*) I am sure for Jews and Whores it may vie with any City in all Italy; for 'y Gad they are all right, from the Lady to the Kitchen-maid, they are all tractable. Nay (said *Le Roch*) except still our holy Sisters the Nuns. Not I (quoth *Leonardo*) nor my Mistress neither, and so names *Cordelia*. *Durel* had enough now, so their mirth ended, and the Company parted.

Next morning *Durel* in a Letter by his Page informs *Cordelia* what *Leonardo* had said, which she received with grief, anger, and astonishment; and having returned her thanks to *Durel*, sent for *Leonardo*, whom she charges with what he had said the last night in the presence of *Durel* and other Gentlemen against her Honour and Chastity: at which she fell into such a rage, that she had certainly stabb'd her self with a Pen-knife which lay upon the Table, had not *Sabrina* luckily diverted the blow. *Leonardo* (surpriz'd at the violence of her passion) vows and swears he is innocent: She produces *Durel's* Letter against him, but he still denies and forswears it, which yet gave her no satisfaction, nor should all his protestations gain any credit with her, till he had vindicated her Honour and his Reputation against *Durel* in a Duel, who had so positively averred the truth. *Leonardo*, forc'd by Necessity, more than urg'd by Courage, three days after sent him this Letter by his Page.

Leonardo, to Durel.

THy malice and treachery to me is as odious as apparent ; for whilst I sought to cherish thy friendship, it hath been thy study to betray mine, in sowing discord between me and Cordelia in a point of Honour ; a Lady to whom I owe not only my Service, but my Life. Wherefore to morrow at five in the morning meet me with thy single Rapier, without Seconds, at the foot of the Bridge, where thy dearest Blood shall wash out the stains of my injur'd Reputation.

Leonardo.

Durel receiv'd the Challenge, and was amazed at his resolution ; however he bid his Page tell his Master he would not fail to meet him at the time and place appointed. The morning is now come, which brings *Leonardo* by unwilling steps to the Bridge, and soon after came *Durel* : They both draw, and pass very furiously at each other ; but *Leonardo* having received two wounds, throws down his Sword, and begs his life, *Durel* satisfied with this, goes to his Chamber, and *Leonardo* to his Chyrurgeons. The news of this Duel was spread abroad by two Souldiers who saw them fighting. *Cordelia* sends presently to *Leonardo* to know the truth, but he would not be spoken withal ; wherefore just as she was sending to *Durel*, he prevented her by a visit in person, and after several Complements told her, That he had given *Leonardo* two wounds for her sake, and his life for his own. At this she seem'd much pleased, and here began the first intrigue of their Amours. Whilst *Durel* thus triumphs over his conquer'd Adversary, and sleeps secure in the arms of *Cordelia*, *Madamoysele de Sinclere* grieves for his loss, and *Leonardo* vows his revenge ; which *de Sinclere* understanding,

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out of pure love to *Durel* discovers it in a Letter, in which she both gives him a caution of *Leonardo*, and prays him to have a care of himself. But this was rather pastime than advice to *Durel*; yet his civility return'd her thanks, tho' he continued as regardless of himself as ever. But *Leonardo*, whose revenge made him more watchful, hearing that he came often late from *Cordelia's* Lodgings, pretends to go to his Countrey-house ten leagues off, but returns within six days with none but his Lacquey, and passes the Gates in disguise at the close of the evening, and goes to *Cordelia's* door, where he stands with his Sword ready, (having notice that *Durel* was there) and just as he came out into the street ran him through the body, and with a second pass kill'd him dead; and then returning to his Horse, upon the pretence of urgent business, and by giving the Watch some money, made his escape. By this time the murder'd body was found, which being view'd by the Criminal Judges, they knew it to be Monsieur *Durel's*, and order'd a strict search to be made, but could not discover the murtherer. But *Cordelia* was satisfied in her thoughts, and deeply swears that nothing shall atone for *Durel's* death but *Leonardo's* blood, who conscious of his own guilt flies to *Paris*, where amongst the multitude of people that daily throng thither, he hop'd to conceal himself. *Leonardo* lives here in all profuseness and prodigality, and wholly devotes himself to his beloved sins of Whoring and Drinking, which in a short time so drein'd his pockets, that he was forc'd to leave *Paris*, and return home: to which he was the rather induc'd, by a fresh remembrance of *Cordelia*, whom he prefer'd to all the Beauties of *Paris*. Wherefore, the better to get re-admittance to her, he sent his Page with a Letter first, in which he gave a hint as if he had done her some considerable piece of service, extremely lamented the unhappy fate of *Durel*, and passionately desir'd to be reconcil'd to her good opinion. *Cordelia* re-

ceiv'd this Letter, and was very much pleased with it, to think how he was now plotting his own ruine; and to keep him in the same mind, sends him a Present and a Letter back by his own Page, wherein she tells him she longs to know what he had done for her, which she promises to reward with her most sincere love and tender affection.

The receipt of this Letter gives wings to his desires, and early the next morning he sets forward for *Montpelier*, and the very first night he arriv'd there, made a visit to *Cordelia*, who desires they may be frequent, and outwardly expresses an extraordinary passion for him, and satisfaction in his company. The next day he comes again, when she desires to know what it was he had done for her, that she might make him a suitable acknowledgment. *Leonardo* swearing her to secrecy, tells her it was he who kill'd *Durel*; and the manner how. *Cordelia* dissembling her revenge, observing he had a Pistol in his pocket, ask'd him the reason he went so arm'd, who told her it was for his own defence. The next day he came again, upon promise of a further favour: in the meantime she had concluded upon his death, and had accordingly won *Sabrina* for a Purse of Gold to her assistance. After some discourse, *Cordelia* desir'd him to send away his Lacqueys, for she resolv'd not to part with his company that night, which he accordingly did. At his return into the Chamber, he sat down upon the Couch, and laid his Pistol upon the Table; *Cordelia* took it up, and ask'd him if it was charg'd? *Yes Madam* (says she) *with a brace of Bullets. Do you think Sir* (says *Cordelia*) *I have courage enough to shoot it off? Pray let me try, and look out at that window for a mark.* Whilst he stoop'd to see for one, she shot him into the Reins of the back, at which he stagger'd, and *Sabrina* with a Ponyard gave him six wounds upon the back and breast, which she with that hast and fury redoubled upon him, that he immediately fell down dead at her feet; which
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done, they dragg'd him down into a Cellar, where they buried him in his Cloaths, and laid a pile of Billets over him. The next day his Lacqueys came to enquire for him, but were answer'd that he parted from them within an hour after, and said he would take a walk in the fields, and that he had not been there since. Three days after, (there being yet no account of him) several Gentlemen his Friends and Relations came to demand him of *Cordelia*, who return'd the same answer as before; but they being for some reasons suspicious of her, acquaint the Criminal Judges with it, who after examination of several parties commit her to Prison, where about ten days after the virtuous *MadamoyseHe de Sinclere* came to visit her, to whom in discourse *Cordelia* said, *she was as innocent of Leonardo's death, as he was of Durel's Murder*; which being over-heard, was told to the Judges: This gave them more cause of suspicion, but she still justified her Innocence, and positively deny'd that she ever knew any thing of either of the Murders; and tho' she was guilty of such a simple expression, it was purely through ignorance and inadvertency. Upon this she was adjudg'd to the Rack, which she endur'd with admirable patience, inasmuch as the Judges now began to favour her, and conclude her Innocence from the constancy and courage of her resolution.

About this time News was brought that *Sabrina* (who was fled) was taken up on the banks of the River *Diren* dead: This News revives *Cordelia*, who now began to think her self secure, since there was no person to accuse her, and that she was safe beyond the reach of punishment from Heaven or Earth.

But here mark the wonderful Providence and Judgment of God! *Cordelia* was indebted to her Landlord a whole years Rent, and 300 Livres in money; which now giving for lost, he lett out her part of the House to *Monsieur Chatillon*, (who came thither for his healths sake)

fake) and sold all her Goods, even to the Billets in the Cellar, to make himself satisfaction; when upon the removal of the last, they found the earth had been lately opened to the proportion of a Grave. The Landlord hearing this, suspects the truth, and acquaints the Judges with it, who presently order'd it to be search'd, where they found the body of *Leonardo* in his Cloaths, which they carried to the Prison, and expos'd to her sight, roughly charging her with the murther of it, which she undauntedly deny'd. The Judges then commanded her Paps to be torn off with hot burning Pincers, to make her discover the truth: whereat amaz'd, and seeing the torment ready to be inflicted, she fell on her knees and confessed that she and *Sabrina* murder'd *Leonardo*, the manner how, and the reasons why, for which she was condemn'd to be hang'd in the same street, over-against her Lodging, and her body burnt; and *Sabrina's* dead body to be burnt with her. And for that *Leonardo* had been guilty of the Murther of *Durel* so basely and cowardly as *Cordelia* reported, his body was hung up by the heels upon the common Gibbet for three days, and then thrown into the *Lake Ricon*; all which was executed according to the sentence.

Thus we see that one sin is the Parent of another; Nor is Vice less fruitful in its Off-spring than the most glorious Virtue: Whoredom propagates Murther, and Uncleanneſs is often the Daughter of Intemperance.

HIST: XIII.

Orlindo and Paulina.

Orlindo (upon promise of Marriage) gets Paulina with Child, and leaves her, and marries Lucretia. Paulina sensible of her disgrace and his treachery, in the habit of a Fryar pistols him in the Fields, for which she is hang'd.

IN the Famous City of *Florence* liv'd of late years two rich and beautiful young Gentlemen, the one named *Donna Paulina*, Daughter of *Seignior Miranto*, and the other *Donna Lucretia*, the only Child of *Seignior Sterlin*. Both these young Ladies had several Suters, yet none of them so dearly and passionately lov'd *Paulina*, as the Baron of *Orlindo*, a rich young Nobleman of *Venice*, and *Lucretia* as passionately lov'd him, but not he her. *Lucretia* had in vain attempted by her friends to prevail with him to forsake *Paulina*, to love her; for so great was *Orlindo's* affection to *Paulina*, that by the strictest promise, and most sacred protestations he was privately contracted to her, though he had not yet gain'd her Fathers consent; which after many intreaties he obtain'd, though for some reasons he thought convenient to defer the solemnity of the *Esponsals*.

Orlindo continuing thus in *Florence* at a vast expence, grew in want of money, which he knew not how to relieve at present, but to make sure work of his Lady *Paulina*, with many Sighs and Prayers, Oaths and promises of fidelity and constancy, he drew her to his lustful desires, in which unlawful familiarity they continued several weeks: But then, like a base Nobleman, (having surfeited himself with those amorous pleasures) visited her

her but seldom; and when she desired him to marry her, he was either deaf, or so doubtful in his Answers, that she had now great reason to suspect his treachery: But three months after he utterly forsook her sight and company; which tormented her to the heart, nor did she know how to remedy it. *Orlindo* now made all his court to *Lucretia*, at which she was extremely pleased, and being of a great wit, and inform'd some great distrust was fallen out between him and the Lady *Paulina*, and that being far from home, he wanted moneys to bear out his port in *Florence*, imagin'd that might be the cause of it. To oblige him therefore to her self, and knowing her Father had a great respect for him, she one day told him, *That of late she observed Orlindo was was grown melancholly, and that she fancied his great expences at Florence, and his long absence from Venice, might have exhausted his moneys, and that probably the reason of it.* Her Father meeting *Orlindo* the next day, invites him home, and taking him aside into his Study, after several complements told him, *Venice was a great distance from Florence, and the return of money uncertain; but if at any time he should have occasion, desired him to make use of his friendship, and that he should freely command whatever he could call his own; and there laid him down 500 double Pistols: Adding withal, That if he needed more at present, he should have what he pleas'd, and repay it when he pleas'd; and if he thought good to marry his Daughter, he would settle his whole Estate upon him.*

This kindness of Seignior *Sterlin* so prevail'd with *Orlindo*, that he presently found out his new Mistress *Lucretia*, and relates to her what had passed between her Father and himself; which so pleas'd her, that she now assures her self she alone shall be happy in the affection of *Orlindo*.

Paulina, who in this time had heard what frequent visits *Orlindo* made to *Lucretia*, and consider'd her own distressed condition, resolves to try if she can reclaim him,

him, and to that end, knowing the fidelity of *Curanto* her Fathers Coach-man, she gives him a rich Diamond-Ring from her finger, and bids him find out the Baron of *Orlindo*, and deliver it to him, and tell him that she desires to see him in the afternoon. *Curanto* finds him out, and delivers his message; To whom *Orlindo* returned this answer; *Commend me to thy Lady, and tell her I will wait on her immediately after dinner.*

Orlindo came according to his promise, and was conducted to *Paulina's* Chamber, where taking him aside, she complain'd of the coldness of his affection, his long absence, the violation of his Oaths, and her own great belly: which he angrily reply'd, *That he could not get his Friends consent, and without it he would not marry her; That Lucretia, though she was not so Fair, was more Virtuous; and therefore (sayshe) provide for your Fortunes, and so will I for mine;* and throwing back her Ring in a passion, hastily departed from her. The consideration of this barbarous cruelty to her, pierc'd her heart with sorrow; but seeing no help, she resolves to provide for her Reputation, and the disposal of her great belly: To this end she thinks none so fit to be entrusted with a secret of that nature, as her Aunt *Camilla*, a wife and rich Widow who lived at *Pontarlin* ten miles from *Florence*, by whose advice and prudent conduct she hop'd to prevent a publick disgrace. *Paulina*, who wanted not an excuse, obtains her Fathers leave to go to *Pontarlin* for change of Air, and there acquaints her Aunt with the secret of her great Belly, and prays her love and assistance, which she faithfully promis'd, highly extolling her prudence in concealing her folly. Here she often remembered *Orlindo's* monstrous ingratitude, the thoughts whereof impair'd her health, and made her miscarry of a lovely Boy, which she kiss'd and bath'd in tears, and at night her Aunt buried it decently in the Garden. *Paulina*, though she continued very sick and weak,

weak, yet her heart was still towards the ungrateful Baron; and not daring to trust any person but her faithful Coach-man *Curanto*, she ordered him to post to *Florence*, and acquaint *Orlindo* with her deplorable condition, and pray him to come and see her before she dies. *Curanto* made hast to *Florence*, and meeting *Orlindo* as he was going into his Coach, delivers his Ladies message to him; who first smiling, and then in passion, returns *Curanto* this answer in his ear; *Tell thy Mistress Paulina from me, that I wish she was buried with her Bastard, and both at the Devil*; and so (without any more words) took Coach, and drove away to *Lucretia*. *Curanto* returns this answer to his Lady, who bitterly grieves at it, and tells her Aunt, who blames her for her fondness and folly, and bids her rather scorn and detest him. In the midst of this discourse, comes a Servant from her Father *Miranto* with this Letter to her.

Miranto, to Paulina.

Hoping that by this time the sweet Air of *Pontarlin* has recovered thy health, I now desire thee with speed to return to *Florence*, and I have sent this bearer on purpose to conduct thee thither. I believe thy Countrey-absence hath lost thee a good Fortune here in the City, for yesterday morning the Baron of *Orlindo* was married to *Donna Lucretia* in great state, who I well hoped should have been thy Husband. I send my best Love and Respects to my Sister, and my Prayers to God for thy Health and Prosperity.

Miranto,

Paulina

Paulina at the receipt hereof was all on fire, to be reveng'd on the faithless *Orlindo*, and swore he should pay dear for his Ingratitude, and vows either to murder him her self, or procure those who should do it for her sake. In this fury she returns to *Florence*, and first tempts *Marcian* her Apothecary to poyson him, and then *Curanto* her Coach-man to stab him, but both these absolutely refuse to engage in so wicked a Design. Being thus disappointed by these two, she resolves to act that tragical part her self; and understanding that mornings and evenings he frequently walked a mile out of the City to a pleasant walk planted on both sides with Olive and Orange-Trees, concludes to make that the Scene of her bloody revenge. To this purpose she secretly provides her self with a Fryars compleat Weed, a sad-colour'd Ruffet Gown and Coat, with a Girdle of a knotty Rope, wooden Sandals, a false, negligent old Beard, and hair to the head suitable to the same; in one pocket of his Gown she puts a begging box and a new Breviary bound in blew Turkey-leather, richly gilt, and in the other a couple of short Pistols, each charg'd with a brace of Bullets. All these she ties up close in the Gown, waiting an opportunity to effect her execrable Contrivance. The *Thursday* following she had an account that *Orlindo* was gone to his usual walk, upon which she ordered *Curanto* to bring the Coach to the door; and giving him the little bundle, told him, *She was now resolved to give Orlindo such a merry meeting in the fields, as should make him laugh*, and so bid him drive on. Being now come near the walks she descends from the Coach, and taking the little bundle in her hand, orders *Curanto* to wait her return, and under the covert of some Bushes puts on the Fryars habit. At a distance she saw *Orlindo* walking very contemplative, whom with a bow or two she approached, holding up her begging Box for an Alms, which he was ready to give; but seeing so fair a Breviary in the Fryars hand,

hand, he took and opened it; when *Paulina* stepping behind him, softly drew out one of the Pistols, and shot him into the back, and as he fell discharg'd the other into his breast, of which he presently died. *Paulina* having thus wrought her revenge, withdraws hastily to the same covert, puts off her Disguise, which she hid, and returns to the Coach: *Well Curanto* (says she with smile) *my heart is now at ease, my injur'd Honour has now receiv'd a satisfaction, and his ingratitude a just reward. Drive speedily back, and keep your own counsel.* *Curanto*, who knew nothing of her Design, yet now guess'd her meaning by the report of the Pistols which he heard go off, was astonish'd at it, suspecting the worst; when driving on with more hast than good speed, passing by the side of a Hill, the Coach over-turn'd, and broke his left leg, and *Paulina's* right arm; The furious Horses ran away with the Coach, which was torn all a pieces. At this instant came by *Orlindo's* Coach with his Page *Varini* in in it, going to his Master; who seeing the Lady *Paulina* (whom he knew) in so distressed a condition, alighted, and took her up into his Lords Coach, and *Curanto* with her, and so speedily returned to fetch his Lord, whom he found in the same Grove dead. *Varini* strangely amazed at this ruful spectacle, cries out, and tares his hair for grief, not knowing what to say or do: At last he resolves to stay by the body, and send the Coach for his Lady and her Father Signior *Sterlin*. *Paulina* and *Curanto* went back to *Florence* in *Orlindo's* Coach, where she had leisure to consider the mischiefs she had drawn upon her self by her violent passion and insatiable malice. Signior *Sterlin* and the Lady *Lucretia* are now arrived, where they see and bewail the one his Son, the other her beloved Lord, with sorrows inexpressible. The Criminal Judges being acquainted with the murder of *Orlindo*, send out their Officers into the Fields to apprehend all persons they found there, and bring them before them: but they found no more

more but one poor ragged Boy, who was keeping of Cows on the other side of the hedge, and gave them this account :

"That he saw the Gentleman walk alone at least an hour, and then an old Fryar came to him. who shot two Pistols at him, and kill'd him, and then the Fryar went away, and he saw him no more; but there was a fine Coach which stood a little distance from the Grove, where a fine Lady came out, and went into the Grove; and after the Fryar had kill'd the Gentleman, the Lady went back to the Coach, and drove away. They asked him what colour the Horses were, and what Livery the Coach-man had on? The Boy said, *The Horses were white, and the Coach-man had a red Cloak with white Lace.*

Varini observing this, affirmed it was the Lady Paulina, her Coach and Coach-man, and so related in what a condition he had found them two hours before. Upon this they were suspected of the Murther, and the Officers at their return to Florence commanded to apprehend them, which they did, as they were going out in a fresh Hackney-Coach, and brought them Prisoners to the common Goal of the City.

Two days after Orlindo had been solemnly interred, Paulina and Curanto were brought before the Judges, and charged with the Murther of Orlindo, which they both stoutly deny'd. The Boy is called to give in Evidence against them, who stands to his former Depositions, but cannot think the Lady was the Fryar, nor can he truly say that this was the Coach-man.

The next morning Curanto was rack'd, but the torments could not make him confess any thing: Presently after Paulina was put to the same torture;

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which not being able to endure, she confessed herself to be the sole Author and Actor in the Murther of *Orlindo* in all the circumstances as before represented, and strongly affirmed her Coach-man *Curanto* was Innocent: For which she received Sentence to be hang'd next morning, and accordingly about ten the sorrowful *Paulina* was brought between two Nuns to the place of Execution, where (after a very penitent and religious Speech) she was turned over.

Honest *Curanto*, though he was thus cleared by *Paulina*, yet by the solicitations of *Lucretia* was adjudg'd to the double torments of the Rack, which he patiently endured without confessing any thing: The Judges therefore moved in conscience to make him some satisfaction for enfeebling his body, and impairing his health, decree the Lady *Lucretia* to give him three hundred Duckatoons, which was paid him accordingly, and he discharged.

May the reading of this Tragical History learn us all to hate from our hearts the Inconstancy and Ingratitude of Orlindo, and from our souls abhor the Cruelty of Paulina, who though at first she seems to triumph in sin, and praise the success of her Revenge and bloody Enterprize, yet the Judgment of God immediately overtakes the bold offender, and brings her to open and condign Punishment.

HIST. XIV.

Castlenovo and Perina.

Jacomo de Castlenovo *lusts after Perina his own Sons Wife, hires Jerantha to poyson his own Lady Fidelia, and then his Son Francisco, for which Perina murders him in his bed. Jerantha (ready to die) confesses the two Murthers, is hang'd and burnt. Perina's right hand is cut off, and she condemn'd to suffer perpetual Imprisonment, where she dies of a Consumption.*

Beyond the *Alps* not long since lived Seignior *Antonio de Arconeto*, a rich and noble Gentleman, who by his Lady lately deceased had a Son named Seignior *Alexandro*, and a Daughter called *Perina*: the Son the Darling, the Daughter a Cast-away, who bears her Fathers frowns with admirable patience; but the Son building too much on his Fathers fondness, grows Debauch'd, and gets a Surfeit at a Banquet, which cast him into a pestilential Fever, and that in three days into his Grave. *Perina* is now sole Heiress to her Fathers Lands and Favour, whom he yet looks upon with disdain; which brought her into a melancholly, and that into extreme sickness; which was so ill resented by the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt, that she prevailed with her Brother to let *Perina* be with her, at which the Aunt was very glad, but the Niece overjoy'd.

Perina being thus settled there, her Aunt hath a Daughter who was suddenly to be married to a Gentleman of *Nice*, where she was chosen Bride-maid, and *Don Francisco de Castlenovo*, (a Native of *Nice*, Knight of *Malta*, and sole Heir to *Jacomo de Castlenovo*, a rich and ancient Baron of *Savoy*) Bride-man, who is enamour'd of *Perina*, and understanding that her Birth and Quality answer'd his, during his stay there made his court to her, and in fifteen days obtain'd her consent to be his Wife, with which he acquaints the Lady *Dominica*, desiring her assistance to obtain her Fathers, which in a short time the effects. *Castlenovo* posts away home to his own Father, and speedily returns with his approbation, whereupon they were married in great pomp and solemnity, and *Perina* brought home to *Nice*, where she was honourably receiv'd by his Father with great Feasting and Mirth; at which the young Couple thought themselves in Heaven. But old *Castlenovo* being threescore and eight years old, forgetting both his Duty to God and himself, lusts after his young Daughter-in-law *Perina*, which makes him wonderful complaisant to her; but not daring to express his beastly Desires whil't her Husband is at home, he tells him, *That his Honour and the service of his Prince and Countrey invite him to the expulsion of the Spaniards out of Piedmont*: His Son (nothing suspecting his Fathers treachery) notwithstanding all his Wifes tears and intreaties, takes his leave of her for three or four months, and fitting his Equipage, goes to the Camp. Now old *Castlenovo* plays the part of a young Lover, is still with *Perina*, and ever and anon kissing her; which though she thinks too much, yet a Fathers name makes it currant. But the Lady *Fidelia* seeing her Husbands humour, is jealous of the truth, and exceedingly troubl'd at it, but manages her grief with discretion, till one day with tears in her eyes she privately reproves him for his lustful Desires; which

wherein she tells him, *That her Honour is in danger by his absence*, (but names not from whom) and earnestly presses his speedy return. At the receipt hereof he was troubled, but fancy'd it was only a trick of his Wifes to make him speed home; and so being loth to quit his hopes of the Preferment the Grand Master had promised him, returns *Sabia* to *Nice* with a rich Emerald-Ring, and a Letter to this purpose, *That he was assured of her Love, and the care she took of her Honour, and that he only believed it was an artifice of hers to call him sooner home, which he could not yet comply with, since he daily expected Preferment from the Grand Master; which being obtain'd, he would flie to her embraces.*

This Letter was both a comfort and affliction to her; for as she was confirm'd in his health, so she was too well assur'd of his stay, and now begins to fear her Father-in-laws wicked purpose; nor were her fears groundless, for he feeling intreaties prevail not, threatens to force what she will not freely give. At which being terribly affrighted, she resolves to provide for her safety, which by the help of *Sabia* she effects, who conveys her from *Nice* to her Father *Arconeto's* house, where reflecting on former passages, she grew sickly, which made her once more send *Sabia* to *Malta* with another Letter; *That she is gone from Nice to her own Fathers at St. John de Maurien; That if neither her Affection nor her Honour will draw him, yet she begs the care of her Life may invite him; and withal says, That she has a secret to impart to him before she dies, which she will entrust with no person but himself.*

Whil'st *Sabia* is going to *Malta* with this, old *Castlenovo* finding his Villainy would be discovered by the flight of his Daughter-in-law, and being sure that his Son will be enrag'd at it, is in great perplexity, not knowing what to do. Mean time *Sabia* delivers the Letter to young *Castlenovo*, who wonders who it should be in his Fathers house that durst attempt his Wife,
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which makes him dispatch *Sabia* away to carry News of his coming, and three days after arrives there himself. The joys of both parties were unspeakable, but when he knew it was his own Father that sought incessantly to enjoy his Daughter, he was struck with horror at the thought, and resolv'd to continue at St. *John Maurien* with *Arcometo*.

But old *Castlenovo* thinking what a scandal the divulging his Crime, and his Sons absence would prove to him, wrote a Letter to him, wherein he acknowledg'd his lascivious and graceless attempt upon the Honour of so chaste a Lady, which he could not remember but with detestation: but now Religion had vanquished Lust, and he did heartily sorrow and repent of so foul a miscarriage. That if he, who was the sole prop of his age, (whose absence he daily lamented) would return with his Lady to *Nice*, he call'd Heaven and Earth to witness, *That for the future he would as much honour her for her Chastity, as he had formerly lasciviously sought to betray it.* And further adds, *That his tongue should make good what his pen had writ.*

This Letter prevail'd with his Son and Daughter, who about eight days after the receipt thereof return to *Nice*, where the old man with tears in his eyes confesses his error, and so they were perfectly reconcil'd. But (alas!) this Sunshine will quickly be clouded, for the old *Dotard* daily beholding *Perina's* Beauty, soon relaps'd; and knowing he cannot obtain his desires so long as his Son lives, makes use of the same hellish Agent *Feramba*, with the promise to marry her, and give her down 500 Duckats more, to poyson him; which she, for lucre of the Money, and ambition of being a Lady, in less than six days effected. The sudden death of *Castlenovo* had like to have occasion'd *Perina's* too, who tares her Hair, and betrays all the deplorable demonstrations of sorrow that can be imagin'd, and so does the old hypocrite *Castlenovo*, which she takes

for counterfeit, and suspects that he and *Jerantha* are guilty of her Husbands death, and concludes that if he renews his sute, they were really his Murtherers. A little more than a month after his Son was laid in his untimely Grave, the old beastly wretch began afresh his solicitations, to which she seem'd not so averse as before, and at last (to palliate her design) she yields, and the time and place is appointed; which being come, and *Castlenovo* in his bed, impatiently expecting *Perina*, she softly enters his Chamber in her day-attire, with a Pisa-dagger in her sleeve, and bolting the door after her, comes to his bed-side, where seeing his breast open, she stabs him to the heart, and with repeated blows kills him stark dead, not suffering him to speak one word, only he shriek'd once or twice, which his Servants over-hearing, ran up to his Chamber, where they met *Perina* coming out with the bloody Ponyard in her hand, for which she was presently taken and imprison'd, and two days after arraign'd, where she freely confess'd it, alledging for her reason *That He and Jerantha had murder'd both her Husband and her Mother-in-law Fidelia, as she had good reason to suspect.* But this not excusing her fact, she is condemn'd to be hang'd, from which Sentence she appeals to the Senate at *Chambray*, whither she is convey'd, who moderate the former Sentence, and adjudge her to have her right hand cut off, and to suffer perpetual Imprisonment at *Nice*, where in a short time she dy'd very penitent of a Consumption.

Jerantha being with child by old *Castlenovo*, apprehensive of the danger she was in, fled secretly to a Friends house, where she fell in labour, and her pains were so violent, that the Women about her concluded she would die, whereupon she began to repent, and confess'd the two former Murthers, after which she was safely delivered of a Son.

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The Judges being acquainted with her Confession, on the second day she was apprehended, committed to Prison, and the third hang'd and burnt at Nice, and her ashes thrown into the Air.

Thus we see the Ruine of two Noble Families wrought by the wickedness of the Old and Lecherous Castlenovo, who murdered his Wife and Son, renounced all the hopes of Heaven, despised the dreadful flames of Hell, to gratifie one burning Lust on Earth.

HIST. XV.

Muletto and Servia.

Muletto murdereth his Wife Servia, and twenty years after (unknown) robbeth his and her Son Augustino, who likewise (not knowing Muletto to be his Father) accuses him of the Robbery, for which he is hang'd.

IN the Kingdom of Naples near the Arsenal dwelt a proper young fellow named Muletto, by Trade a Baker, who having both an Oven and a Shop of his own, by his indefatigable pains and Industry grew exceeding rich, and became one of the prime Bakers of the City. This Muletto going one day to Cassan, twenty miles distant from Naples, he there saw and fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Fathers name was Pedro Spondy and hers Servia, a lovely and beautiful Maid, exceeding virtuous and religious; who tho' she had several Suiters, yet fancied Muletto above 'em all. Whereupon he sought her in Marriage, and easily got her good will, provided he could obtain her Fathers consent.

Muletto

Muletto having thus won the Daughter, applies himself to the Father, but so averſe is old *Spondy*, that he will not by any means hear of it; yet ſtill *Muletto* continues his Sute, and jointly with *Servia* intreat his conſent, but he proudly and diſdainfully reſuſes, ſwearing he will die before he will permit him to marry his Daughter. At which anſwer *Muletto* went very diſcontentedly back to *Naples*, and *Servia* remains at *Caſſan* with her Father, who now thinks to provide her another Husband, and gives her choice of two (to prevent her marrying *Muletto*) but ſhe utterly reſuſes both; whereat old *Spondy* is mad, and threatens to diſinherit her.

Three years are now paſt ſince the young Couple firſt ſaw one another, and ſince *Muletto* firſt aſk'd *Spondy*'s conſent; and ſtill ſeeing it in vain, he thinks it now high time to lay cloſe ſiege to *Servia*, that ſhe would agree to marry him, (notwithſtanding her Fathers reſuſal, telling her, *That though he had not a Duckatoon in Portion with her, he valued it not, that he married her for Love, and had Eſtate enough to maintain her in a prosperous condition.* By which ſweet words ſhe was prevail'd upon to leave her Father, and go along with *Muletto*. Thus agreed, *Muletto* hires a Boat, whereof having notice, ſhe goes out at the Garden-door. That night they went down the River, and early the next morning he hires Horſes, and brings her to *Naples*, where they were privately married.

Spondy miſſing his Daughter, rages extremely, as doubting that *Muletto* had ſtole her: whereof making ſecret enquiry at *Naples*, and being aſſur'd of it, he paſſionately ſwears, *That they ſhall never enjoy one penny of his Eſtate, nor will he ever after ſee them.* Ten days after their Marriage, *Muletto* rode over to *Caſſan* to *Spondy*, to labour with his beſt reſpects and duty for a reconciliation. Coming to *Spondy*'s houſe with intent to ſee and diſcourſe him, he bolts himſelf into his Chamber, and charges his Servants to deny him, for that he is reſolv'd

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resolv'd neither to see nor speak with him. *Muletto* went back to his Inn, and two hours after came again, but *Spondy* was still deny'd; when the next morning rising early, he went to *Spondy's* house, but received the same answer: whereat very angry, he took his Horse and rode home to *Naples*, where he truly relates to his Wife the entertainment he had at her Fathers; whereat she was exceedingly grieved, but *Muletto* comforted her up with good words, and was indeed very kind and loving to her. Thus they lived very providently, and managed their Trade to the best advantage, both of them being very diligent and saving. Six months after, having not heard one word from *Spondy*, *Muletto* prays his Wife to go over to her Father her self. *Servia* accepted of the journey, and comes to *Cassan*, where she received the same entertainment her Husband had found before in all respects; nay he caused his doors to be shut against her: At which unkindness of her Father she wept bitterly, and got her Aunt and her Fathers own Ghostly Father to intercede for her; but finding all fruitless, and to no effect, she returned to *Naples* to her Husband. *Muletto* asking what success, she relates to him the unnatural discourtesie of her Father towards her, which vexed him to the heart, but he dissembleth his discontent, which is aggravated by being known to his Neighbours, who flout and jeer him in all Companies.

This makes him now to look untowardly on his Wife, and slight her, and turn ill Husband, neglect himself and his Profession, and follow lewd and evil Company, spending and consuming his Estate with Whores and Strumpets, which at length reduces him to great poverty and want; for the relieving whereof she sends to *Spondy* her Father, and acquaints him with her necessities, praying his assistance to relieve her present distress; but he is so hard-hearted, that he will neither help her wants, nor pity her affliction, whereby her condition is
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grown so miserable, that she is ready to despair. In the midst of these her sorrows, she was brought to bed of a fine Boy, who was christned in a poor manner, and named *Augustino*. The charity of her Neighbours to her in this condition preserved her from starving, for her wicked Husband took no care of her, but was so wholly devoted to Drunkenness and Debauchery, that he never thought of being better, nor had she any reasonable grounds to expect his amendment. After she was up again she work'd very hard with her Needle to maintain her poor Babe and her self; and if she got a little money to keep them from starving, he presently tore it from her; so that not knowing what to do in so great want and misery, she sent a Letter to her Father in these words:

Servia, .to Spondy.

M*Y Husbands Vices do so increase my wants and miseries, that I have not cloaths nor food left to preserve my self and my poor Son Augustino; and considering that I am your Daughter, methinks in Nature and Christianity you should relieve me in these bitter distresses, especially since my sighs beg it of you with humility for Charities sake, and my tears with sorrow for Gods sake. If your heart will not relent in compassion to me, at least let it towards the pretty young Child, whom I beseech you with tears to take from me and maintain. God will requite your charity to him, and I shall the sooner forget your cruelty to my self: And so may you live in as much prosperity as I fear I shall shortly die in want and misery,*

Servia.

Spondy

Spondy received this Letter and read it without any compassion or concern for his Daughter; but his rugged and stubborn humour had some pity for poor *Augustino*, and to let her know so much sent her this Answer:

Spondy, to Servia.

I See thou art obstinate, in disobeying my commands with thy Letters, wherein I believe thou takest more glory, than I conceive grief at the relation of thy wants, which I am so far from pitying, that I am only sorry that I am thy Father. But since thy young Son is as innocent as thou art guilty of my displeasure, I have sent this Bearer for him, and I will see if it be the pleasure of Heaven that I shall be as Happy in Him; as I am Unfortunate in Thee.

Spondy.

Servia having read this Letter, though she grieved at her Fathers obdurate heart to her self, yet was joyful at his kindness to her Son, whom she delivered to the messengers hands, and next to Gods protection religiously recommends him to the affection and education of her Father: but *Muletto* would not so much as kiss him at parting, whose unkindness he will live to return.

Servia having thus sent away her Son, the same night dreams she shall never see him more; whereat awaking, she wept bitterly, while her Husband laugh'd at her fondness, who now grows worse and worse, so that her life was a meer burthen to her. Five years hath she now lived in this misery, having no consolation but in her Prayers and Patience. Instead of mending, *Muletto*

Letto (if possible) is more dissolute than ever, grows weary of his poor virtuous Wife, and thinks if she were dead he might get another which should enrich him, for which reason he resolves to murder her; and accordingly, on a great Holy-day took her out with him to walk to a Vineyard out of the City, pretending to recreate themselves, which poor *Servia* took for a great kindness, and gladly went along. *Muletto* lies down upon the ground, & feigns himself asleep, when she lying down by him slept soundly; which he observing, softly rises up, and cuts her throat, not suffering her to cry or speak one word: So leaving her, went back to *Naples* a contrary way, to take off all suspicion.

The very same night her murther'd body was found by some who chanc'd to walk that way, and brought to *Naples*, where it is known to be *Servia*, *Muletto's* Wife, who was sent for, and seems passionately affected at her untimely death, requests the Criminal Officers to search for the Murtherers, which he is very diligent and industrious in himself, and with that cunning and hypocrisie conceals his own guilt, that he of all men is least suspected.

Muletto (his Wife being buried) now sells her Cloaths to buy himself some, and seeks many Maids and Widows in marriage, but he is refused and scorned by all; so that utterly despairing to raise himself at home, he enrolleth himself a *Banditti*, and for many years practiseth that theivish and villainous Profession.

Old *Spondy* trains up his Grandchild virtuously and industriously, so that he becomes excellent in Painting, Graving, and Imagery, and then chooseth to be a Goldsmith, and proves a singular workman in his Trade. His Grandfather is very kind to him, and intends to make him his Heir; but *Augustino* desires to travel and see other Countreys, particularly *Rome*: To which purpose finding a Ship in *Savona*-road going to *Civita Vecchia*, he privately packs up his Baggage, and imbarques

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barques therein. Being arrived at *Rome*, he becomes a singular ingenious Goldsmith, and expert workman, thriving so well, that he resolves to set up his abode there.

Four and twenty years are now past since *Muletto* left *Naples* and turn'd *Banditti*, of which growing weary at last, he went to *Florence*, and set up his Trade of a Baker, intending there to settle and marry; but it happened otherwise, for the Cardinal *De Medices* going to *Rome* to receive his Hat, and intending to enter and continue there in great state and magnificence, he took into his house double Officers, to whom he gave rich and costly Liveries, and amongst others *Muletto* was chosen Baker in that journey, and at *Rome* flaunts it out gallantly, and is more debauch'd and prodigal than any other of the Cardinals Servants: So that at last growing bare both of money and credit, he resolves to recruit himself by stealing some pieces of Plate out of a young Goldsmiths Shop in *Rome*. with whom he had some little acquaintance. From him he stole two fair rich gilded Chalicees, a curious small Gold Crucifix set with Saphyrs and Emralds, all amounting to the value of 450 Duckatoons.

The young Goldsmith amazed at his loss, knows not whom to suspect or accuse for this Robbery, but *Muletto* the Cardinal of *Florence* his Baker, who much frequented his Shop. Upon which, knowing that he lay not in the Cardinals Palace, but in a Taylers house adjoining, he got an Officer and search'd his Chamber and Trunk, where he found one of his Chalicees, but nothing else, and as he was going out meets *Muletto*, who is committed to Prison, and by the evidence of part of the Goods found in his possession, and his confession in hopes of mercy, is condemn'd to be hang'd next day.

In the morning he was brought to the common place of Execution, at the Bridge-foot near the Castle of St.

Angelo,

Angelo, where upon the Ladder he confesses the Robbery, and that his name is *Muletto*, and that 26 years ago he lived at *Naples*, where he murder'd his Wife *Servia Spondy* in a Vineyard a mile out of *Naples*, for which, and other his sins, he sincerely repented: *Augustino* hearing the names of *Muletto*, *Servia* and *Spondy*, burst into tears, and cry'd out that man upon the Ladder was his own Father, and that *Servia Spondy* was his Mother, and therefore desired the Executioner to forbear a while, when at his descent from the Ladder *Augustino* threw himself at his feet, and freely offer'd all his Estate to save his Fathers life, but it would not be accepted, so the next day he was hang'd, having first freely forgiven his Son, and ask'd forgiveness of him for his Mothers murder.

As for *Augustino*, after this infamous death of his Father, he remov'd from *Rome*, and return'd to his Grandfather *Spondy*, who received him with many demonstrations of joy and affection, and at his death made him sole Heir of all his Goods and Estate.

Tho' the Vengeance of Heaven may seem to sleep for a time, it still keeps a watchful eye over the impenitent offender.---The perverseness of Spondy causes disobedience in Servia, which is punish'd by the bloody cruelty of her Husband, whose barbarous Murther Heaven at last revenges by the hand of his unknown Son Augustino.

HIST. XVI.

Morosino and Imperia.

Imperia in Love with Morosino, causes him and his Companions Astonicus and Donato, to stifle her Husband Palmerius in his Bed. The Murther is discovered by Morosino's Gloves, for which they are all apprehended and executed.

IN the famous City of *Venice*, lived a young Gentleman, called Seignior *Angelo Morosino*; who in Company of Seignior *Astonicus* and Seignior *Donato*, Embarked for the Islands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, and after a short stay there, were bound for *Constantinople*; but by the way forc'd by a Storm, they put into the Harbour of *Ancona*, which belongs to the Pope. In which place being oblig'd to stay by contrary Winds, the three Merchants out of Devotion went up to *Loretto*, where having spent two dayes in visiting the Holy Chappel, on the third early in the morning, *Morosino* leaving his Friends in Bed, went to Mass; where (at her Devotion) he saw a young Lady incomparably fair, at whose sight he was so inflam'd with Affection to her, that he could willingly resign all the Powers and Faculties of Soul and Body to her Service. Mass being ended, he followed her out of the Chappel, and seeing her only attended with a Waiting Woman and a Lacquey, with great Respect and Civility offer'd his Service to wait upon her home, and after several Complements, which passed between them, obtain'd the favour to take her by the Hand, and gracefully conducted her to her Fathers House, whose name was Seignior *Hieronimo Bondino*, and she his only Daughter *Dona Imperia*; *Morosino* at the door took his leave (though she courteously invited him in) and beg'd the Honour to wait upon her in the Afternoon, whispering in her Ear, that so great was the present Violence of his Passion to her, that he fear'd he should

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not be able to acquit himself with that decency, as became a Cavalier, to a Person of her Merits and Quality.

In the Afternoon he made his visit to her, acquainted her with his Name and Quality, his intended Voyage to *Constantinople*, but chiefly with his constant Resolution to seek her in Marriage both of her self and her Father: and so expert was he in the Art of Love, that in three weeks time (the Winds continuing contrary) he made her many Visits and amorous Courtships, and at last obtain'd her Consent to be his Wife at his return from *Constantinople*. He then address'd himself to her Father *Bondino*, who was so averse to it, that neither his Intreaties and Perswasions, or her Tears and Prayers could melt his heart into a better Temper.

Morosino now acquaints his two Friends, *Astonicus* and *Donato* with his Affection to *Imperia*, and brings them next Morning to see her; they highly commend his Choice, and use all their Endeavours to gain *Bondino's* Consent; but he is so resolutely obstinate, that no Arguments can in the least affect him. This grieves the two Lovers to the Heart, to see they must now be parted, for the Master of the Ship had sent word, that the Wind now blowing fair, he shou'd with all Expedition weigh Anchor and set Sail for *Corfu*. *Morosino* seeing the necessity of his departure, again moves *Bondino* for his Consent, but he proves inexorable, when going to bid *Imperia* Adieu, he sacredly Vows to live unmarried till his Return, which shall be within a year, and then to marry her; and as a Pledge of his Fidelity and Constancy, presents her with a rich Diamond Ring from his Finger, and she him with a fair Bracelet of Orient Pearl, as a sign of their mutual Contract: to which *Astonicus* and *Donato* are both Witnesses. This done, they took Horse for *Ancona*, and presently Embark'd for *Corfu* and *Constantinople*.

Bondino three months after, provides her another Husband, old Seignior *Palmerius*; a rich Merchant of *Ancona*.

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Ancona, at least sixty years of Age, and withal of a deform'd Personage, and morose and sullen Temper; but this old Dotard, is so taken with *Imperia's* Youth and Beauty, and the encouragement he received from *Bondino*, that he comes to his House and makes down-right Love to her. In the Interim, her Father had charg'd her to receive him with all Respect, and accept his Affections; which with Tears in her Eyes, she flatly told him, she could not Obey; she was fixt already, and would marry no Person but *Morofino*: *Bondino* with Fury in his Face, told her he expected no other answer but her dutiful Compliance with his Commands, and in a Passion left her to the Company of old *Palmerius*, who enter'd at the same time, and with all the kind Expressions he was Master of, offer'd her the intire command of himself and his Fortunes, in Exchange for her Love and Affection: She told him, If this was all his Errand, she did assure him, she neither would nor could dispose of that which was already in the possession of another, and so left him to his own Meditations. *Palmerius* returned to *Ancona*; but two months after, to the great Joy of *Bondino*, made a second Visit, and now both day and night, they importune *Imperia* to consummate the Marriage; and to that purpose her Father gives her good Words, and *Palmerius* rich Gifts and Presents: but she will neither hear the one, nor accept the other; however *Palmerius* grows obstinate in his Suit; and her Father resolute in his Commands; to avoid which she locks her self up in her Chamber, and concludes that her only preservation, can be in the Company of *Morofino*; whose Return she earnestly desires; and accordingly furnishes Seignior *Mercario*, her faithful Friend, with Gold for his Journey, and this Letter to her beloved *Morofino*.

Imperia to Morofino.

COULD you measure my Affections by my Sorrow for your Absence, you could hardly tell whether I love or grieve
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more; for I am assur'd that all the Seas between Ancona and Constantinople, are not able to wash away your Memory from my Heart and Soul: Nor can the Sands of the Shore compare in Number, with those Sighs and Tears I daily offer to you. If then I am as dear to you, I heartily beg you will leave Constantinople and come to Loretto, for my Father Bondino is ready to force me to leave my young Morosino, for old and wither'd Palmerius. Judge now how unkind you will be to send an Excuse, and not bring your self. Farewell my Dear, may the Angels preserve thee, and fill thy Sails with fair and prosperous Winds, till they land thee safe in the Embraces of thy Imperia.

Mercario in three Weeks arrived at Constantinople, found out Morosino, and delivered the Letter which he pers'd, and after a solemn Entertainment, return'd him with this Answer.

Morosino to Imperia.

THy Health and Constancy, makes me as joyful in the Receipt of thy Letter, as thy Fathers disrespect to me and love to Palmerius makes me sorrowful. Our Hearts are now sacredly united, only live in two different Bodies, which Love and Breath the same desires; and I would now at thy command return thee immediately that part of thy self, I am forc'd to divide from thee, would the necessity of my Affairs give me leave to quit Constantinople for Loretto. The Seignior of Venice have by their Ambassadour Landy here resident, made me Consul of Aleppo, but what this year cannot the next shall perform. O thou my dear and sweet Imperia, repute it not ingratitude in me to send thee this Letter, for I do declare in the presence of Men and Angels, my Excuse is as sincerely true and unfeigned as my Affection to Imperia, which can never dye but with

Morosino.

Imperia receiv'd this Letter both with Anger and Joy, with Anger because he came not in Person, and with Joy that it came from him, whose Victim and Martyr she

she resolv'd to dye, rather than live *Palmerius* his Wife. But her Father one way and *Palmerius* another, still haunt her at all times and places without intermission; who finding after six months more elaps'd his Labour lost, he resolves at once to strike at all; and to that end, proffers *Bondino*, that if *Imperia* will become his Wife, he will Endow her with the one half of his Lands, and give up all his personal Estate into his Hands to purchase her more. This offer so wholly won *Bondino*, that in haste he told his Daughter the generous proffer of *Palmerius*, and bid her dispose her self to marry him speedily, or else he would utterly renounce and for ever disown her to be his Daughter.

Imperia hears her Fathers cruel Commands, which she only answers with Sighs and Tears; but at last told him: Sir, You know I both saw and engag'd my Love to *Morosino*, before I ever knew *Palmerius*, nor can his Riches compare with *Morosino's* Vertues; Heaven that is Witness to those Vows I made *Morosino*, will certainly punish my perfidiousness; nor is it out of Disobedience to your Commands, that I reject *Palmerius*, but in respect to those Sacred Oaths I made *Morosino*. *Bondino* after several Threats in a Chase left her, who presently resolv'd to send *Mercario* with a Gold Watch set with Diamonds, and a second Letter to *Morosino*, in these words.

Imperia to Morosino.

I Had little thought that Profit or Preferment had been dearer to thee than *Imperia*, or that the Seigniory of Venice or their Ambassador Landy, had more power to have staid thee at Aleppo, than I to have requested thy Return to Loretto; judge now what a poor half I am of thee, when by thy voluntary absence, thou wilt wholly resign me to another, and that *Palmerius* must be my Husband, when I desire nothing more than to live and dye thy Wife. Come away therefore, my dear *Morosino*, and blame not me but thy self, if thy absence and my Fathers Obstinacy bereave me of my sweet *Morosino*, and thee of thy Dear
Imperia.

Morosino receives this Letter and Presently, blushes, to see himself thus outstrip'd by her in Kindness; when advising with his two Friends *Astonicus* and *Donato*, after ten days feasting of *Mercario*, and a generous Reward for his pains, he sent him back to *Imperia* with a fair Chain of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring fastn'd thereto, a pair of *Turkish* imbroydered Bracelets, and this Letter.

Morosino to Imperia..

THy Beauty and Affection, shall both command my Resolution and my Self; I will therefore shorten the time of my Stay, and convert a whole year into a few Months; for to Right the life of my Heart, I value the Affection and Company of my sweet *Imperia* above a Consular Dignity, the Treasures of *Turky*, or the richer *Indies*. O then, my fair and sweet *Imperia*, live my dear Wife, and I will assuredly dye thy loving and constant Husband.

Morosino.

This Letter *Imperia* receives with no small Joy, which is suddenly blasted by *Bondino's* Cruelty; who to bring her to his Will debarrs her of all Liberty, and takes away from her, her Jewels and best Apparel, and makes her more his Prisoner than his Daughter; whereat she is so cast down, that despairing of *Morosino's* Return, and vanquish'd by her Fathers Tyranny, and *Palmerius* his Importunity, grants his Suit, and three days after was solemnly contracted and married to him. *Palmerius* after his Marriage, prov'd so amorous and kind, that he left no cost unbestow'd on her; but this was not the content she desir'd, his age was too frozen and cold for her warm vigorous Youth. While Affairs went thus at *Loretto*, ten months after his promise, *Morosino* with his two friends *Astonicus* and *Donato* land at *Ancona*, where *Mercario* meeting with him, salutes him with the News of *Imperia's* Marriage with *Palmerius*; at which they both grieve and wonder. By this time *Imperia* heard of their Arrival, and *Mercario* is employ'd to beg a private Visit

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of her, which is immediately granted, and the next night in her own house they met. At *Morofino's* first entrance into her Chamber, she fell at his feet and beg'd his Pardon; he took her up with all the passion and tenderness imaginable, and then with mutual Embraces they reviv'd those Affections; which their long absence might have buried in Oblivion; and as he promises her that she shall be his sole and only Love, so she willingly protests to him, that he shall be more her Husband than *Palmerius*. Thus for that night they part.

Next morning *Morofino* and his two Companions give a publick visit, and are courteously receiv'd by *Palmerius*, and in the afternoon *Morofino* and *Imperia* meet in the Garden remote from her House, where she was not able to deny whatever he had courage to ask; These unlawful Pleasures make her begin to slight her old Husband, and in a short time, so Bold and Impudent was she grown in the practice of her adulterous Embraces, that they were now become Customary; of which her own Family and Servants, (especially *Richardo* Nephew to *Palmerius*, a youth of eighteen,) could not but take notice of it, and make their Remarques upon it. *Morofino* was not content only thus to enjoy *Imperia*, but knowing that his Expences far exceeded his Estate, and considering that *Palmerius* his Wealth would bear up his Port, and *Imperia* so much his own, that she was fit for any impression, and capable of any Design, that would advance his Fortunes and confirm their Contents, resolves to Murder *Palmerius*. To this end, at their next meeting they consult on it, and after divers wayes propos'd, it was at last agreed to be most safe, to Stifle him in Bed between two Pillows, which would leave no cause of suspicion behind it. *Morofino* after dinner invites *Astonicus* and *Donato* to a walk in the fields, and there acquaints them with the design; and that it was his own and *Imperia's* request, that they would assist them in it. Which *Astonicus* and *Donato* cheerfully promis'd, and having sworn secrecy to each other, they return'd to their

Lodging, where they drank a Health to the success of their great Business. The next day *Morosino* relates all to his *Imperia*, who overjoy'd thereat, and Impatient of all delays, concludes to have the business finish'd the next night after.

The dismal night is now come, and the clock strikes twelve when *Morosino*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato* go to *Palmerius* his House, where at the Street Door they find *Imperia* ready to receive them, where leaving *Donato* to secure the Door, *Morosino* and *Astonicus* leading *Imperia* without their Shoes, in Woollen Pumps up the Stairs to her own Chamber, she gave each of them a Pillow and directed them to *Palmerius* his Chamber, where entering in, whilst she guarded the Door, they stifled him and thrust a small Orange into his Mouth; they gently shut the Door, and with silence went back to their Lodging, and *Imperia* to her Bed.

The next morning, *Imperia* went to Mass at St. Francis Church; in the interim, came a Messenger with a Letter from *Bondino* to *Palmerius*, which his Nephew *Richardo* receiving carried up to his Uncles Chamber, where on the Floor he found a rich pair of Gloves, which he knew belong'd to *Morosino* and put in his Pocket; when going to his Bed-side, he drew the Curtains and found him dead in his Bed with a small Orange in his Mouth. At this he made so loud an Outcry, that several of the Servants came up, who seeing their Master dead, believ'd he had stopp'd his own Breath, by putting the Orange in his Mouth: But *Richardo* remembring *Morosino's* Gloves which he found, and the familiar Dalliances he had often seen between his Aunt and him; went presently and acquainted the *Podestate* with the Murther of his Uncle, and strongly charg'd it upon his Aunt and *Morosino*, on whom he crav'd Justice.

The *Podestate* being satisfied in the Circumstances, sends his two Sons with his Coach to St. Francis to allure *Imperia* thither, who was no sooner come but he charg'd her and her Enamorato *Morosino*, with the Murther of

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her Husband, for which he confin'd her that day to his own house, and sent his Officers to seize *Morofino*, who so strongly beset his Lodging, that though he and his two Friends were well arm'd, they thought their best resistance would be in yain, and therefore delivered up their Persons, Pistols and Swords, and were committed to the common Prison of the City. *Bondino* hearing the sad News of these passages at *Loretto*, suddenly fell sick and dyed.

The third day after, *Morofino*, *Astonicus* and *Donato* were separately examin'd, but neither of them would confess any thing, whereupon *Astonicus* was put to the Rack, which Torments he endur'd, still affirming his Innocence; an hour after *Donato* was adjudg'd to the *Scorpions*, who being but of a weak Constitution, his right foot no sooner felt the fire, but with Tears he confess'd the whole Truth in all it's Circumstances. In the Afternoon the Judges sent for *Morofino*, *Imperia* and *Astonicus*, when they charg'd them with *Donato's* Confession, who was brought in a Chair to confront them; whereupon they immediately own'd the Fact, and confirm'd *Donato's* Account of it. Upon which they were all four sentenc'd to be hang'd next morning, at the common place of Execution. *Imperia* next day had notice that her Uncle Seignior *Bondino* had obtain'd her Pardon, at which she askt the Messenger if *Morofino* was pardon'd too, who answer'd, No; then said she I will dye with him; and though the Judges came and advis'd her to live, and all her Relations intreated her to accept the Pardon, she would not be perswaded, but her answer to the last was, I hate Life if he must dye. The next day first *Donato* and then *Astonicus* were executed, then came *Morofino* who taking leave of *Imperia* earnestly desir'd her to accept her Life, which now was the only Favour she could gratifie him in, and so was turned off. *Imperia* was now afresh solicited by the Judges, Fryers and Nuns, but she refus'd with disdain, and voluntarily went up the Ladder, where making a short Speech to the numerous Spectators;

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bid the Executioner do his Office, who immediately turn'd her over. Thus lived and thus dyed three young Gentlemen, and the constant *Imperia*, than whom never any dyed more pitied and lamented.

If we would consider the pain of Sin before we commit it, the Grace of God would either prevent us in it, or the punishment deter us from it.

HIST. XVII.

Don Araneo and Orminta.

De Cortez causeth his Son Don Araneo to marry Orminta, and then commits Adultery and Incest with her; and by her means and for her sake poysoneth his old Wife Aspatia, and makes her Brother Delrio, kill her Chamber-Maid Dian. Don Araneo afterwards kills Delrio in a Duel, Orminta's Brains are dash't out by a Horse, and De Cortez beheaded and his Body burnt.

IN the City of *Santarem* in *Portugal*, dwelt an ancient Gentleman named *Don Alonzo de Cortez*, whose Wife was *Dona Aspatia*; they had now liv'd happily in the Sacred Bonds of Marriage near fourty years, and had two Sons and four Daughters, all which dyed young except *Don Araneo*, who for his excellent Parts, compleat Breeding and Courtship, was esteem'd a most accomplish'd Gallant, and one of the prime Cavaliers in all *Portugal*.

Six Leagues from *Santarem*, dwelt a young Gentlewoman very handfom, and a Widdow, named *Dona Orminta*; to this Lady, old Cortez (having now left the Vertues of his Youth to grow vicious in his Age) makes his address by frequent Visits, and discovers the violent flames of his raging Lust, which she severely checks him for, and with peremptory refusals, scorns and denies his lascivious Suit. But he is as constant in his solicitations as she in her disdain, when at last *Orminta* perceiving, he

he passionately affected her; told him plainly, that if he ever thought to gratifie his desires in her Love and Kindness, he must first cause her to be married to his Son *Don Araneo*, which once effected, she swore to deny him nothing. *De Cortez* wondred at this strange proposal, and knew not what readily to answer to it, but going home seriously consults with himself about it, very willing he was to preserve his Sons Honour and Bed undefil'd, that point he found very tender, but alas! *Orminta's* Beauty had so great a power and command over him, that it easily conquer'd his most serious and vertuous Considerations. The next day he made her another Visit, but she was fixt to her first resolve, and would not recede a tittle from it; when like an old Lecher, rather than lose the pleasure of his obscene Lust, he promised to use all means possible to prevail with his Son to marry her, and at his return home motion'd the Match to him; *Don Araneo* after a short time of Consideration, told him he very well approv'd of it, especially since he was pleas'd to direct his Affections in it, and some time after, rode over to *St. Estienne* to make his Court to her, who seem'd wondrous coy on purpose to draw him on with more Vigour and Earnestness.

While thus the Father under-hand, and the Son openly, courted *Orminta*, *Dona Aspatia*, *Don Araneo's* Mother, by many strong reasons, sought to divert him from her, and peremptorily on her Blessing, forbid him to marry her, adding that if he did, more Misery would attend those unhappy Nuptials, than was yet possible for him either to know or conceive. *Don Araneo* ponder'd on these Speeches, and for a month forbore to visit *Orminta*, which made her frown on *De Cortez*, who inquires of him what made him so strange and cold in his Affections to *Orminta*; *Araneo* made a very modest Excuse, wholly concealing his Mothers advice to him in it. *Orminta* was mad to see her hopes of *Don Araneo* almost frustrate, and asks *De Cortez* the cause of his
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Sons Aversness, who told her he suppos'd it was his Mother who had diverted him; whereat in a rage she told him, The old Beldam his Wife must first be sent to Heav'n before he can hope to enjoy her, or she his Son on Earth; and withal voluntarily offer'd to make a Visit to her and poyson her, which *De Cortez* would by no means admit of, but promised speedily to perform it himself. Upon this she took care to provide him the Poyson, which he administred to her in preserved Barberies, which he observ'd she lov'd very well and often eat of, so that in three days after *Aspatia* dyed, whereat *Don Araneo* wept bitterly, not in the least suspecting she was poyson'd.

Orminta understanding *Aspatia* was dead, is marvelously pleas'd, and in three months after *De Cortez* and she dealt so politickly with *Araneo*, that he married her and brought her home to his Lewd Fathers House, who as often as he pleas'd commits Adultery and Incest with her, but so clandestinely that for two years *Araneo* had not the least inkling of it. But *Dian* her waiting Woman, took notice of this unlawful familiarity of hers with *De Cortez*, which her Mistress understanding, beat her severely for it, and twice whip'd her naked in her Chamber, and dragg'd her about by the Hair; which *Dian* resolving to be reveng'd for, acquaints her young Master *Araneo* with this foul Business, between his Wife and his Father, at which he was so amaz'd and griev'd, that he scorning to be an eye-witness of his own shame, and their grievous Crimes, which had now made them as unworthy of his Sight and Company, as they were of his Love and Respect; took horse and rode away to *Lisbon*, and from thence went directly to *Spain*, resolving to make his Residence with the Court at *Madrid*.

De Cortez and *Orminta* seeing this his sudden departure, which they were conscious would make apparent to the World those horrid Crimes they had so privately indulg'd themselves in, and knowing that none but *Dian* could have made this Discovery to her Husband; she
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provides her self with rods, intending the next morning to glut her anger and Indignation with a sharp Revenge : but *Dian* having notice of this the night before, takes Horse, and rides home to her Fathers House, and there from point to point relates all the former passages, and publishes, the Adulteries of her Mistress. *Orminta* being advertiz'd hereof sends for her Brother *Delrio*, and acquaints him with the base Treachery of her Maid against her Honour ; protesting both her own and *De Cortez* his Innocency, which he too credulously believing, bids her be of good cheer, and he will soon take such Order, that her maids Tongue shall no longer spit her envenom'd malice against her injur'd Reputation. Thus to make good his promise to his Sister, *Delrio* rode over to St. *Saviours*, and there by night waiting at the Door, as *Dian* came out in a dark night, ran her through the Body in two several places, upon which she fell down dead without speaking one word, and he posted away to *Santarem* being neither seen nor discovered. As soon as he came thither he inform'd his Sister what he had done, who infinitely glad thereof gave him many thanks, and now bent her whole malice against her Husband, *Don Araneo*, cunningly provoking her Brother to accomplish it, which he (thus exasperated by her Policy) vows to effect, & that he would immediately fight him if he did but know in what part of the World to find him in. When behold (as it were to bind him to his promise) news of his Residence at *Madrid* is accidentally brought him by a Servant purposely sent to *Santarem* with these ensuing Letters; the one to his Father the other to his Wife.

Araneo to De Cortez.

W As there no Woman in the World for you to abuse but my Wife? If Nature would not inform you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father ; and it should have taught you to have been more natural to me, more honourable to the World, more respectful to your self, and more religious to
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than to have made your self Guilty of the foul Crimes of Adultery, and Incest, the least of which is so odious to God and detestable to Men, that I want Terms to express it. The shame and infamy whereof, has made me leave Portugal for Spain, and forsake Santarem to live and dye at Madrid. I wonder that you in the Winter of your Age, which makes you siter for your Grave than my Bed, should be guilty of so unnatural a Crime, which if you do not redeem with Tears and Repentance, I fear you will be as miserable as you have made me unfortunate.

Araneo:

Araneo to Orminta.

IF the consideration that I was thy Husband could not in Grace deter thee from the Commission of that foul Sin of Adultery, yet the remembring that he was my Father should in Nature have made thee both abhor and detest the Incest. What Devil possesst thy Heart with Lust, and thy Soul with Impiety I cannot tell; But since thy inordinate Lusts have brought Misery to me, and shame to thy self; I no longer esteem thee my Wife, but look on thee with an eye of Indignation as the World does of Contempt.

Araneo:

De Cortez and Orminta at the reading of these Letters, were stung in their Consciences, and curse Dian and her Memory, yet they resolve to bear up their Reputations in the World, and by the Justification of their Innocency, sollicite his return, and to that purpose write to him in the most plausible Terms that devilish Hypocrites could invent; gilding over their Impious Adulteries with Pious Pretensions. Don Araneo having receiv'd these Letters, was too prudent to be impos'd upon with their Flatteries, or credit their fair words; and that they might know his Resolution, neglecting his Father, sends Ormintathis Letter.

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Araneo to Ormintia.

THy Letter has rather confirm'd than diminish'd my Confidence of the Truth of those Bestial Crimes thou art guilty of; and I prize the Apology of thy Innocency at so low a rate, that I disdain it for thy Sake, and thy self for thy own. I grieve at thy Maid Dians Death, fearing that you both have been concern'd in it, and if you are so, be assur'd that God will revenge it to his Glory, and punish it to your Confusion.

Araneo.

This Letter inflames Ormintia with envy and malice, who now again repairs to her Brother *Delrio* as to her Champion, shews him *Araneo's* Letters, and requests his Advice to regain her Honour, either by bringing home her Husband, or removing him out of the World, that her wrongs may dye with him, and be buried together in the Grave of Oblivion. *Delrio* prays her to refer it to his care, and gives her good night; the next morning taking an intimate and valiant friend, call'd *Seignior Gramont*, along with him, they went to *Madrid*, where being arriv'd, he wrote a Challenge to *Araneo*, and sent it by *Gramont* who deliver'd it to him. *Araneo* having read it with a cheerful Countenance return'd this answer, Pray tell *Delrio* that my Friend, my Sword, and my self, will be at his Service to morrow at the hour and place appointed.

The morning no sooner appear'd, but *Delrio* with his friend *Gramont* came to the *Prado* on Horse-back, and the like did *Don Araneo*, with a Gentleman nam'd *Don Francio Thurino* in his Coach. As soon as they saw each other, they threw off their Doublets, and without Complements drew, and pass'd furiously, after several Breathings, at the first bout *Don Araneo* ran *Delrio* clean through the Body, wherewith falling, he redoubles his Thrust, and nails him stark dead to the Ground, so binding up his Wounds, by a private way he went home to his Lodging, and the next day causes *Delrio's* Body

dy to be decently buried: after which *Gramont* returns home, and from point to point relates the Issue of the Combate to *De Cortez* and *Orminia*, adding withal, that he was so reserved and strange, that he refused to write to either of them, which, though they seemed to be troubled at, they still continued their beastly sins, as if they either not feared, or not believed a Judgment to come.

About ten days after, as *Orminia* was riding to *Coimbra*, to visit a sick Kinswoman, as she came within a small League of the Town, a Hare suddenly starts up between her Horses Legs, which so frightened him, that he stumbled, and then threw her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind foot, struck her in the Forehead, and dashed out her Brains.

At this instant, as the Foot-boy was lamenting the death of his Mistress, there fortun'd to pass by two Corrigidors (or Officers of Justice) of *Coimbra*, in their Coach, who seeing the mournful Spectacle, alighted out of the Coach, and enquired who she was, whereof being informed by the Foot-boy, they took up the Body, and carried it to *Coimbra*, from whence they sent to *De Cortez*, desiring him to come thither, and take order for her Funeral. In the mean time they secured her Rings, Jewels, and other Apparel, and searched her Pockets likewise for Gold, in one whereof they found the last Letter which her Husband, *Don Araneo*, had sent her from *Madrid*, and for the reading thereof withdrew themselves to a private Chamber, whereby understanding the obscene Pleasures, Adultery and Incest of *De Cortez* with his Daughter in Law, they much wondered, but when they read the Clause wherein he taxeth them for *Dian's* Death, they say little, but agree to seize and imprison *De Cortez*, as soon as he shall come thither. In the interim they ask the Foot-boy if his Lady had not a Maid named *Dian*, he said Yes, and that she was lately murdered, but by whom unknown; that her Father lived at *St. Saviours*, and was called *Seignior Paulo Castucchio*:

strucchio: they secured the Boy and sent presently for *Castrucchio*; this done, *De Cortez*, the same night arrived and was seized, when he least thought of it, and committed close Prisoner. The next morning came *Castrucchio*, who hearing all the former Passages and *Don Araneo's* Letter, believes them guilty and craves Justice on *De Cortez* for the same. After Dinner they sent for him to appear, and *Castrucchio* accused him, but *De Cortez* stoutly denied it, and being put to the Rack, bore the Torments of it with a fortitude beyond his Age or Strength. *Castrucchio* then prayed eight days time, to make good his accusation, which is freely granted, and in two days time, brings in a new Indictment against him for poysoning his Lady *Aspatia*. Upon this he is sent for to appear a second time, but as before, so now he resolutely denies all, and is adjudg'd again to the Rack, but before his Torments, the Judges sent some Divines to him to work upon his Conscience, which they did with so good effect, that he confessed himself guilty of poysoning his own Lady, but altogether innocent of *Dian's* Death. Then being ask'd if *Orminta* was guilty, he said, true it was that she bought the poyson and he administred it; for which her dead Body was that afternoon burnt at the common place of Execution, and *De Cortez* was condemned to loose his head, from which Sentence he appealed to *Santarem*, where the first Sentence is confirm'd, and an addition thereto, that his Body should be burnt and his Ashes thrown into the Air.

The next morning a Scaffold was erected at his own Door, whereon he lost his Head, the rest of the Sentence being executed to the satisfaction of Justice and content of all the Spectators.

Thus the wicked Lust of old De Cortez, meeting with the insatiable Ambition of young Ormintia, they agreed in a hellish Contract, which the Devil witnessed, and the Vengeance of Heaven severely punished.

HIST. XVIII.

Benevente and his two bloudy Daughters.

Fidelia and Celestina cause Carpi and Monteleon, with their two Lacquies, Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murther their Father, Captain Benevente. Monteleon and his Lacquie are drowned. Fidelia hangs her self. Lorenzo condemned for a Robbery, on the Gallows confesses the Murther. Carpi is beheaded, and Celestina beheaded and burnt.

IN Otranto, a City of *Apulia* in *Italy*, dwelt an ancient, rich and valiant Gentleman, termed Capt. *Benevente*, who, by his deceased Lady, had a Son, named Seignior *Alcafero*, and two Daughters, called *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, who continued at home with their Father, whilst *Alcafero* lived altogether at *Naples*, with the Spanish Viceroy.

Capt. *Benevente* was a Gentleman beloved and honoured by all the Nobility of *Apulia*, so that his House was like an Academy for all Martial Exercises; and as the Beauty of his two Daughters, amongst so great resort, could not be long unseen, or uncourted; so were they addressed to by many Persons, of great Worth and Quality, who sought them in Marriage; but such was the averfeness of their Father's Temper, that he constantly crossed all motions of that nature, to the great Trouble and Discontent of his Daughters. *Alcafero* is now returned from *Naples* to *Otranto*, and his two Sisters acquaint him with the severity of their Father's Humour towards them, and desire him to intercede for them, who dealt so effectually with his Father, that he told him, he had provided the Baron of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Monteleon* for *Celestina*, and that in fifteen days they would come over to see them, at which the young Ladies were extreamly pleased. Within the time appointed these two Noblemen come, and are as soon mis-

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Hist. XVIII. Benev. & his two Daughters. 131

liked, *Carpi* being Crookbackt, and *Monteleon* lame of a Leg: *Benevente* receives and entertains them nobly, whilst his Daughters treat them with Frowns and Disdain; he tells them plainly they shall marry these, and no other; the Father presses them, and the Noblemen importune them to confirm the Contracts, but they plainly answer, they neither can nor will force their Affections to comply with all his unreasonable Commands: The young Ladies are very much dissatisfied with their Father's Perverseness, who, they think, usurps too much upon the freedom of their choice; by his positive and rigorous Orders. This, at length, bred ill blood, and they begin to hate him, which *Fidelia* first discovers to her Sister in her Complaints, That for her part, since her Father is so resolute, she had rather see him laid in his Grave, than be forced by him to marry that Man she cannot affect: *Celestina* declared her self of the same Opinion, adding withal, that the sooner he was dispatched, the better: Thus they conclude his death, and as to the manner of it, after many Consultations, they think it most safe to engage *Carpi* and *Monteleon* to effect it. To this end they now change the Scene, and pretend to love those they mortally hated, which so pleases the two Noblemen, that with much urgency they importune them to Marriage; but they told them it was impossible, so long as their Father lived; for though he seemed to countenance and encourage them in their Suit, yet he had given them express Commands not to love them, which was the true reason of that Slight and Disrespect they had all along received from him: The Noblemen were taken in the trap, and never considered the Treachery of those deceitful and bloody minded Ladies, but joyntly engage themselves, in a short time to remove him who was the mistaken Subject of their Hate, and his Daughters Disobedience.

Capt. Benevente used often, after Dinner, to ride to his Vineyard, and now and then to a neighbouring Village: *Carpi* and *Monteleon* took their Lacquies;

Lorenzo and *Anselmo*, and disguising themselves, set upon him at the corner of a Wood, with their Swords and Pistols, attended only with his Servant *Fiamenti*, whom after they had murdered, they carried their Bodies to the top of an adjacent Hill, and threw them down into a deep Quarry, full of thick Bushes and Brambles. Then they consulted of their Flight, *Carpi* took Post to *Naples*, and *Monteleon* with his Lacquey rode to *Brundisium*, but on the way *Monteleon's* Horse fell down dead under him, and he was forced to dismount his Lacquey and ride his horse, leaving him to follow after a-Foot. At length near the Village *Blanquettelle* he met with a swift Ford passable only with Horses, which constrained him to take up his Lacquey *Anselmo* behind him; but in the midst of the Water his Horse stumbled, and so violent was the Torrent of the River that before they could recover themselves, they were both drowned.

By this time *Benevente* and his Man, were both missing and not to be heard of, *Alcafero* who was now at *Naples*, was acquainted with it by his Sisters and grievously laments, for fear any mischief should have befallen him, promising great rewards to any person who could give intelligence of him. After five dayes search and no news of him, his Daughters with all the counterfeited Passions of Sorrow, begin to suspect he is murdered by his Servant *Fiamenti*, who alone went out with him, and had not since been heard of. *Alcafero's* Grief was as real as theirs was feigned, and left nothing unattempted that might lead to a discovery, but all had hitherto been in Vain; when it happened one day, that some Gentlemen who were hunting the Stag near *Alpiata*, he being now tyred with a long pursuit ran for Shelter in to the Quarry among the Bushes, whither the Hunters following him, they discovered two dead Bodies, which the Crows had pitifully mangled, and approaching nearer, they knew them by their Cloaths to be *Benevente* and his Man *Fiamenti*, which they gave *Alcafero* and his Sisters notice of, the Bodies were brought

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to *Otranto* that night in a Coach, where they were the same Evening interred, with as much decency as the short time would allow, but with Floods of Tears from *Alcafero*, whilst his two Sisters wept like Crocodiles. Next day News came, that *Monteleon* and his Lacquey were both drowned, which added yet more to the satisfaction of these bloody Sisters, who heartily wished that *Carpi* and his Lacquey, might meet with the same Fate. Six weeks were now past, since the Funeral of *Benevente* when *Alcafero* began to think it strange that *Carpi* came not to condole with him for his Fathers Death and renew his Suit to his Sister, which made him entertain some jealous thoughts, though at the same time, he had no probable ground of Suspicion. But about a Month after, *Carpi* having heard nothing of the Premises, sends a Lacquey over to *Fidelia* at *Otranto* with this Letter.

Carpi to *Fidelia*.

Here are some reasons, for which I have not lately seen *Otranto*, what they are none can better imagine than your self; when thy Sorrows are overblown I will come to thee having now given thee so true and real a proof of my Affection, that thou canst not in Justice ever doubt thereof. I pray signifie to me how thy Brother stands affected towards me; Thy Answer shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and bless the hand that writ it.

Carpi.

The Lacquey comes to *Otranto*, delivers the Letter to *Fidelia* and requests her Answer; But she was now wholly altered from her former Resolutions, a deep Melancholly seiz'd her even to despair, she hated all Company, was afraid of her own Shadow, and thinks every House will fall upon her Head; this makes her forsake her Devotion, look pale and gasty, in which condition (at the Importunity of *Carpi*'s Lacquey) she returned this Answer.

Fidelia to Carpi.

MY Fathers Death hath altered my Disposition, for I am wholly addicted to Mourning and not to Marriage. I pray trouble not your self to come to Otranto, for the best Comfort I can receive, is, that it is impossible for me to receive any. I never doubted thy affection, nor will give thee cause to fear mine, for I am resolved either to marry thee or my Grave. How my Brother stands affected I cannot tell, but I think he neither loves thee for my sake, nor my self for Thine. Live thou as happy as I fear I shall dye miserable.

Fidelia.

Having sent away this Letter, she is now again distracted in her Thoughts, which her Brother and Friends endeavour to remove by good Counsel; but all in vain, since they are ignorant of the true cause thereof. In a word, she grows weary both of the World, and her Life, and would kiss that hand would kill her, having her Father's Murther always in her mind, which was so terrible to her, that she resolved to lay violent hands on her self, rather than endure the tormenting pains of an evil Conscience. To this end she took Poyson, but that would not work; she sought her Knife and Penknife, but finding neither, she bolted fast her Chamber door, and tying one of her Silk Garters to the Tester of the Bed, there hanged her self. Dinner being served in, *Alcasero* and *Celestina* call for their Sister *Fidelia*, when one of the Servants going to her Chamber, brought word, that the Key was on the outside, and the door bolted within, yet she answered not. Whereupon *Alcasero* ordered the door to be broke open, where entring, he saw his Sister *Fidelia* hanging to the Bedstead dead, and her Body coal black, and horribly stinking, at which sight they were all affrighted: The Officers of Justice being first acquainted with this dreadfull Accident, gave leave that the Body should be taken down, and privately buried in the Garden.

Return

Return we now to *Carpi*, who having received *Fidelias* Letter, wonders at the Contents, but resolves to second his first with this ensuing Letter.

Carpi to Fidelia.

HAd not thy last forbid me to pay those Respects due to thy Merit and my Affection, I had seen *Otranto* on purpose to comfort my *Fidelia*, though, were matters rightly weigh'd, I have more reason to sorrow than thy self, yet I hope I am far from Despairing. Endeavour to love thy self, and not hate me, so shalt thou draw Felicity out of Affliction, and I Security out of Danger. Let thy second Letter give me half so much Joy as thy first did Grief, and then shall I rejoice more than I now lament.

Carpi.

This Letter was brought by *Fiesco*, one of *Carpi's* Lacquies, who coming to *Otranto*, as he walked in the Court before the House, was spyed by *Alcasero*, who sent to know whose Servant he was, but he refused to give any account. *Alcasero* ordered him to be carried down into the Cellar, where he was plentifully entertained with Wine, and invited to Dinner, but would neither by intreaties nor threats be prevailed upon to discover himself. *Alcasero* told him he saw him there fifteen days ago, but *Fiesco* is silent; *Alcasero* then offered him twenty Ducats to disclose himself and his business. This took, and the Lacquey told him he belonged to *Carpi*, and had a Letter from him to *Fidelia*, which he delivers to *Alcasero*, and thereby his suspicion of *Carpi* for his Father's death revives, but knowing silence is one main point to make out such a Discovery, he bid the Lacquey stay that night, and he would give him his Answer next morning, which was this; Tell the Baron of *Carpi*, thy Master, that my Sister *Fidelia* is in another World, and that I shortly resolve to see him at *Naples*, and in the interim will keep his Letter.

Fiesco knowing his fault, never returns to his Master, and *Alcasero* minding his Promise, speeds to *Naples*, to the Criminal Judges, there accuses *Carpi* for *Beneventes*'s

Murther, for which he is apprehended, and adjudged to the Rack, which torments he endured, and still denied all, so that the Court by publick Sentence clear him: but *Alcafero* will not; for after six months time, when *Carpi* was found in his Limbs again, by *Plantinus* he sent him this challenge.

Alcafero to Carpi.

Although the Law hath cleared thee for my Father's Murther, yet my Conscience cannot; and I should be a Monster of Nature not to seek Revenge for his Death who gave me Life and Being: Wherefore I request thee to meet me at Eight to morrow, after Supper, at the West end of the Common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine. If thou wilt make use of a Second, he shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a Thrust or two with him.

Alcafero.

Upon Receipt hereof *Carpi* was in doubt with himself what to do, but at last bid *Plantinus* tell him, That though he had not deserved his Malice yet he accepted his Challenge, but would fight single, being unprovided of a Second. The morning is now come, and both *Carpi* and *Alcafero* met in the field, where it was *Carpi's* fortune to have the day, by leaving *Alcafero* speechless, (and as he supposed dead,) in the field, but by the great Care and Skill of his Chirurghion he was at last cured of his Wounds, and lived to see his Father's Murther discovered, and the Assassins punished.

As soon as *Alcafero* was recovered of his Wounds, he returned to *Orranto*, where *Celestina* did now more triumph for *Carpi's* freedom than before she trembled at his Imprisonment. So that now being out of fear, she marries a noble young Gentleman, with whom she had lived above six Weeks; but *Lorenzo*, *Carpi's* Page, who had his Masters Pocket at pleasure, to keep secret *Benevente's* Murther, grows debauched, lewd and dissolute, and being one day sent on an Errand by his Master, he

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Hist. XVIII. Benev. & his two Daughters. 137

observed a Gentlewoman to pull out a Purse of Gold, wherein were five and twenty Ducatoons in Gold, which he stole from her, and being taken in the fact, was the next day convicted, and adjudged to be hang'd. Carpi was strangely surprized to hear this News, went to Prison to him, and promised, if he would not reveal the business he was concerned in, he would be a faithful and constant Friend to his Mother and Brothers.

Lorenzo promised secrecy, but being brought to the Gallows, upon the Ladder, confesses that he and the Baron of Carpi his Master, together with Monteleon and Anselmo, had murdered Benevente and his Man Fiamenti, and threw them into the Quarry, the which he took upon his Death was true, and so was turn'd off. Lorenzo being thus hanged, Carpi is apprehended, who being put to the Rack, discovers the Murther in every particular as Lorenzo had done, adding withal, that Celestina and her dead Sister Fidelia drew them into it, protesting they had never done it but at their Requests. Upon which he was condemned to have his right hand cut off first, and then his Head. Which done Celestina was seized at a Wedding, making merry with her Friends, and committed to Prison, who understanding the former Confessions and Executions, confessed the whole, and so was judg'd to have her Head cut off, her Body burnt, and her Ashes thrown into the Air, which the next day was performed accordingly.

*Oh wicked and bloody Daughters of unhappy Benevente!
If Murther is a Scarlet Sin, Parricide is a Crime so
much of a deeper Die, as the indispensable Duty to our
Parents is above our common Respect to our Neighbours.*

HIST. XIX.

Dario and Cleandra.

Coligni seeks Cleandra in Marriage, but she loves Dario, Varini courts her for Coligni but in vain, whereupon Coligni rails against both, for which Varini challenges him but is killed. Dario desires to marry her, but his Father is against it, and sends him away, whereupon Cleandra dyes for Grief; Dario fights Coligni, and gives him his Life, for which he basely Murders him and is beheaded.

IN Rome were two noble young Gentlemen, the one named Seignior *Francisco Coligni*, the other Seignior *Andre o Varini*, the latter of which had a Sister fair and young named *Cleandra*, and her *Coligni* had chosen for his Mistress; And as his Wealth made him confident, so he in amorous and honourable Terms, courts her by himself and Friends, but he is not so full of hope, as she is of disdain, and in few words tells him his Suit will be in Vain, for her Affections are pre-engaged. But he unwilling to give over his Suit, for the first denyals, acquaints her Brother *Varini* with his Passion for her, and desires his assistance, which he promises, and like a true Friend, earnestly solicits for *Coligni*, but with no success, for she tells him her Heart is already disposed of; he desires to know to whom; she told him (after she had sworn him to secrecy) to Seignior *Pedro Dario*; at which he left her, and gave his Friend *Coligni*, her definitive Answer.

Coligni hearing this grows enraged, and abruptly walks from him, and the next day, in Cardinal *Farnesi's* Gallery, being asked by four or five Gentlemen, for his Friend and Companion *Varini*, very passionately answers, He was a base beggarly Gentleman, and his Sister *Cleandra* a lascivious dissembling Strumpet; which words were carried the same night to *Varini* by some of the

the Company, which he highly resents, but chiefly for his Sisters Sake, and will not bear them. Therefore next day he goes to *Coligni's* Fathers House, and asks for his Son; his Father directed him into the Garden, where he enters and meets *Coligni* with his Hat in his hand, and desires him to dismiss his Servants for he had a Secret to impart to him. *Coligni* sends them away, and then *Varini* charges him with the former Words, whereat *Coligni* in a great heat, swore they were his, and what his Tongue had affirmed, his Sword should justifie, on which they cover and abruptly part. *Cleandra* having understood that her Brother was gone to find out *Coligni*, waited his return to know the Issue, which he told her in general Terms, should shortly prove to her Honour and his Content, and praying her not to be troubled, went to his Chamber, and wrote this Challenge.

Varini to Coligni.

THy scandalous Reports like thy Self, are so Base, and I and my Sister so Honourably descended and educated, that I doubt not but the disgrace, which thou hast so unjustly reflected on us, will e're long return upon thy self to thy eternal Shame and Dishonour. Wherefore as thou art a Gentleman and a Roman meet me at 5 to morrow morning, behind Cardinal Barronvo's Palace, where I mean to take thy Life in satisfaction to my injured Honour, which is all thou canst give.

Varini.

This being delivered to *Coligni*, he returned this Answer, Tell Seignior *Varini*, that I will not fail to meet him according to his Appointment.

The next morning they met, attended only by their Chirurgions, where at the third Encounter *Varini's* Foot slipping, *Coligni* took the advantage, running him through the Body, killed him dead upon the spot. *Coligni* with his Chirurgion return to the City, where he lyes private at a Friends Houſe near his Fathers. The News of this

this Duel and the event thereof, is quickly spread abroad, whereat *Cleandra* and her Father grieve inordinately. To allay and mitigate their Grief, Seignior *Pedro Dario* proffers his Service, to right his Mistresses Honour and Revenge *Varini's* Death, which both *Cleandra* and her Father dissuade him from. *Coligni* is now grown so foolishly sottish, as notwithstanding the former and present disadvantages he was under, he again by Letters solicits his Suit to *Cleandra*; but the report of a strict search, which was ordered to be made for him forced him to retire, (disguised in a *Capuchins* Habit) where he stole out of the City, and took Post to *Palermo*.

Dario begins now to make his private Affection publick, and as he had gained *Cleandra's* Heart, endeavours to obtain her Friends consent to the Match, of which his Father having private notice, sent him from *Rometo Naples*, and thence shipped him to the Island of *Caprea* to the Guard and keeping of *Alphonfus Drisca* Captain of the Island, with charge not to permit him to return in a whole year without express order.

These Afflictions (to lose her Brother and her Lover, and suffer in honour) coming upon *Cleandra*, so immediately after one another, over-charge her with grief, whereupon she falls desperately sick, at which receiving a Letter from *Dario*, she returns him an Answer, and twenty dayes after dyes a Love-Martyr. Old *Dario* glad of this, sends a Servant to *Caprea* to recal his Son, who at the sad news of *Cleandra's* Death, grieves beyond Measure, and so immoderate was his Sorrow that had not the hopes of being revenged on *Coligni*, revived his fainting Spirits, he had then followed his beloved *Cleandra* into another World. In order to which, he got privately on Board a *Neopolitan* Galley, bound for *Sicily*, and lands at *Palermo*, where the first night lying private in his Inn, he enquires out *Coligni*, and understanding he was in the City, sent his Lacquey the next morning to him with this Challenge.

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Dario to Coligni.

HAVING wounded my dear Cleandra in the scandal of her Honour, and killed her Brother Varini in the Field, for which she has now sorrowed away her Life; my trouble to survive her makes me contemn my own, and seek thine; to which end I have left Caprea to find Sicily, and in it Thy self; wherefore as thou art Coligni, fail not to meet me this Evening, between five and six, in the next Meadow behind the Carthusians Monastery. Thy Generosity invites Thee, and my Affection and Honour oblige me, to be the onely Guests at this bloody Banquet.

Dario.

Coligni receives this Challenge, but not very willingly, yet bids the Lacquey tell his Master, he would not fail to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The hour is now come, and both Champions meet in the field, attended onely by their Chirurgions, who withdrawing into the next field, they engage with Fury and Resolution: At the three first Passes Dario gives Coligni three deep Wounds, without receiving the least Injury from him, whereat Coligni's heart failing, he threw away his Rapier, confessed his Scandal on Cleandra, and beg'd his Pardon. Dario's Revenge though not satisfied herewith, yet his noble Spirit disdaining a base Act, gives Coligni his Life, whereupon they put up their Swords, and went together into the City.

The News of this Duel is got to *Rome* before them, (though Dario makes hast thither) and Coligni having obtained his Pardon for killing Varini, came not long after. All here generally applaud Dario's Affection and Humanity, but scorn Coligni, for begging and receiving his Life, which, though he cannot well digest, he knows not how to redress; for he dares not fight him again, and to kill him in his Bed he cannot, for he has no admittance to him; and to pistol him in the Street is dangerous, because of his many followers: So that at last he resolves to shoot him from a Window, with a Petronel, as he passes

passes along the Street, and understanding that *Dario* used to go to his morning Mass, at the English College, he provides himself accordingly. On a Monday morning early, he puts himself into an unknown house, between the said College, and the Pallace of *Farresi*, and having charged his piece with a brace of Bullets, prim'd and cock'd, he saw *Dario* in the Street, upon his prancing *Barbary* Horseriding foot pace, & as he passed over against him he let fly, and lodged both the Bullets in his Breast, with which he tumbles from his Horse dead to the ground, onely giving two or three lamentable groans.

The report of the Gun, and smoke at the Window, discover the House, where his Servants running in, they search the House, and in the Chamber found the Petronel, the People of the House affirming, that the Gentleman who had done the Murther, fled upon a swift Spanish Gennet by the back gate, and that they neither knew him, nor durst stop him. Thus he escaped with full hopes to get clear away, but as he galloped through *Campo del Fuogo*, at the farther end thereof, two Bricklayers (building of a House) upon a Scaffold two stories high, both the Scaffold and Bricklayers fall down, and beat him and his Horse to the ground. The news of the Murther was not yet come so far, but his fear hastening him, he soon recovered his Horse, and mounting, set spurs to him, but had not rode far before his Gennet fell, and put his Shoulder out of joint, so that he could not rise with his Master, who finding no other way, betook himself to his heels, and fled to *Nero's* Tower, and there in the Ruines of divers stupendious Buildings hid himself, but within two hours was discovered, and instantly imprisoned.

The second morning after he was brought before the Judges, to whom he freely confessed the Fact, and implored their Mercy; but they, for Expiation of his Crime, first adjudge his two hands to be cut off, before the House where he shot *Dario*, and afterwards to be beheaded at the common place of Execution, his Head to be

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Hist. XX. De Mansey and Almarda. 143

be set upon a Pole, over St. John de Lateran's Gate, and his Body to be thrown into Tyber, which the next day was accordingly executed in the presence of many thousand Spectators.

He that is encouraged to the commission of Sin, (as in the Example of Coligni) in hopes to conceal it, or the Author, loves the Crime, though he hates the Punishment; but where the first is his Delight, the second shall be his Reward.

HIST. XII.

De Mansey and Almarda.

De Mansey being in love with Almarda, hires Lycon and Cruento two Bravos to murder her Husband Perron, and then marries her. Almarda flights old Mansey, who (as he was forewarned) is stabbed in his Chamber by Rosino, his Wife's Gallant, who was in Bed with her. Lycon and Cruento coming to rob the House, are apprehended for De Mansey's Murther, which they deny, but confess Perron's, for which they are broke on the Wheel. Rosino is discovered, and hanged, Almarda beheaded, and De Mansey's dead Body hanged first, and then thrown into the River Ormo.

IN Vannes, a City of Britain in France, lived Monsieur Boren, a Gentleman of ancient Family, and fair Estate, who having several Children, his eldest named Monsieur de Mansey, whilest he was yet very young, was sent over to his Uncle, Mr. Verdue, who lived at Turenne, in the Court of the Duke of Savoy, where he was both in his Favour and Service considerably preferred. De Mansey being arrived to the Age of Five and twenty, his Uncle dyed, and left him sole Heir to a plentiful Estate, which was very much advanced by the addition he received by the death of his Father at Vannes, and after

afterwards of several other Relations, who all, as were, conspired to make him rich and great. *De Manscy* continued his Relidence at *Turenne*, it being the place of his Education, and most familiar Acquaintance, but generally once a year, made a Journey to *Vannes* to receive his Rents, and see in what condition his Tenants were, and how well they improved his Land. This being his Custom, for several years he kept constant Stages in his Journey, and every night lay at such Towns, and such Inns as his long travelling that Road had best acquainted him with. It happened that coming into his Inn one night at *St. Clancy*, (a Town in the mid way between *Turenne* and *Vannes*,) alighting from his Horse, he called for his Host, who was familiarly called by his Friends, honest *Adrian*; his Hostess with a low Courtesie, wellcom'd him to her House, and with seeming trouble and perplexity, told him that her Husband was dead, and had been so for near six months. *De Manscy* condoled with her, for the loss of so good a Host and so kind a Husband, when being conducted to his Chamber, a ground Room where he constantly lay, he gave order for Supper, and designing to rise soon in the Morning, went early to Bed.

It was now about midnight, as he judged by the Moon which shone full in at the Window, when he heard a noise as if his Door opened, (for his wandering thoughts disturbed his Repose,) and drawing the Curtain in a fright, to see who it was entered at that unseasonable hour, he saw the fair Image and Representation of his Host standing at his Bed side, in the same proportion as alive, with a pale look, and his Throat cut from ear to ear. This Spectacle did very much surprize him at first, but after a little time recovering himself he thus spoke to it, *If thou art what thou appearest be, the Ghost of my deceased Host, I conjure thee by all that is Sacred, to tell me what disturbs thy quiet in the Grave, and what thy business is with me.* I come, said the Apparition to acquaint thee, that I am basely and barbarously murder

by my Wife, her Sister, and the Ostler, and request them (whose Friendship I have always been oblig'd to) to acquaint the Officers of Justice with it, and under this Bed they shall find my Body privately buried, with a stake thrust through my heart: at these words the Apparition vanished, and De Mansfey endeavour'd to compose himself to rest, but in vain; for his thoughts were so intent on what he had seen, and the Discovery his Host had made him, that he began to consider his own Life might be in danger, if all this was not delusion, which he did not in the least suspect.

About an hour after he heard a second noise at his door of some persons tampering with the Lock, when having his Pistols at his Bed's head, ready charg'd, he prepar'd himself to receive them: De Mansfey got out of his Bed, and stood behind the Curtains, his door with a sudden shock was violently forced open, at which some Persons entred, but who, or how many he could not tell, (for the light of the Moon was now shaded by a cloud) however he discharged his Pistols amongst them at which he heard a great shriek, and two or three lamentable groans; the report of the Pistol alarm'd all the Lodgers, and some of the Neighbours, who presently came to know the meaning of it. At the entrance into his Chamber they found the Ostler upon the floor, shot into the Breast, and almost dead. By this time the Officers of the Town were come with the Watch, to know the reason of so unusual a disturbance. The Ostler and the whole Family were secured that night, and the next morning they were all examined, and the Ostler having no hopes of recovery, confess'd, that himself, his Mistress, and her Sister, had design'd to rob and Murder De Mansfey, for which he was now heartily sorry and repentant. De Mansfey seeing how miraculously he had been preserv'd by the appearance of his Host, relates the whole Story to the Judges in all its Circumstances, and accuses the Ostler, his Hostess and her Sister, of the Murther, and to confirm the truth of what he said,

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desired they would search under the Bed in his Chamber, which they did, and there found his Body with a Stake through his Breast: These Circumstances made their Guilt so apparent, that neither of them had Confidence enough to deny it, for which the next day his Wife was burnt, and the Ostler and his Sister hang'd.

De Mansfey was so much concerned at his own preservation, and the Discovery he had so strangely made of his Landlords Murther, that he staves to see the Execution of the Criminals, and removes his Lodging to another House: when being in Bed the night after they had suffered, his Landlord appeared to him again all in white, and thanked him for the trouble he had given him and the Justice he had done him; adding, that if any thing lay in his Power, whereby he might oblige him and express his Gratitude he would willingly do it. *De Mansfey* told him he expected neither Thanks nor Reward, but if departed Souls know what's hid from mortal Eyes, if he could tell him when he should dye three hours before, as it was his greatest concernment it would be his greatest satisfaction. The Ghost promised if (it should ever be in his power), to perform it.

De Mansfey returned to *Turcenne*, where amongst his Friends he would sometimes discourse this Story, asking them if they thought it was in the Power of his deceased Host to make good his Promise to him, in that nature he desired it. It was now upwards of twenty years, since this had happened to *De Mansfey*; and he now grown into years being almost sixty, when he whom all the charms of Love had never affected, was now overcome by those of Lust; The Beautiful *Almanda* who was both young and fair, was the Object he so much admired and doted on. *Almanda* was the Daughter of Monsieur *Chartres*, a Lady highly vertuous had not Ambition poysoned her excellent Qualities, and was two years before, married to a young Gentleman more extravagant than rich, whose name was Monsieur *Perron*; This Lady, *De Mansfey* courted with assiduous Visits and costly

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ally Presents, both which she willingly received, but
 could by no means yield up her Honour to his lustfull
 embraces. Having thus been at great expence of Time
 and Monneys, without any hopes of success, one day re-
 solving to urge his Ambours with the most prevailing Ar-
 guments, he offered her a vast Treasure to consent to his
 desires, which she absolutely refused, telling him, if she
 was at liberty she could love him as a Husband, but never
 a Gallant, which was a Crime so odious to her, that all
 the Riches of the World should never tempt her to the
 violation of her Marriage Vows. *De Mansley* either misun-
 derstanding her meaning, or out of despair of attaining
 his Ends, resolves to put her into such a condition, as
 she might with honour comply with him, and to that
 purpose hires two Bravo's, call'd *Lycan* and *Cruento*, to
 murder her Husband *Perron*, for the Reward of five hun-
 dred Duckats, which they agreed to, and about a Week
 after, as he came late from the Tavern, in a dark night,
 they upon him in the Streets with their Rapiers, and after
 several Wounds left him dead upon the place, and ac-
 quainted *De Mansley* what they had done, who immedi-
 ately paid the Money, and they made their escape to
 sea.

Almunda grievously lamented the death of her Hus-
 band, and gave the Officers of Justice, all possible en-
 couragement to search after, and discover the Murthe-
 rs, but all in vain; three days after his Body was de-
 cently interred by *Almunda*, with greater show of grief
 than cost; and about six months after she was solemnly
 married to *De Mansley*, who, as an Argument of his Af-
 fection, discovered how instrumental he had been to dis-
 charge her of those Bonds which were so uneasie to her.
Almunda had not been long married to *De Mansley*, but
 she was pleased with the present state and advance-
 ment of her fortune, so did she loath the cold Embraces
 of her impotent Husband, which would by no means
 remedy this intolerable Evil, she familiarly ac-

quaints her self with a young Gentleman, called *Seigneur Rosino*, an Italian by birth, who for a Murder committed at *Venice* had fled to *Turenne*. No sooner was old *De Mansy* gone abroad, but *Rosino* supplied his place at home, and all those hours passed away in sighs, which *De Mansy's* Company prevented her of her beloved *Rosino's*. This the Servants could not but take some notice of, but her imperious Sway, and absolute Command, aw'd them into silence.

Lycon and *Cruento* having riotously spent their Moneys, came privately back to *Turenne*, and told *De Mansy* their great Wants, that the hazard and danger which they ran in accomplishing his Desires, deserved more than so poor a Reward; that he was rich enough, and ought to supply their necessities, which were the effect of their faithful Service to him. *De Mansy* was very much surpris'd at this Discourse, and promised largely, but at present he was unfurnished of Moneys, and could not answer their occasions till he had received his Rents, which would be within a Month, or little more; with this Answer they went away seemingly satisfied.

Four days after *De Mansy* went to his Country House at *St. Agneaw*, five Miles from *Turenne*, with a design to stay a week, for the advantage of the Air. This was a blessed opportunity for *Rosino* and *Almanda*, who Improve each minute, and day and night revel in the close Enjoyment of forbidden pleasures. *De Mansy* had now been but three days at *St. Agneaw*, and finding the Air not agreeable to his present Indisposition, resolves that Afternoon to return to *Turenne*, but setting out late, night grew upon him, which proving dark, and being without his Servant, he was forced to ride more easily, so that the Clock struck Twelve, just as he arrived at the Gates of *Turenne*. But that which most troubled him, was, that when he was yet two Miles off, at the upper end of a Lane, his Horse shorted and started, and would by no means go forward; at which looking to see what the matter was, he saw the shape of his Host,

honest

honest *Adrian*, who appeared to him clothed all in white, and bid him fear not, for he came only to make good his promise to him, and to tell him that within three hours he should be as he was; and at those words vanished and left *De Mansey* in great Horror and Consternation, who remembering it was his own Request did now firmly believe it would be accordingly, and as he rid on, dispos'd his thoughts into Meditations of another World. At the Gates of the City he was well known and presently admitted, but when he came to his own house (which was walled about) seeing no light he concluded his Family all in Bed, and it would be to little purpose, to endeavour to awaken them at that distance. Considering what to do in that great Perplexity he was in, he remembered his Gardiner lived hard by, and if he could raise him he might get in by the Garden Door. When coming to his House he knocked and called, the Gardiner knowing his Master's Voice he presently rose; *De Mansey* told him he was very ill, and for that reason had returned late from *Agnew*, that his Servants were all in Bed, and he had no way to get into his House, but by his Key thorough the Garden. The Gardiner put his Horse into the Stable and went with him. *De Mansey* appeared very melancholly, and complained of his present Illness, and as they walkt together, told him he was sure he should dye that night, for as he came along within two miles of *Torone* he had seen the Ghost of his Host, who had told him so; by this time they were got into the Garden, and the Gardiner call'd up the Groom, who opened the Door and let him in. *De Mansey* ordered him to go back with the Gardiner and take care of his Horse, and with the Candle in his hand went up Stairs into his Study, which was the next Room to his Bed-Chamber. *Almada* hearing some body go into the Study, askt who was there, *'Tis I my dear*, answered *De Mansey*; at which she was at her Wits end, and so affrighted she did not know what to do, to conceal her

Gallant *Rosino*, who was in Bed with her; *De Mansy* having finished his Devotions, came into his Chamber to go to Bed, and as he entred *Rosino* stepping out from behind the door, stabbed him to the heart with his Stilletto, at which *De Mansy* dropt down dead, giving only one lamentable groan. Never were two persons in greater confusion than *Rosino* and *Almanda* now are, they know not what course to take to prevent the Discovery, or to discharge themselves of the Guilt of this Murder, which would certainly be known in the morning. As they were consulting what measures to take, *Almanda* told *Rosino*, that his Shirt was all bloody, and advised him to change it for a clean one of her Husbands, which she fetched him, and wrapt up his and the Stilletto in a black Searf of her own, which she put into a green Silk bag, and locked them up in her Trunk. At last it was agreed that *Rosino* should make his escape immediately, and after he was gone, *Almanda* having laid a Stilletto of *De Mansy's* all bloody by him, should in a great fright call up her Servants, and say that he had murdered himself. This was resolved upon as the best expedient they could at present find out, but Fortune seemed to be more kind to them than they could expect or design. *Rosino* was no sooner gone down the back Stairs, but *Almanda* heard a noise of some Persons coming up the other way, which her Fear and Guilt assured her were the Officers of Justice, come to apprehend her for this barbarous Murder. They first opened *De Mansy's* Study, where they found the Key in it, and ransacked all there; then came into the Chamber, where they found him dead upon the floor, at which they were strangely surpris'd, but pity, or the curiosity to know how he came so, was no part of their business; when coming to the Bed, they seized *Almanda*, and gagged her, and then rifled her Trunks of her Plate, Jewels, and what they liked best. *Rosino* heard the noise, and had the same apprehensions of danger as *Almanda*, believing them to have been the Officers of Justice, or some of

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the Servants of the House who were risen to apprehend him, for which reason he made all possible hast, and having a Key in his Pocket of a private Door where he used to come in, went off undiscovered. The noise these Thieves had made, awak'ned the Servants, who coming up into *De Manfey's* Chamber, found him dead upon the Floor, *Almunda* bound and gagged in Bed, and the Chamber and his Study robb'd, but those who had been the Actors of this bloody Tragedy were fled, of whom they hoped *Almunda* could give some Account, who was presently unbound, and with showers of Tears told them that Thieves had been there and murdered her Husband, because he would not discover his Money, which they supposed was a greater Summ than they could find, and that they had most cruelly used her, and had they not come in at that instant, had certainly murdered her too. The Servants presently called the Watch and made what search and pursuit after them they could, and *Almunda* being now recovered from her Fright, smil'd to her self to see how favourable Fortune was to her, and that this lucky Robbery of the Thieves would for ever secure her and *Rosino* from being either charged or suspected of *De Manfey's* Murther. But see when the prosperous Sinner thinks himself most secure, then often is the Vengeance of Heaven at the Door, ready to punish those very Crimes, which he thinks himself most successful in.

The next day two of the Robbers, by the industrious search of the Servants, were apprehended in their Lodging in *St. Leonard's* Street, and some of the Plate, Jewels and other things taken with them; who were presently brought before the Judge-Advocate of *Turenne*, and charged with the Robbery and Murther, and several of the Goods produced in Evidence against them, and amongst other things the green Silk Bag, which was tyed up fast, and had not yet been opened. The Judge asked what that Bag was, and what in't, which being opened, they found a bloody Shirt and a Stiletto wrapt up together

ther in a black Scarf. The Thieves confessed the Robbery, but utterly denied the Murther, for which they were put to the Rack, when one of them confessed, their names were *Lycon* and *Cruento*, that *De Manser* had hired them for 500 Ducats to murder Monsieur *Perron*, which they had effected some years ago, and having spent all their money, they solicited him for more, and not receiving a speedy Supply, and understanding he was at his Country House, they resolved to rob him here; and that as soon as they came into his Chamber they saw him dead, and a Stiletto all bloody lying by him, and no person in the Room, but his Wife in Bed, and that he took that green Bag out of her Trunk, and till now knew not what was in it. *Cruento* confirmed what *Lycon* had confessed in every particular, and one of *De Manser's* Servants said, the Stiletto was the same or very like that he had often seen Signior *Rosino* wear, who had been frequently at his Masters house; This gave the Judge some suspicion he might be privy to the Murther, considering the Discourse of the Town, which spoke loudly of the endear'd Familiarity between *Rosino* and *Almanda*, upon which he sent a Relation of his own to acquaint *Almanda* that the Robbers were taken, and that he desired to hear what Evidence she could give against them; she immediately came suspecting nothing, and in the interim the Captain of the Watch brought *Rosino* before the Judge, complaining that because he had refused to let him through the Gates at an unseasonable hour he endeavoured to force his way, and had wounded him in several places: upon this he was asked what urgent business he had to go abroad so early, and whether that was not his Stiletto; for the first Question he had a plausible excuse, and utterly denyed the second. By this time the Judge had notice that *Almanda* was come who was brought in, and demanded if she knew that silk Bag and the Scarf, and who owned that bloody Shirt and Stiletto; at this she was so confounded she had not one word to answer; the Judge observing the great

great disorder she was in, told her, if she hoped for mercy, the only means to purchase it, must be by a free and open Confession; whereupon she accused *Rosino* of the Murther, and said, that was his Bloody Shirt and that his Stiletto, and that she was no farther Guilty than as so great a surprize forc't her consent, and her own Safety, the Concealment which she had endeavour'd by hiding them in her Trunk, *Rosino* being confronted by her confessed the Fact, and was adjudged to be hanged and his Body burnt; *Lycon* and *Cruento* were condemned to be broke on the Wheel alive, and their Bodies left as a prey to the Beasts of the Field, and *Almanda* to be beheaded, and the dead Body of *De Mansley* for the Murther of *Perron*, to be hanged at the common Gallows for three days, and then thrown into the River *Ormo*, all which was the next day executed accordingly.

In this last History we have a Complication of Murthers, that of Adrian, Perron and De Mansley, perpetrated for different ends, and all the bloody Criminals brought to condign and open Punishment by strange and various Methods: For be assured that as Happiness here and Glory hereafter, are the encouragements and rewards of Virtue and Honesty, so present Shame and future Punishment will be the dreadful Portion of all those whose sanguinary Crimes and horrid Villanies, have made them the wretched Subjects of divine Vengeance and everlasting Wroth.

FINIS.

great disorder the was in, told her if she hoped for mercy, the only means to purchase it must be by a free and open Confession; whereupon the accursed Rascal of the Murderer said, that was his bloody Shirt and that his Sillabets, and that there was no farther Guilty than as he great a Lawyer that he could, and how own Slave, the Circumstances which the had confessed, told by being them in her Court. While being confessed, told by being confessed the last and were obliged to be hanged and his body burnt; James and Gwain were condemned to be hung on the Wheel alive, and their execution set a day or two later of the field, and all ready to make ready, and I saw the dead body of De Akeley for the first time, to be hanged at the corner of the street for three days and then thrown into the River, all which was the worst that executed people.

1. The first of these is the fact that the Commission has not yet received any information from the Government of the United Kingdom regarding the proposed changes to the law of the United Kingdom regarding the treatment of the British Commonwealth countries.

THE
G L O R Y
OF

God's Revenge

Against the
Licentious and Detestable
SIN OF

A DULTERY.

Exemplified in several late Examples of the Judgment of God upon notorious Offenders.

B O O K I I.

L O N D O N,

Printed for BENJAMIN CRATLE in
Fleetstreet.

THE
GLORY
OF

God's Armies

In Victories and Deliverances
SINCE

A DILLERY

Assembled in Great and Famous Examples of the Judge
ment of God in punishing Offenders

BOOK II

LONDON

Printed by BENJAMIN CRANE in

St. Dunstons

THE GLORY

OF Gods Revenge

Against the Licentious and Detestable Sin of
ADULTERY.

HIST. I.

Castrucchio and Gloriana.

The Count of Varini marries with Gloriana a young Gentlewoman of incomparable Beauty, contracted to Castrucchio; Varini apprehends Castrucchio in Bed with Gloriana and kills him, cuts off his Head and makes her drink out of his Skull, and afterwards eat up his Heart, who the next morning was found dead in her Bed.

IN the former Book thou hast seen (Courteous Reader) the dreadful Judgments of God, upon those wretched Sinners, who have been guilty of that crying Sin of Murther, and in this I will present thee with the miserable Examples of Adultery; a Crime so odious to God and Man, that whatever gentle names we may gloss it over with, hath been always attended with sad and lamentable Consequences. It has been the Opinion of some, that the *Forbidden-Fruit in the midst of the Garden*, which God Almighty by his especial Com-

Com-

God's Revenge against Murder.

Command so strictly prohibited, and the Devil tempted Eve withal, was no other than Carnality; what Exceptions this may admit of, I shall not now dispute, but the great mercy of God, hath since taken pity for our Frailties, and not only permitted that pleasure but sanctified it in Paradise by the solemn Union of Matrimony, taken from it all filthiness, and made our very Lust, pure and immaculate. Chastity and Lust, are so profess'd Enemies to one another, that they can never live together in the same Subject, no more than day and night, light and darkness; the first is a bright and resplendent Virtue, the other a raging and devouring Vice: Chastity makes us Glorious as the Angels, Lust deform'd as Devils; it is like the black soyl to the sparkling Diamond, or the dark shade to a beautiful Image. Love is the *Intelligence* that gently moves the Soul from innocent Desires to chaste Embraces, but Incontinence is the Devils *Incendiary*, which first fires us with unlawful Flames, and then violently hurries us over all the sacred Boundaries of Modesty, Justice and Religion, to satisfy the impious Cravings of one burning Lust. I could here enlarge on the sacred Institution of Marriage in Paradise, the noble Royalties it is endowed with, and how *Adam*, no sooner beheld the light and glory of the Sun, but he saw the brightness and illustrious Beauty of a Wife; how Chastity is as unlimited as Lust, and that we have as many glorious Examples of the one, as Prodigies of the other; that the name of *Judith* is yet fam'd by her Continence, whilst the memory of *Lais* is preserved by her Ignominy; that the insatiate *Messalina*, was not more the scandal, than the chaste *Lucretia* the honour of her Sex, who flew from the hot Embraces of the lustful *Tarquin*, to the cold arms of Death for refuge; her purer Soul now loath'd that Body which had suffered the pollutions of the Ravisher, and with an undaunted courage opened the door to death, and lodg'd the fatal Steel, in her yet unspotted Breast. But I should expatiate too far, thou shalt here find variety of Examples in the

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the following Histories, a Chast *Isabella*, and a Lustivious *Held*, as her Sister Continent; where I hope the beautiful Character of the one, will attract thy imitation of her Vertue, and the deformity of Vice in the other deter thee from the Commission of that Sin, which often imprints it's own punishment on the Offender, (*Viz.* the Venereal Disease) but if he is so happy to escape the Brand of his own Iniquity here, the Terrors of an evil Conscience, will be his constant Executioner, as the Devil his Tormentor hereafter;

But I proceed to the History.

AT Venice, the Beauty of Italy, which is the Garden of Europe; in the Reign of *Leonardo Doria*, that noble Duke of Venice, famous for banishing the Jesuits, and opposing the intrusions of the Popish See, and fulminations of *Paulus Quintus* in the just defence and maintenance of the Priviledges and Prerogatives of the Seigniorie, lived *Pietro Giustiniani* Count of *Varini*. He was a Gentleman no less Eminent for the many Services he had done the State, than admired for his Virtues; He was honoured with the Title of Count, but much more illustrious in the rich Endowments of a noble Mind; to all which was added a large Estate and plentiful Revenues, which gave Lustre and Support to the Royalty of his House and Grandeur of his Family. *Varini* was now arrived to the sixtieth year

his Age, and being desirous to retire from the Troubles and Cares, that constantly attend publick Employments, left the crowded Streets of Venice for the quiet and recess of a Country Life, and presently taking leave of his Friends, went to his Castle at *San Brien* about 30 Italian miles distant from Venice, where he passed his time in the pleasant Diversion of those Rural Sports he was ever delighted in. It happened one day, as he was abroad in the Field with several other Gentlemen who were his daily Companions in his Country Recreations, his Falkner discovered a large *Heron* upon the Wing

where

whereupon *Varini* immediately ordered him to try the courage of his *Hawk* if he durst fasten on so bold an Enemy. After several bickerings in the Air, to the great satisfaction of the Spectators, the Conflict remained doubtful, till at last the *Hawk* impatient in the Conquest of his stubborn Adversary, redoubled his force and struck him to the ground, who fell into the Garden of Seignor *Berinto*, whither they all hasted to the assistance of the *Hawk* and seizure of their Game. *Berinto* understanding that the Count of *Varini*, with several other Gentlemen of Quality were gon into his Garden, followed after, where he found them taking up the *Heron* yet alive though disabled; all the Company highly commended the courage and strength of his *Hawk*, which *Varini* seemed very much pleased at, and being invited into the House by *Berinto* was nobly treated, where he first saw the matchless *Gloriana*, to whom with all the Expressions of Respect and Kindness, he presented the *Heron*, which she with equal Grace and Courtesie received.

Berinto was a Gentleman of Honourable Extract, whose great Grandfather had been Duke of *Venice*, and he himself a considerable Merchant there, but having suffered great Losses at Sea and particularly in one Ship, whose Cargo was valued at near 100000 *l.* which was taken by the Corsairs of *Argiers*, in the Wars between the *Turks* and *Venetians*, he left off Merchandizing and betook himself to the happy and peaceful solitude, of his Country-House at *Vernon* a League from *St. Brien*, where he spent his days free from the dangerous blasts of inconstant Fortune; He had one Daughter named *Gloriana* the Paragon of her Sex, in whom Virtue and Beauty were equally eminent, and being now of the age of 21 by the consent and approbation of her Father, was contracted to Seignor *Castrucchio*, a young Gentleman of a neighbouring Village who being lately returned from his Travells in *France* and *England*, desired no other repose of his future Happiness, but what he should find in the soft Embraces of the Beautiful *Gloriana*. But alas in

vain

vain do we seek for a perfect and establish'd Happiness amongst the fading Joys of this uncertain World, in the midst of our greatest security we are on the Brink of Danger; and those Blessings we catch at are but the Shadows of what we mistake them for, and either delude us in our vain pursuit, or ruine us in the fatal enjoyment of them. *Varini* having pay'd his Thanks to *Berinto* for his generous Reception and splendid Entertainment, took his leave of him, inviting him over to St. *Brien*, and telling him, that as such a fortunate Accident had made him happy in his Acquaintance, he would study all Opportunities to improve it, and he hoped they who were so near Neighbours, should be no longer Strangers to one another in their Friendship and Conversation. *Berinto* promised in few days to wait upon him at his Castle in return of the great Honour he had now done him, and that though the sense of his Obligations to him, was beyond the power of his present Gratitude, yet he would never be wanting in the acknowledgment of that debt he was not able to discharge. Night coming on the Company parted, and *Varini* retired to St. *Brien*, where being alone his thoughts began to reflect on the Beauty of *Gloriana*, the elegant composure of her Body and the excellent perfections of her mind, which had now made so violent an Assault and deep impression on his Heart, that his blood which had been chill'd by the cares and sollicitudes of sixty Winters, now grew warm and wanton, his Pulse beat vigorously, and all parts grew active and sprightly, so powerful is the strong impulse of Love.

Ten days after *Berinto* came over to make his Complément to the Count, who received him with all the demonstrations of Friendship and Respect, and after he had entertain'd him with a sight of his Castle, the rarities of his Closet, and the fragrant Curiosities of his Garden, he retir'd into a shady Arbour covered with *Jessamines*, where after a pleasant Discourse on the great advantages of a true and sincere Friendship, he began an

excellent Harangue, in commendation of Love and the happiness of Marriage, above the Care and Solitude of a single Life, which *Berinto* assented to, saying, *he much wondered that a Person of his Honour and Quality, who wanted nothing to render him compleatly happy, had never yet tasted the Joys of Wedlock, which he had so passionately extoll'd.* The Count told him, *Amongst all the Beauties of Italy, he but once saw that incomparable Creature worthy of his Affections; And pray my Lord, said Berinto, what then could obstruct the noble designs of your Love?* That Question saies *Varini, My dear Berinto, you best can Answer.* It is *Gloriana*, the matchless *Gloriana* I love, she alone is the Lady of my Affections, at whose feet I would prostrate my self and all the Titles of Honour or Fortune I am Master of, so receive the name of Husband from her, more glorious and valuable to me than the Purple Robes of aspiring Senators, or the sparkling Diadems of Eastern Monarchs. *Berinto* was not a little surpriz'd to hear *Varini* with so much ardency of Affection, commend his Daughter *Gloriana*, nor did he presently know what answer to return; the Ambition of seeing his Daughter so great a Lady, and that breach of Faith which would necessarily attend it, rais'd two different Passions in his Breast, and so far distracted his Thoughts, that *Varini* might easily read the labours and troubles of his mind in his discomposed Countenance and profound Silence. At last having something recovered himself, he thus replied, *My Lord, the Transcendency of your Goodness, and the noble offer you please to make my Daughter, is so great an Honour to my Family, that I, who am highly sensible of my own demerits, can receive it with no less Transports of joy and satisfaction than the Captive does his Freedom, or the condemned Criminal a gracious Reprieve.*

The next day, *Varini* returned *Berinto's* Visit and made his first Address to *Gloriana*, who being acquainted by her Father, with the great professions of Kindness, the Count had made to him, and his more particular Respect to her, gave him a reception which rather showed her deference and regard to his Quality, than any delight

light she received from the Courtship of a Lover. However the Count so vigorously pursued his Amour, that in a short time he absolutely gained the Father, and had been no less successful over the Affections of the Daughter, had not her pre-engagement to *Castrucechio*, obstructed the Conquest of his Flames, who was fully resolved, that no power should be able to rescind that sacred Tye, by which they were so firmly linkt together: Nor should all those empty Titles of Honour, now laid at her Feet, tempt her heart to Treachery, and prevail upon her to forsake him to whom she had once vow'd eternal Constancy and Fidelity.

Castrucechio was soon acquainted by *Gloriana* with the unwelcome News, that the Lord *Vatini* was now his Rival in his pretensions to her, which he received with a courage undaunted, telling her, that as no person of what Quality soever, durst make an attempt upon her Vertue, so he was well assured he would find as cold Entertainment in her Affections; and that she who knew the Honor and Justice of his Cause, was the most fit person to determine his Right, which the Lord *Vatini* with more Treachery than Gallantry endeavoured to supplant. *Gloriana* with repeated promises gave fresh assurance of a constant and Loyal Heart, which all the charms of Ambition, should never be able to affect with levity, nor the gilded promises of a plentiful Joynture corrupt with Infidelity.

But alas! what Heart is so steel'd from all Impressions of Vice, that Covetousness and Ambition can make no dint upon it? Love too often softens the most rigid and austere Vertue, which once made pliable receives the easie Signatures of those Crimes, we at first so boldly scorn'd and detested. This was the case of fair but inconstant *Gloriana*, the present Temptation of Riches and Honour, were so often presented to her with all the glorious Train of future Blessings, that at last the gawdy show stagger'd her weaker Resolution, and she rather chose the Age and Impotency of a Gouty Lord, than

the Youth and Vigour of her faithful *Castruccio*. In short, the sedulous Addresses of *Varini*, joyn'd with the powerful Commands of *Berinto*, at last took place, and *Gloriana* consented to the Marriage, which was solemnized in the Castle of St. *Brien* a fortnight after, with all the Magnificence and Splendor a generous Bounty was able to express.

Castruccio was not long before he received intelligence of the fatal News, and a positive confirmation of his own unhappy State by the treacherous *Gloriana*, which so nearly reach'd his heart, that he immediately fell into a deep Melancholy, which continued for several Months upon him, and had now brought him into a Consumption, which his Friends apprehending the danger of advised him to remove to *Padua*, the chief University of *Italy*, not far from *Venice*, for change of Air; where we shall leave him to the care of the most able and learned Physicians, and return to *Gloriana*, who has now attained the utmost perfection of that Happiness she had aspired to.

The Count and his Lady lived at St. *Brien*, were visited and complemented by all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country, and to all appearance no persons could be more happy than *Varini* in the Embraces of *Gloriana*, and *Gloriana* in the Love and Endearments of *Varini*: But alas! the fairest Picture hath its shade; and the brightest day is closed by the dark and dismal night. *Gloriana* had not been married above nine months, before she grew pale and wan, the Roses of her Cheeks were faded, and the little *Cupids* which formerly danced in her Eyes were fled and gone, a Cloud of Melancholy fate hovering on her Forehead, and all her Actions and Discourse spoke the Resentments of a troubled and discontented Mind. Her Conversation had now lost that air and briskness she was once so admired for, and all her time was spent in a melancholy retirement to her Closet, or in the most shady recesses of her Garden, where she sigh'd away her bitter hours in complaints to the
more

more happy Birds, who free from the Tyranny of humane Laws, did once a year choose their own Mates and in fresh enjoyments could bill without controul. *Varini* was passionately concerned to see his beloved *Gloriana* so strangely alter'd, and with all the tender expressions of Love and Kindness endeavoured to expel those Troubles which had seiz'd her Mind; but all in vain, Age had now made him an impotent Physician, and Nature denyed him that Elixir of Life which could only cure the Longings of a youthful and vigorous Lady. *Gloriana* declined so fast in her Health, that he resolved to remove to *Venice*, in hopes the pleasantness of the Place, and variety of Company, would divert her Melancholy, and restore her to her former Health and Beauty, and accordingly did so.

Varini had not been above three months there, but *Castrucchio*, who was now perfectly recovered at *Padua*, heard of his return to *Venice*, whither he immediately removed, and courted all opportunities to get a sight of the Countess, which soon after he effected. Understanding she used to go to St. *Mark's* Chappel to Mass, he constantly paid his Devotions there, where at last he spied her upon her Knees before the high Altar, and not observing the Count her Husband, or any of her Servants near, went and kneel'd down by her. It is not difficult to guess what Saint he made his Prayers to, nor what was the Subject of his Petitions; The Countess was strangely surpriz'd to see *Castrucchio* so near her, and in the midst of his Discourse bid him forbear, and meet her there the next Afternoon at four precisely. *Castrucchio* in the interim suffered all the Torments that variety of Thoughts could rack him with, sometimes blaming her Disloyalty to him, he expected nothing but scorn and contempt, and presently when he considered her first infidelity, it gave him hopes she might prove as faithless to the Count, whose cold and impotent Embraces could never oblige the craving desires of a youthful Beauty. The hour was now come,

and *Castrucchio* impatiently expected the Countess, who presently came and kneeled down in the same place he had seen her before; *Castrucchio* placed himself next to her, who immediately gave him a Note into his hands, wherein he found these Contents following;

Gloriana to Castrucchio.

TO morrow the Count Varini goes to his Castle at St. Brien, and at ten in the morning I will be at the Franciscan Church, till then farewell my dear, my dear *Castrucchio*.

Castrucchio was overjoyed at this Assignment, and punctually observed it, where, notwithstanding his diligence, the Countess prevented him, from whence they immediately went to the Water-side, and took a *Gondola*, and so directly to a private Garden of Pleasure, where the recluseness of the place presented them with the opportunity of a more secret Converse. *Castrucchio* could not so prudently stifle his resentments of *Gloriana's* Inconstancy, but she presently observ'd discontent in his looks, and by the breaks of his Discourse, that a more fix'd and compos'd trouble was settled in his heart. Whereupon, *My dear Castrucchio*, says she, *You blame me I know, and presume the Justice of your Cause, will warrant your Reflections on my guilty Breast; I confess I am not so innocent as I ought to be, yet let not the severity of your prosecution, exceed the quality of my Offence; if I have wronged your Goodness by my Breach of Faith, let that goodness now forgive me, and my too late Repentance be my Punishment.* *Gloriana's* Penitence and *Castrucchio's* Mercy, soon wrought a perfect reconciliation, and the rest of the time was spent in more pleasant and amorous entertainments. At evening they parted, when *Gloriana* told *Castrucchio*, the Visit he promised she'd receive at her own House the next Evening, for she did not expect the Count's Return till ten days after.

Thus

Thus they had frequent Interviews, in the absence of the Count by the assistance of *Fortia*, *Gloriana's* Waiting-Woman, who being privy to the Intrigues of Love between the Countess and *Castrucchio*, was very serviceable to their Amours, by admitting him in the dusk of the Evening, at a back door into her Lodgings where they revelled all night in forbidden Pleasures, little dreaming of those heavy Judgments, which so closely pursued their Adulterous Crimes. The Count was now returned, who observ'd great alterations in the Temper and Behaviour of *Gloriana*, her Humour had now recovered its former Sprightliness, and nothing seemed so dear and obliging to her, as the Embraces of her Husband, which he was extremely pleased withal, mistaking that for Love and Kindness in her, which was only a feigned Passion and crafty disguise, to conceal a more notorious Offence. *Varini* had now continued two months at *Venice*, whose presence prevented that familiarity and those frequent Visits the Lady and her Passion so earnestly coveted, which *Gloriana* much lamented, and by the advice of *Fortia*, resolv'd to remedy. It was agreed that *Gloriana* should counterfeit her self sick, which she did, and prayed *Varini* that Father *Pablo Raquinto* her Confessor might be sent for, whose Prayers and Ghostly Counsel she hoped would turn to her great advantage. *Varini* was much grieved at the sickness of his Lady, and readily granted any request she made; accordingly the Holy Father came daily to visit the Countess, of which *Fortia* gave *Castrucchio* notice, and that it was her Ladies Pleasure that he should put himself into the same Religious habit, under which Cover he might with safety see her when ever *Varini* was abroad. This design was of great Service to them, for no sooner was *Varini* gone to the Rialto, but *Fortia* gave *Castrucchio* intelligence, who presently came and was admitted without the least mistrust of the Servants. This politick contrivance for a long time screen'd the Adulterous Countess, from the suspicions of her Servants

and the Jealousies of *Varini*; who (she appearing now to be with Child,) doted on her more than ever; praised his own happiness in a mistaken Blessing, deeming that the strength of his Impotent Age and the Glory of his Gray-Hairs, which was the effect of youthful Lust in his shameless and Adulterous Wife.

But not long after *Varini* by accident took up a Letter in his Ladies Chamber, and found the Directions of it to Seignior *Castrucchio*; the name startled him extremely, wondering how it should come there; the Contents of it, were business writ from some Gentleman in the Country; after he had a long time pondered upon the matter, with all the jealous Disquisitions of an Italian Brain, he resolved the point, that this Gentleman was most certainly his Ladies Gallant, and probably the same Person since the name was so, to whom he too lately understood she had been pre-contracted. The Letter however he concealed, and presuming if there was any such Intrigue that *Fortia* was acquainted with it, the Countess being gone to Mass, he strictly examined her, whom he endeavoured to threaten into a Confession which she courageously withstood; but at last being tempted with a Purse of *Chequins*, she made that Faith a Slave to Gold, which could not be forc'd by the Terrors of Punishment, and discovered the dangerous Secret with all it's Circumstances. *Varini* received the dismal Story, with horror and amazement, curs'd his own unhappy Fortune, and much more the Treachery of his disloyal Countess; after a little pause he gratified *Fortia* according to his promise, and commanding her to silence, retired to his Closet where he meditated a Revenge proportionable to his own Injury and *Gloriana's* Infidelity.

Three days after, he told *Gloriana* with a smiling Countenance, he must leave her to lye alone that night and go over to St. *Brien* for some Writings he wanted, but would be back the next Evening; and to give a fairer gloss to the business, and make her more secure, ordered

desired her if Seignior *Boraccio* the Procurator came, to give him those Parchments in his Closet, of which that was the Key. *Varini* immediately parted for *St. Brien*, who was no sooner gone, but the Countess sent *Castruccio* word of it, and desired his Company that night; *Castruccio* who had never yet failed her amorous invitations was punctual at the hour. *Varini* pretending to his Servants he had forgot something, returned by 11 at night, and went directly up to her Chamber attended by *Sturio* a Gentleman that waited upon him, whom he ordered to knock at the door, (which was locked) and say, he had a Letter to the Countess of urgent Business from his Lord *Varini*. The Lovers having wearied themselves with the repetition of their unlawful Pleasures lay fast asleep enchas'd in each others Arms, till *Fortia* awaked *Gloriana*, telling her some body knockt at the Chamber door, who startled at it, bid her ask who was so rude, and what their Business; *Sturio* (whose Voice was very well known) answered, he had brought a Letter from his Lord *Varini* to the Countess of important business, upon which, not in the least suspecting what was design'd against her, she commanded *Fortia* to open the door, and receive the Letter, and bid *Sturio* to wait her Answer below. *Fortia* no sooner opened the door, but *Varini* rushed in with his Sword drawn, and *Sturio* after him with a brace of Pistols in his hands; *Castruccio* was asleep, and the Countess so surpris'd, that she onely gave one loud shriek, at which *Castruccio* awaking, at the same instant felt *Varini's* Sword in his Breast, who with repeated Wounds gave his fleeting Soul an easy passage into another World. The Countess lay trembling by, happy in this onely, that she had nothing now to fear, but each minute hop'd and begg'd his revenging Steel would carve the same Justice on her guilty Breast; but in vain, *Varini* intended her no such favour. *Castruccio* being seemingly dead, *Varini* commanded *Sturio* to strike off his Head, and with his own hands ript open his Breast, and took out his Heart, which leaping in his Hand,

Hand, *This Madam*, says he, (turning to the Countess) is the heart of your beloved Paramour, see yet how sprightly it is; it was unreasonable, Lady, you should have him wholly to your self, this is my share now, and that yours, scornfully kicking the Head to her. It is impossible to describe that horror of Mind and Anguish of Soul *Gloriana* laboured under, which nothing but the Blessing of a sudden death was able to relieve her from. *Castrucchio's* Body thus mangled was thrown out at the Window into the Street, and *Gloriana* confined to her Chamber, where she was left alone, with the head of her Lover placed on her Cabinet, to furnish her with constant Meditations of Death, and the sad remembrance of her former pleasures, which, with the present torment of a guilty Conscience, was a punishment more grievous than ten thousand deaths. The next Morning discovered *Castrucchio's* Body, which was found under *Gloriana's* Window, with the Head off, the Breast cut open, and the Heart pull'd out, to the great wonder and astonishment of every gazing Passenger. *Varini* went early in the morning to the Council and acquainted them with the Circumstances of the Fact, before the Officers of Justice had notice of it, acknowledged himself the Author, proved by *Sturio* and *Fortia*, that he found *Castrucchio* in Bed with his Lady, and upon that provocation had taken this severe but just Revenge, which appearing to be true by the aforesaid Evidence, he was acquitted.

Seven days after *Gloriana* was delivered of a dead Son, whose immature Birth was occasioned by the Violence of her grief and sorrow, which yet was not powerful enough to end her unhappy days, and put a period to those Miseries under which she languished. *Varini* seeing the present illness of *Gloriana*, ordered the Head of *Castrucchio* to be removed from her sight, the smell of it now growing very offensive, and sometimes used to visit her, and in some measure, seemed to remit the severity of his Revenge, and give place to Pity and Compassion. *Gloriana* after a Month, was so well recovered

red, that she walked about her Chamber and had liberty to take the air of the Garden, and dine if she pleased publickly with *Varini* or privately in her own Chamber, but constantly obliged to drink out of *Castrucchio's* Skull, which by the Command of the Count, had the Flesh boyled off, the Brains taken out, and fashioned into the form of a Cup.

Not long after *Varini* meeting *Gloriana* one Evening, walking solitary in the Gallery, *My Dear*, says he, *I observe you yet continue very pensive and Melancholly, at which I am much concerned; I have consulted your Physicians in relation to your Health, who have prescribed an Electuary which you must take this Evening, an hour before you go to Bed, it will comfort your Spirits and cheer your Heart: which she willingly assented to.* At night he brought it to her Chamber himself, and having recommended it to her for the richness of the Ingredients, she eat chearfully of it, and asking if she must take it all at once, *that*, said he, *as you please Madam, and as you like it, it is the Heart of your beloved Castrucchio, prepared for you with my own hands according to Art: at which words she looked earnestly upon him, saying, It has all the Qualities of the richest Balsom and most pretious Cordial, 'tis pitty any part of it should be lost; and as soon as she had eaten it all up, went to rest, and was found next morning dead in her Bed.* But I shall not determine whether her Death was the effect of Passion, in some extraordinary Transport of Joy at the remembrance of her dear *Castrucchio*; or that *Varini* had mixt Poyson in the Composition of his Medicine; and that he might equally temper his Justice and Revenge together, by giving her *Castrucchio's* lustfull Heart, the sweet of her Life mixt with the bitter Ingredients of Death, to *Varini's* Shame, and *Gloriana's* Punishment. Thus dyed the inconstant *Gloriana*, and two years after, the Count, having first quitted the troublesome Stage of this World, retired into the Monastery of St. Francis, where he assumed a Religious Habit, and spent the short

short remainder of his Life, in constant Prayers, and pious Meditations.

Had humble Vertue, been more the Subject of Gloriana's Meditations, than Covetousness or Ambition; her lustful Heart, had never made a forfeiture of Castruccio's Head: nor his miserable Death, been the shame and punishment of her Vicious Life.

HIST. II.

Dribellus and Petronella.

Dribellus courts Petronella, and deflowers her, she is afterwards married to Polissus; By the means of Morella her Waiting-Woman Dribellus commits Adultery with her which is discovered by Paretta, Polissus cuts off Dribellus his Members, scourges Morella, and Petronella is condemned to the Punishment of the Radish, of which she dyes.

THeffaly in Greece, (which so oft has been the happy Subject of the Poet's Song) is no less celebrated for its lofty Mountains, whose aspiring heads surmount the Clouds, than for its fruitful Plains, the Riches and Delight of the indoltrious Shepherd; in which fam'd Oeta shares equal Honour with towring Olympus and the well spread Taurus; not far from the foot of Oeta, are yet some Remains of that glorious City, once called Hypata, where Patricius Castriot, a Gentleman of antient Family and large Demesns lived in Honour and Reputation, from whom the noble Scanderbeg, that Scourge and Terroure of the Turks, deriyed his Pedigree. This Gentleman had one only Child, a Daughter called Petronella, a young Lady of admirable Beauty, in which she not more excell'd all others of her Sex, than in the perfections of her mind, which Bounty of Heaven, her careful Father still endeavoured to improve by the most

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most learned Masters of all Sciences that Age afforded.

Amongst others, *Dribellus* a young Gentleman who had been Educated under *Miletus* Bishop of *Theſſalonica*, was entertained by him, with the promise of a generous Reward, to instruct his Daughter in *Rhetorick*, in which he particularly excelled; the good Father resolving she should want no accomplishment that Art could furnish her with, to render her the most compleat Pattern of Vertue and Learning, and the only *Phenix* of her Age and Sex. The Care and Industry of *Dribellus* was soon discovered by the great Improvement of his Pupil, which *Patricius* was no less sensible of, and constantly encouraged with his bountiful Hand. Twelve Months were now passed, in which *Dribellus* by his obliging behaviour, had equally charm'd the tender Affections of *Petronella*, and won the good Opinion of her Father and Mother, both highly commended his modest Carriage and sweetness of Temper, from whose indefatigable pains, they hoped to reap those great advantages, his studious Labours so fairly promised.

The constant society of *Dribellus* with *Petronella*, had now endear'd them to each other, and the unhappy Flames of Love warm'd their Breasts with mutual Kindness and Respect, which *Dribellus* no sooner discovered by the languishing Looks of *Petronella*, but he resolved if possible, to raise a future Fortune there, where at first, he only expected a present Support and Maintainance. To this end he courted all Opportunities to enjoy her Company, and frequently exchanged his *Lectures* of *Rhetorick*, for the more pleasing discourses of Love, which he soon found were no less acceptable to his *Mistress* than the other had been grateful to his *Pupil*. Thus they continued for some time, courting each other with Amorous Glances and melancholly Sighs, the dumb but powerful *Rhetorick* of bashful Lovers; till at last *Dribellus* in express Terms, discovered his Passion to her, at which she seem'd very much surpris-

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zed, but having recovered her self, told him, she had been always very sensible of his great Respects to her in those diligent Instructions she received from him, which though she was in no capacity to retaliate, she would never forget; and hoped the Bounty and Generosity of her Parents, would in some measure answer his Merits, whilst she could only reward him with a Thankful acknowledgement. *Dribellus* who well knew the great Wit of *Petronella* could not mistake the true sense and meaning of his discourse, though her Prudence and Modesty diverted it to another Subject, presently reply'd, *Dribellus has no such haughty Thoughts of his past Service, to think he ever could oblige the fair Petronella, or in the least deserve a return of that sincere Affection he professes to her. I love my fairest Petronella; I love; and no reward is valuable with me but what gives me your Heart, or robs me of my Life; if your Kindness bids me live, I live your Servant, or your frown at the same minute, commands me to dye your Martyr.*

Petronella blush'd, and what Modesty would not suffer her to utter in words, she spoke in her languishing eyes and abrupt sighs, *live Dribellus, live, and let that cruel Maid, be for ever forsaken who bids her lover dye.* At this *Dribellus* took Heart and pursued his Amours with so vigorous an Attaque, that the Lady made a willing Surrender, and promised that the Heart he had so bravely conquered, should ever be the Trophy, of his Victory.

Dribellus having thus gain'd an assurance of *Petronella's* Affections, and avoured by all means, to fix it beyond the Power or Cause of ill Fortune, and accordingly some few days after, finding *Petronella* in the Garden, began an Assault upon her Vertue, with all the specious pretensions of Affection that Love could inspire him with. *Petronella*, who had already yielded up her heart to *Dribellus*, thought the sacred trust of her Honours might be repos'd in the same Breast, with equal security. Thus with kind Caresses, and wanton Dalliances,

did

did this subtil Thief rob her of the Flower of her Virginity; and with the sighs and denials of a languishing Maid, she at last exchanged the native Innocence of her Soul; and Vertue of her Mind, for Shame, Folly and Dishonour: This was the first step they made in those crooked Paths of Wickedness, which they afterwards so much delighted in, who by the frequent Repetition of their unlawful Pleasures, were now grown so careless and secure, as if they gloried in their sins, and were neither sensible of their shame, nor apprehensive of the punishment, which with a silent pace constantly pursues the lustful Criminal.

Before this was discovered by any of her Relations, a young Gentleman, who lived at *Larissa*, (the Birth-place of *Achilles*, not far from *Oeta*) whose Name is *Polissus*, the eldest Son of *Abridatus*, a Gentleman of very considerable Estate and Family, was recommended to her Father, as a Person who would be a very suitable Match for his Daughter, who with a very handsome Equipage, was now come over to *Hypata* to court her. Fame had spoke loud of the Perfections of *Petronella*, both in Body and Mind, and after some days Converse found himself absolutely conquered by the Charms of her Wit and Conversation, which were more irresistible than those of her Face and Beauty, in both which she appeared so illustrious, that *Polissus* was straight made a Prisoner by her, and fast fettered in the golden Chains of Love. This gave the Lovers an unexpected disturbance, who with Sighs and Tears express the present Trouble and Anguish of their Minds, they curse the coming of *Polissus*, and charge him as the sole Author of their Unhappiness and Misery: *Dribellus* looks on him with Envy, and *Petronella* with Disdain; she could not willingly afford him one amorous glance, all her smiles were counterfeit, and the best Entertainment she could give him was upon force and constraint, whil'st he sighs and throws himself at her Feet, without moving her to the least Pity or Compassion; but *Polissus* grew daily into the

the favour of her Parents, though he found little progress in the heart of the Daughter; and although *Patricius* himself interposed his Paternal Authority to recommend him to her Affections, told her of his Riches, and fair Possessions, the Nobility of his Family, and his Personal Endowments, yet she slighted and contemned him, and one day told her Mother, that though she did allow *Polissus* to be a compleat Gentleman, yet it was impossible for her to act so great a violence upon herself, as to force her Affections to love that Person she ever had an aversion to, and should think her self more happy in the cold Arms of Death, than the Embraces of that Husband that she could not affect. The Mother moved with the Tears of her Daughter, took pity on her, but her Father being of a more stern and austere Nature, grew enraged at her denial, and was so far from admitting her impertinent Reasonings, that he resolved to force her to compliance, and not suffer her longer to resist his Will and Pleasure, and to that end dispatched a Messenger to *Abridatus*, *Polissus* his Father, in order to settle all things for the intended Marriage.

Patricius finding all his Endeavours fruitless, and his Daughter so perverse and obstinate, that neither his Threats could force her, or his Endearments win her, began to consider within himself what could be the true cause of her Contumacy and Dislike; he saw nothing in the Person or Behaviour of *Polissus*, but what might render him acceptable to a Maid not prepossess'd with the Love of another: He knew he had kept her strictly at home under his own care and government, and that her youth had hitherto defended her from all Insinuations of that nature; nor could his thoughts fix upon any Person thereabouts, that could give him the least umbrage of suspicion, much less did he imagine *Dribellus* was that Thief, who had robb'd his Daughter of her Heart, so great an opinion had he of his Vertue and Honesty. But his Wife, who best knew the temper of her own Sex,

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so narrowly watched all the Actions and Gestures of *Petronella*, that she soon discovered the kindness and Familiarity that was between the Master and the Scholar; but (like a prudent Woman) she did not immediately acquaint her Husband with it, and publish to the World the folly of her Daughter, but watched an Opportunity, that she might take them together and reprove them of that Folly which would certainly be attended with Misery and Repentance.

It happened not long after, that *Dribellus* and *Petronella* being retired into a Grove of *Olives*, which by the privacy and recluseness of it, had been the frequent Scene of their dishonest Pleasures, the Mother followed them at a distance, and in the midst of those ravishing Delights they entertain'd each other with; she cryed out and appeared to the two Lovers in the very Extasie and Rapture of their Lust. It is here impossible to describe the horror and amasement the two Lovers were in, to see themselves surprized in this wanton Posture; the sight of her Mother was more terrible to them, than that of a *Basilisk*, the lightning of her eyes and the thunder of her voice, pierced their Breasts and cleft their Hearts asunder. In this posture they continued a while, without being able to say one word in excuse of themselves or the notoriousness of that Fact which was too apparent to be denyed; till at last *Dribellus* began to speak in Justification of himself and the afflicted *Petronella*, chaiging all the blame on the power and force of Love, and the rigorous indiscretion of *Patricius*, who would compel *Petronella* to marry *Polissus*, whom she could never Love. *Petronella*, with Shame and Confusion in her Face begs her Mothers Pardon and Forgiveness with Tears and Sighs, who taking her by the hand, led her to her Chamber, where after she had severely reprehended her with the guilt and ignominy of such dissolute Pleasures, she lockt her up, and there left her to her own Meditations; and went directly to her Father and told him that she had discovered an

Gods Revenge against Adultery.

Intrigue of Love between *Dribellus* and *Petronella*, which was the cause of her Aversion to *Polissus*, without discovering that secret which would for ever have blasted the Honour of her Daughter, and branded their Family, with an indelible mark of Shame and Infamy. *Patricius* heard this Relation with Grief and Astonishment, and at the desire of his Wife, resolved to turn off *Dribellus* with all speed, and that no particular notice should be taken, at the same time to discharge all her other Masters, she being now to be married, and to go and live with her Husband at *Larissa*.

Dribellus wondered much that he was onely discharged, and no other punishment inflicted on him, which he could not attribute to the Clemency of *Patricius*, but his Ignorance of that Crime he was guilty of; which he supposed the prudence of his Wife had concealed from him, who otherwise would have been as severe in his Revenge, as the heinousness of so great a Fault did justly deserve.

Polissus receiving fresh encouragement from *Patricius* of success in his Amours, returns to *Hypata*, where he finds *Petronella* much altered in her temper and respects to him, and now fairly promises himself the happiness of consummating the Espousals with his beautiful Mistress he so earnestly coveted; which to the great satisfaction of himself and all his Friends, (but the unhappy *Petronella*) were solemniz'd with all imaginable Pomp and Splendour. Two months after, he took his leave of *Patricius*, and returned to *Larissa* with his Bride, where his Father received them with the expressions of a hearty Welcome; and *Petronella* demean'd her self, with that Duty and Respect, that she was both belov'd and admir'd of all. Who would not now think *Petronella* is intirely happy, and might live the contented Woman in the World? but alas where Grace and Virtue do not strew the Wedding with Flowers and Garlands, *Hymen* is attended with Furies, and his Saffron

from Robe dipt in Gall; the happiness of Marriage, is the union of two Hearts, not the conjunction of two Bodies, and where the sincerity of Affection is wanting, all Vows and Contracts, are frail and brittle Tyes. The memory of *Dribellus* and those unlawful Pleasures she had so often repeated in his Arms, now afresh attack'd her, and nothing could please her lascivious Thoughts, but the hopes she might once again see her beloved *Paramour*; when unexpectedly she received a Letter from him to this purpose.

Dribellus to Petronella.

M*Y dearest Petronella, the Life and Joy of my Soul, I die for you, and languish after you my Life; since I am banished from your Presence, (which is more intolerable to me then the severest Death) I cannot live without a sight of you; for which reason I am privately come to Larissa, and shall wait your directions how I may once more be happy in the enjoyment of your Company; which if you forbid me, you strike a Dagger to my Heart, which now bleeds for you. Your Answer is my Sentence of Life or Death, which I impatiently wait for, and if you ever loved I now beg your pity on the most unhappy and forlorn*

Dribellus.

Petronella was overjoy'd at the receipt of this Letter, and immediately returned an Answer, desiring him to be at the Garden Door at five that Evening, where she would expect his coming. But poor *Petronella* thou wilt dearly rue this sight, and too late be sensible that the pleasures of Sin, are compounded of the bitterest Ingredients. The hour being come *Petronella* ordered her Waiting-Woman *Marella*, to attend at the Garden Door and conduct *Dribellus* into an Arbour, where the Transports of Joy betwixt the two Lovers are inexpressible; they met with equal Ardour and Affection, bewailed one anothers Destiny, and cursed the Tyranny of Parents who often consult more their own Interest, than the Happiness and Satisfaction of their Children, in such

forc'd Marriages, which often prove most fatal in the consequence. At last (*Marella* being made one of their Council) it was agreed that *Dri bellus* who was scarce known to *Polissus*, should put himself into the habit of a Servant, and under the feigned name of *Cotys* be admitted into the Family to look after the Wardrobe, which place was now vacant. *Dri bellus* was accordingly entertained, whilst *Polissus* never suspects the Snake he lodg'd in his bosom, nor the Thief he harboured in his House; and now *Cotys* thinks himself happy, hugs his own Ingenuity, and imagins himself blessed and fortunate. In this manner the two Lovers live together, take hold of all Opportunities to converse together and enjoy each other; no Clouds appeared to interrupt their Joy, and all things ran with a smooth and even Current. Among the many Servants they kept, there was a Maid called *Paretta*, who fell desperately in Love with *Cotys*, would never be out of his Company, and at last grew so troublesome to him, that he was forced to slight and disrespect her that he might rid himself of her importunity. This she took in evil part, and supposing the reason of his unkindness to her, was the Love he had for some other Person, narrowly watched him; and at last discovered the Kindness and Familiarity between him and *Petro-nella*.

Paretta, who resolved to be revenged on her hated Rival, watched all Opportunities to take them together, believing she should find them unchast in their Dalliances, which accordingly fell out not long after; when seeing *Morella* one Evening go into the Garden and *Cotys* immediately follow, she made hast after them and found the Door fast on the inside, which the more increased her Suspition; and remembring there lay a short Ladder in the Barn, by the help of it mounted the Garden Wall, and privately conveyed her self near the Arbor where she saw *Cotys* and *Marella* (who were talking together) and presently after her Lady descend-
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ding on a Ladder made of Ropes, from a Balcony into the Garden, whom *Cotys* presently led into a close Arbor of *Jessamines* at the further end of which they caress'd each other with amorous Embraces, whilst *Morella* waiting at a distance watch'd the Doors and Windows to prevent a Discovery.

The next day *Paretta* pleased with the opportunity she now had of being revenged on the disdainful *Cotys*, acquaints *Polissus* with the Infidelity of *Cotys* and Treachery of *Petronella*, who had thus shamefully abused his Honour and prostituted her self to his Servant and Slave. *Polissus* struck with the horror of this Relation, examines her o're and o're, finds no disagreement in her Tale, but too much reason to believe the Truth of it; and now fears this was some former Lover of hers in disguise. To discover the certainty thereof, he acquainted an intimate and familiar Friend with it, and by his advice pretending one Evening, to walk abroad upon a Visit, they secretly conveyed themselves into the Garden where they lay close and undiscovered. Two hours after, entered *Cotys* and *Morella*, and presently after *Petronella* descended from the Balcony by the same Ladder of Ropes. Their ears were the first witnesses of their Amorous Parly, and it was not long before their eyes discovered their Filthiness, when in the midst of their lustful Pleasures, they surprized them with their glittering Scymiters in their hands, which struck the Lovers with a horror and consternation, beyond the power of words to express. *Petronella* implor'd nothing but present Death from his own hands, which he had not Mercy enough to give, but reserv'd her for a more infamous and shameful end. Turning his Eyes from her, with all the passionate Expressions of Abhorrence and Detestation, he called in his Servants, and order'd them to bind *Dribellus*, who was immediately dismembered before her Face, and thrust out of Doors to seek his Fortune. *Morella* was stript and bound to a Tree,

and scourged with the Twigs of Hazle, till the Skin was Flead off from her Back, and then banished the City; *Petronella* was carried to her Chamber, where she continued Prisoner till the next Morning, when she was brought before the Magistrates, and upon evident Proof of the Adultery, was condemned to undergo the *Raphination* or Punishment of the Radish, which in those Countrys grow to a great magnitude, which they force up their Bodies. Thus the wretched *Petronella* suffered, when she had in vain begged to be strangled, and dyed the most ignominious and shameful Death the Art of Man could invent.

Petronella dyed very penitent, confessing the wickedness of her Crime, and begging pardon of her Husband was both pitied by him, and much lamented by all who knew the Quality of her Birth and vertuous Education.

Thus we see the Tragical End, of unlawful Pleasures which like the Apples of Sodom appear fair and beautiful to the Eye; promise a Thousand Happineses by their bewitching outside and false appearances, but within are either nothing but rottenness, or upon the first touch, crumble into Dust, and leave us to Shame and Misery here, and eternal Damnation hereafter.

HIST.

HIST. III.

Don Pedro and Paulinta.

Don Roderigo marries Dona Paulinta. Don Pedro de Castello by the assistance of John de Blinco, the Astrologer, and Laura her Waiting-Woman, commits Adultery with her. Paulinta upon her delivery of a monstrous Birth, dyes. Roderigo runs mad, Don Pedro is branded in the Forehead, Blinco whipt through the Streets of Corduba, and sent to the Mines; and Laura torn in pieces by Wild Beasts.

A T Corduba in Spain, lived Don Andreo Rametzi, who was a Person very considerable in those Parts, both for his Estate and Quality, and a peculiar excellency he had in dispatch of Business of the greatest moment, in which he was indefatigable: For these Reasons in the year 1579 he was made Proveditor General under Don John of Austria, to whose care and provision, were committed the Arms, Ammunition, and all other Naval Preparations, for that huge Armada; which was compleatly furnish'd out in 1588, and design'd for the Invasion of England, and utter Extirpation of the Reformed Religion. This Gentleman died in the year before at Cales of a malignant Feaver, and left three Sons of which, Don Roderigo was the eldest, who upon his Fathers Death, being Master of a plentiful Estate, left the Command he had in the Fleet, (upon some disgust) and returned to Corduba; where within a Twelvemonth he was married to Dona Paulinta, the only Daughter of Don Camillo, a rich and wealthy Citizen. The young couple lived with great content and satisfaction in their mutual Love and Affection, during the first three years of their Marriage; but being not yet bless'd with any Children, those desired Fruits of their Conjugal Vows, the discouragements of their vigorous Embraces bred discontent; and each blam'd

the other, for the want of that Happiness neither could give.

These Differences between *Roderigo* and *Paulina* increas'd to that height, that *Roderigo* forsook her Bed, and often with opprobrious Taunts, call'd her *Barren Doe*; a'l his Satyrical Expressions, were still pointed with Reflections on her Sterility; which she unable to bear, with her wonted Patience and Submission, complained to her Relations, of the unkindness of her Husband, and desired their Intercession, often saying, she believed he would be a *contented Cuckold*, upon condition, he was but a *Presumptive Father*. These Discords were in some measure reconcil'd by the Mediation of Friends; but the occasion of them was now grown the chat and entertainment of every Feast, and at last reached the Ears of *Don Pedro de Castello* a young Gentleman, whose extravagant Pleasures had much impayr'd his Estate, which oblig'd him to consider of some new methods of living, to maintain his Port and Quality. He was familiarly acquainted with *Roderigo*, and the late discourses he had heard of the difference between him and his Wife, rais'd new designs in his head of advancing his Fortunes by a Courtship to her, in which his own hopes, and her present Discontent flattered him with Success. To this end, he watch'd all Opportunities to oblige him with some respectful Service, and not long after meeting *Roderigo*, who told him of the late misfortune he had in Hunting, to gore his Horse upon a Stake as he leapt a Hedge, with the danger of his own life; they fell upon a discourse of the excellency of the *Spanish Jennets*, their beautiful Shape and Fleetness, in the close of all, *Roderigo* told him he thought no Gentleman in *Corduba* was Master of a better Horse than himself; *Don Pedro* presently replyed your Commendations Seignior will make me place a greater Value and Esteem upon him; and the next day, by his Servant presented him with his Jennet, and a Saddle and Foot cloth richly Embroydered.

This

This generous Kindness of *Don Pedro* so highly endear'd him to *Roderigo*, that they vow'd eternal Friendship to each other; were constant Companions in all their Pleasures and Diversions, and the same Soul seem'd to animate both their Bodies. This Intimacy gave *Don Pedro* free access to *Roderigo's* House, where he observed the disgusts between him and his Wife, which, whenever he was absent, by his graceful Behaviour and more particular Respects to her, he endeavour'd to improve to his own advantage.

The assiduous Address of *Don Pedro* to *Paulinta*, and the continual slights of *Roderigo*, promis'd him success in his Amours; which he pursued with so much Artifice and Industry, that *Roderigo* was not in the least jealous of his design, nor *Paulinta* insensible of his Affections. *Don Pedro* had now made his Applications, for four Months, in amorous Glances, and courtly Smiles; which he flatter'd himself, had so far prevail'd upon her that nothing remain'd but an easie Conquest, and that she would readily Surrender the Fort of Honour, as soon as he had the Opportunity to make one bold Attack. Two days after *Roderigo* told *Don Pedro*, Signior Courtier had desir'd his Company to Hunt the next Morning, which he had promis'd him; and hoped he would not be the last in the Field, who loved the Sport so well. *Don Pedro* excus'd himself, that he had Business of great Consequence fixt for that day, which *Roderigo* believing, admitted of, and prest no further. *Roderigo* being abroad a hunting, *Don Pedro* followed his Game at home, and in express Terms, discover'd his Passion to *Paulinta*, which she receiv'd with disdain, telling him, her Husband little suspected that Sincerity of Friendship he pretended to him was false and counterfeit, and that the Injury he had offer'd him, would warrant his sharpest Revenge. *Don Pedro* was very much surpris'd at so unkind an Answer, and pray'd that the reality of his Love to her Person and Zeal to her Service, might atone for the rudeness of his Language,

guage ; and though he believed her Chast as the fam'd *Lucretia*, yet when her too vigorous Vertue, shall be the occasion of her Husband's discontent and her own Unhappinefs, common Prudence would advise to remove both ; which since it was the true Sense of his Discourse, he hop'd rather to merit her Esteem than deserve her Reprimand. *Paulinta* with a look as if she intended to smile, which was presently dash'd with a frown thus replyed ; *The great Concernment you express at my present Troubles challenge my Thanks, but did you as well consider the sacred Name of Vertue, which I must for ever disown, you would not so unworthily tempt me to prostitute my Honour, to cure the unreasonable Capricio's of a discontented Husband : This first Offence I'll pardon but beware you never provoke my Anger by a Second, which shall make you sensible of your Fault, by the Justice of your Punishment.*

Don Pedro seeing all his hopes of a projected Happinefs, thus blasted in a minute, resolv'd however not to quit his Design for a single disappointment, bur try to effect that by Stratagem, which he could not attain by the common methods of Love and Address. Amongst the Crowd of Thoughts and various Designs, his wandring Fancy presented him with, he at last hit upon this one Consideration which pleas'd above the rest. *Laura Paulinta's* Woman was passionately in Love, with his Man *Philip*, who either despising her Poverty or contemning her Beauty, slighted all offers of Kindness with a sullen Disrespect : Whereupon meeting her one day alone in the Street, he told her he understood she had a particular Kindness for *Philip*, which he very well approv'd of, and if she would come to his Lodgings in the afternoon, he would propose a way to make her happy in the enjoyment of her Lover. *Laura* overjoy'd at this, came accordingly, and after several discourses on that Subject to her great satisfaction, he promis'd her *Philip* for a Husband, and a hundred Ducatoons Reward, if she would prevail with *Paulinta*

to go to *John de Blinco* the *Astrologer*, who was famous for telling of *Fortunes*, helping *Maids* to their *Sweet-Hearts*, and curing *Barrenness* in *Married Women*, which he was confident, *Paulinta* would experience the Truth of, in a short time, to the Joy and Content of her self and *Roderigo*. *Laura* told him this would be so great an Obligation to them, that no Person was more proper than himself to recommend it to her Mistress, which he excus'd as not consistent with her Modesty to hear, or his Friendship to discourse the *Secrets* of the *Sheets* and *Sacred Royalties* of the *Marriage Bed*. At last *Laura* agreed to undertake it and accordingly at the first Opportunity, propos'd it to her Mistress, as a Thought of her own without ever naming *Don Pedro*, which he had positively forbid, and she religiously swore to Observe.

Paulinta, like some of her Sex, who by being too strait lac'd, do often grow awry; as she was strictly Vertuous, was a little warp'd by Superstition, and rather than be less than good, endeavour'd to be more; This made her easily Credit *Laura's* Discourse, who having according to *Don Pedro's* Instructions, perswaded her, of the lawfulness and certainty of Astrological Judgments, she presently concluded her self oblig'd to make use of those methods which would infallibly render them both happy in a fruitful Offspring. Three days after *Laura* acquainted *Don Pedro* that the next morning under pretence of going to Mass, *Paulinta* had determin'd to go to *John de Blinco's*, to consult him what was the reason of her want of Children, and what Prolific Remedies were best in her Case. *Don Pedro* was well pleas'd at this News and the more that she did it without the privity and knowledge of *Roderigo*; No sooner was *Laura* gone, but he went directly to *John de Blinco*, foretold him of *Paulinta's* coming next day, her Business, and furnish'd him with Answers of all sorts to satisfy the Queries that she or *Laura* should make; gave him fifty Duccatoons in hand, and promis'd

mis'd fifty more three days after, if the Design was discreetly manag'd. This *de Blinco* accepted, and assur'd him of his utmost Care and Fidelity.

Next morning, *Paulinta* attended by *Laura*, went accordingly, and inquir'd if Seignior *De Blinco* the learn'd Astrologer was within; upon which they were conducted up Stairs into his Chamber; *De Blinco* presently came out of his Study in a Furr'd Gown, and blew Sattin Cap, with two and thirty Corners, blazon'd according to the points of the Compass; the gravity of his Beard and solemn Meen, furnish'd them with a Respect and Reverence suitable to his Quality. *Paulinta* began to discourse her Business to him, which he prevented by telling her, *You need not trouble your self Lady, to acquaint me with one Tittle you have to say, the Starrs have already better inform'd me; and if you please to have a little Patience till I have made a perfect Judgment of the Scheme, I have but now erected, I hope the present Face of the Heavens will return you (by me their Mouth) a serene and pleasing Answer.* *De Blinco* went back to his Study, and *Paulinta* with Impatience waited his Return. About an hour after he came out again with a pair of Compasses in one hand, and a large Scheme in the other, and now Lady (said he) *I am prepar'd to resolve all your Doubts; but first let me tell you at your Birth I calculated your Nativty, of which this is the Figure. You are the only Daughter of Don Camillo, I see very plainly here, and the present Conjunction was very unkind to you; you have six Enemies and but one Friend in this whole House, under their malignant Influence you have suffer'd these several years, but now they have spit their Venom and the favourable Aspect of your Friend, shall make you Glorious and Triumphant. But as to your present Business, you desire to know the reasons of your Barrenness, and the Cure; The general Reasons are three, which proceed, from the three elemental Spirits, Tohu, Bohu and Vez, and these I have already reconcil'd you to: Now as to the Cure, yours is the most desperate Case that I ever met with, there*

is but one Man in the World born under the same Configuration with your self, and unless you are in Conjunction with him, you will never be Prolific. Alas said Paulinta I am the unhappiest Creature in the World! Pray Sir look again I have told you all the Truth, reply'd De Blinco, already, and can add no more; but if you desire to know that single Man, it is within the power of my Art to discover him to you. Paulinta intreated it, and de Blinco thus went on; In the Sycamore Walk of the Carmelites Garden; at four in the Evening after the next full Moon (which is your Auspicious Planet) you will see him sitting alone upon a Bench reading Quevedo's Visions; and that's the Phœnix you look for. Paulinta having nobly rewarded him, desir'd to have it in Writing, which he gave her, and then taking leave, wish'd that blessed minute was now come which could only satisfie her labouring Mind in the Truth of these strange Predictions.

Learned Mythologists, who best expound the Mysteries of Poetic Fictions, say, the antient Heathens worship'd the Moon, under the name of *Lucina* the Goddess of Midwifry; and the old Women of those days, thought her in Travel when she suffered an Eclipse, and by the beating of Kettles, and scraping of Trenchers kindly endeavour'd to recover her from those fainting Fits, by their hoarse Prayers and dismal Noises. But never did they pray more heartily than Paulinta did, to see her in the full Circle of her resplendant Glory: Nor did she more passionately careſs *Endymion* when she stoopt to kiss the fair Youth; than Paulinta now did her, for the sake of her unknown Gallant.

The wish'd for day is come at last, but the sluggish hour mov'd on too slow to answer the earnest and longing expectations of thoughtful Paulinta; the clock had no sooner struck three, but she call'd *Laura*, and made hast to the Garden, and still as she pass'd along (impatient of delay) sent her eyes, the quick Harbingers of her troubled mind to make the happy Discovery. But oh the strange surprize! just as she entred the Sycamore

more Walk, she saw *Don Pedro* upon the next Bench leaning on his Arm in a melancholy posture, and reading to himself. *Paulina* knew him at first sight, and suddenly stept back, as if her tender foot had prest the poysonous Adder, or more loathsome Toad: *Don Pedro* looking up spy'd *Paulina* in disorder, whom he approach'd with that Civility and Respect he constantly pay'd her; whilst she prudently endeavour'd to hide her Passions, and pleasantly ask'd him what Book that was in his hand; It is *Madam*, said *Don Pedro*, *Quevedo's* Visions, he is a merry Companion, with whom I have diverted many a tedious hour and melancholy Thought; if you are a Stranger to him, pray accept him from my hands, and I am sure upon better Acquaintance, you will give him the best reception he deserves. *Paulina* receiv'd it, and at that minute by one amorous Glance discover'd the Infirmary of that Vertue which was thought to be impregnable, but now forc'd to retreat, and give place to a more powerful and successfull Vice.

Frequent interviews, at length made *Paulina's* obdurate Heart malleable, and her Innocence and chaste Resolutions, were by degrees undermin'd, and all her Pretensions to Honour, laid in the dust by the Craft of *Don Pedro*, and the Roguery of *De Blinco*. Asto the first Act of Commission, I could charitably think her almost Innocent, because she was betrayed to it, but when once she came to relish those forbidden Pleasures, and grow Wanton in the enjoyment, *Messalina* was less Intemperate, she had both the Impudence of a *Dueña*, and the lasciviousness of a *Courtezan*.

These Intrigues, were for some time so well managed by the cunning of *Laura*, that *Roderigo* either not knew of them; or contrary to the common Temper of his Country, pretended Ignorance; and rather chose to conceal her Infamy, and his own abuse, than publish it to the World, by a notorious and bloody Revenge. But at last her Lewdness grew so extravagant that

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that he was now become the common Cornuto for every slavish finger to point at ; This so enrag'd him that he threatned her with the severest Tortures, if she did not confess her Guilt, or justify her Innocence. *Paulinta* upon her Knees, with Tears in her Eyes, pray'd his Patience and common Justice, assur'd him of her Fidelity, and with a thousand horrid Imprecations desir'd her dying Fame might be for ever attended with all those marks of Ignominy, with which the malice and detraction of her Enemies had stayn'd her living Reputation, if she had been ever guilty of the least of those Crimes, they had so unjustly charg'd upon her. *Roderigo* credulously believ'd her, and was perfectly reconcil'd.

Three months after, *Paulinta* appear'd big with Child to the great Satisfaction of her Husband, and in that time had behav'd her self with that Prudence and Caution, that no Man was more ready to accuse her than he to Vindicate her Honour, from the Calumnies and Aspersions of such malevolent Tongues. At her time of Travel, no Husband was more tenderly concern'd for a Wife than *Roderigo* for *Paulinta* ; and being told they had small hopes of preserving the Child, but less of saving her, he wept bitterly. At last it was resolv'd her Case was desperate, and their best endeavours to be employ'd in care of the Child, for whom like a *second Caesar* they made his way by Incision. The Father impatiently desired a sight of his Son and Heir, which he had so heartily prayed for : But oh the Horror and Confusion ! it had the exact resemblance of a Goat in the Face, with a long grizly Beard, but in all other parts of excellent Shape and Feature. At this dreadful sight, *Roderigo* immediately lost his Wits ran raving about the House, crying out, O wicked and forsworn Wretch ! and three days after, dyed stark staring Mad. The monstrous Birth expired within few minutes after it was born.

Don Pedro followed his old course of Revelling all night with his drunken Companions ; and being at the Tavern when this tragical News was brought, he smil'd at it, and told the Company (who were surpriz'd to hear so sad a Relation) that he could spice it with a Cup of Mirth, and so began the Account of his Debaucheries with *Paulinta*, and how by the Confederacy of *De Blinco* he had betray'd her to his wicked Lust; which being heard by the Company with Horror and Detestation ; he was immediately apprehended by an *Alguexile* and carried before the Magistrates of *Corduba*, and Orders issued out for the taking *De Blinco*, who was brought in the same Furr'd Gown and Corner'd Cap, and by the Evidence and Confession of *Don Pedro*, who also produc'd his Note for the Receipt of the last fifty Ducatoon's with his Hand and Seal ; He was condemned to be first whipt through the Streets of *Corduba* with *Scorpions*, and then sent to the Mines at *Peru*. *Don Pedro* though a Gentleman, receiv'd the Punishment of the most infamous Malefactor, by being branded in the Forehead, and then sent to the Galleys, where he continued two years, and was then taken by the *Turks* and carried into *Argiers*, where he lived and dyed in the Misery of perpetual Slavery. *Laura* to avoid her proportion of Punishment, made her Escape from *Corduba*, and her Body was five days after found miserably torn and mangled in the Wood of *Macardis*.

Thus Don Pedro like the wily Serpent in Paradise, first tempts Paulinta, to inquire those forbidden Secrets of De Blinco (the Devils Emissary) which have no Record but in the claspt Book of Providence ; for which he is justly Branded with an ignominious Letter. Adulterous Paulinta suffers her Punishment, where she first enjoy'd the Pleasures of her Sin ; and De Blinco is whipt here with Scorpions, and Furies hereafter.

HIST.

HIST. IV.

Parmel and Cleandra.

Dr. Parmel by an Opiate Powder debauches Cleandra, gets her with Child and marries her. Cleandra in Revenge commits Adultery with Seignior Makenti, her former Lover; Dr. Parmel first gives her the foul Disease, and then designing to poison her, by mistake poisons himself. Cleandra dyes miserably in the Lazaretto, and Makenti lives infamously having lost his Nose and both his Eyes.

SEignior Conto, was a Gentleman of great Worth and Abilities, who upon the Death of Seignior Bardi, was one of those many Candidates for the Procuratorship of St. Mark at Venice, which was now become vacant: But Fortune not favouring his designs, and the potency of his Adversaries, prevailing against his Interest (though no Person had better deserv'd of that Republick) lost it: upon this, (seeing the merit of all his former Services disesteem'd) retir'd from Venice in discontent, and fixt at Marli his Country House five miles distant. Seignior Conto was Master of a very considerable Estate, and blest with one only Child a Daughter, and nam'd Cleandra, whose native Beauty, vertuous Education, and the Honour of her Family, made her highly valued by all; but amongst the crowd of Suitors who made their Addresses to her, Seignior Makenti a Person of great Estate and a Gentleman of Venice, was that happy Man, who had gain'd the Affections of the Daughter, and Respect of her Parents; and in the Opinion of the World, would carry the beautiful Prize from the rest of the numerous Pretenders.

At this time, a young Gentleman whose name was Seignior Parmel, having lately commenced Dr. of Physick at Padua, (whose Father had been Seignior Conto's intimate and familiar Acquaintance at Venice) came over to Marli to make a Visit to Seignior Conto and his Lady, who at first sight was so enamour'd on the Beauty

of *Cleandra*, that though his discretion forbid him making any publick Application to her, who was a Fortune beyond his reach; yet he flatter'd himself with hopes of Success, if he could by any means divert the intended Marriage between her and *Makenti*. In this Design one lucky Accident advantag'd him more than all his Wit and Invention could do; for there happening a Quarrel between Seignior *Makenti* and Seignior *Lassuno*, upon discourse of Seignior *Conto's* missing the Procuratorship of *St. Mark*, after several sharp Expressions on both sides, Seignior *Lassuno* drew his Dagger, and suddenly stab'd Seignior *Makenti* into the Breast four inches deep, and immediately made his escape. Chirurgeons were sent for who dress'd *Makenti's* Wound, telling him they hop'd to make a good Cure of it, for though it was very deep it had miss'd the Vitals, which in six weeks time they effected. The great loss of Blood *Makenti* suffer'd, threw him into a Consumption, upon which he was remov'd to *Padua*, where he continued for three months with small hopes of Recovery. In this time Dr. *Parmel* made frequent Visits at Seignior *Conto's*, and by his insinuating Carriage and Behaviour had gain'd a more than ordinary Friendship in the Family; but yet considering the vast disproportion between his Quality and Fortune, and Seignior *Conto's*; never durst discover to the Father or Daughter, that Love and Affection which lay smothering in his Breast. After several Considerations how to effect his Purpose, at last he resolv'd to try how far the misterious Secrets of his own Art and Profession could assist his Design, and accordingly one day prepar'd an Opiate Powder, which he had compounded of such Ingredients as he thought most proper, and waited an Opportunity to give it *Cleandra* in such a Vehicle, as would admit no Discovery.

Three days after in the Evening Dr. *Parmel* came down from his Study, and found *Cleandra* in the Kitchen making a pot of *Chocolate*, for the Entertainment of
some

Some Friends in the Parlour; *Cleandra* offer'd him a Dish, who thanked her, and said he would accept it upon Terms that she would drink another, which being agreed too, he privately convey'd the Opiate Powder into her Mess, without any Suspicion. About an hour after the Powder began to operate so effectually, that though she endeavour'd to divert the Drowsiness which had so strangely crept upon her, by walking in the Garden, and other violent Agitation, yet at last it prevail'd, and she was forc'd to retire to her Chamber, where she repos'd herself upon the Bed, charm'd into a deep Sleep by the powerful Medicine. Dr. *Parmel* narrowly watch'd her, and seeing her go into the Chamber followed after, and there found her upon the Bed fast asleep; whereupon observing the rest of the Family were otherwise busied thought he might now securely, prosecute his wicked Design and locking the Chamber Door, treacherously robb'd sleeping *Cleandra* of her Honour and Virginity, which her waking Vertue had constantly defended against all the Temptations of Lust and Charms of Love. The Doctor having thus far accomplish'd his Ends, opened the Door and went out undiscover'd, leaving *Cleandra* fast asleep, who continued so for several hours till the soporific Vertue of the Powder was extinguished, and then wak'd without being in the least sensible of the Injury she had received from those villanious Practices of the Doctor, but as pleasing Dreams or the sportive Frolicks of Fancy and Imagination presented her with. Dr. *Parmel* two days after took his leave and return'd to *Venice*, expecting with Impatience, the Issue of this odd Experiment.

Five Months after, Seignior *Makenti* whose Recovery had been retarded by frequent Relapses, return'd to *Maris* in perfect Health, and earnestly desired that his Espousals with the fair *Cleandra* might now be no longer deferred, which his own Misfortune had been the unhappy cause of; but being acquainted that his Mi-

stess had for some time been very much indispos'd and now kept her Chamber, desired to see her, whom he found so strangely alter'd, he scarce knew her to be the same, but by the faint Remains of that flourishing Beauty which had once reign'd in her Face, and made a Conquest of his Heart. *Seignior Makenti* was equally surpriz'd and griev'd to see her in this Condition, she was grown pale and lean, her Eyes were livid and hollow, and all the expressions of her Tongue, spoke inward and settled discontent of Mind. *Seignior Conto* and his Lady were no less afflicted, and advised with several of the most eminent Physicians, what should be the Cause of her Distemper, and what the most proper and speedy Cure; they all agreed she was with Child, and her Disease no other than the natural Infirmities of Women in such Cases, which her Parents heard with Horrour and Amazement. The Doctors being gone, her Father and Mother with Tears in their Eyes conjur'd her to tell the Truth, and discover who was that lustful Paramour that had despoil'd her of her Honour, and brought that stain and infamy upon their Family, which all their Tears were not able to wash away. *Cleandra* with no less trouble and astonishment, deny'd the Guilt of such lewd Debaucheries, and by all the Sacred Powers of Heaven protested her Innocence and unspotted Chastity: The Sighs, Tears, and passionate Imprecations of *Cleandra*, perswaded her Parents at last to think the Doctors mistaken in their Judgments, and that the swelling of her Belly, which they considered as an Argument of her Pregnancy, was occasioned by a *Tympany* or some other Præter-natural Tumour, which was the real Cause of her present Distemper.

Some time after Dr. *Parmel* came over to *Marli* and excus'd himself that the multitude of Business had made him so great a Stranger, and wanting in those respectful Visits their great Civilities obliged him to; and missing *Cleandra* at Dinner, particularly Inquir'd how she did, and if she was yet married? Her Mother answer'd with

with a Sigh, that she was very ill and had been so for two months past, in which time she had not stirr'd out of her Chamber; Dr. *Parmel* seem'd very much concern'd at the young Ladies illness, and desired he might be admitted to see her, and that he should think himself extremely happy if the best of his Art and Skill could contribute any thing to her Recovery. Her Mother told him, she was afraid she already too well understood her Distemper, which in due time Nature would discharge of it self, and that indeed she was ashamed any Friend should see her in that Condition, which would end in Shame to her self, and Disgrace to all her Relations. The Dr. seem'd wholly ignorant of what she meant (though extremely pleas'd at the success of his Design) and still more earnestly press'd to see her, which at last she consented to, and conducted him to *Cleandra's* Chamber, whom he found alone extream Pensive and Melancholy. The Doctor after he had express'd his Respects and Sorrow for her present Illness, desired to feel her Pulse, and after several other critical Observations more for form than any thing else, told her Mother her Distemper now would not be of long Continuance, that she was certainly with Child, and all that he could direct was as a Friend and not a Physitian, that they would prevail with her to confess who was the Father, and by a speedy Marriage, prevent that Disgrace, which otherwise was unavoidable; whereupon the Mother desired him to use his Endeavours with her, to discover the Person, and that she would withdraw, that *Cleandra* might with more Freedom discourse him, and accordingly did so. After the Dr. had said what he thought convenient, in pursuit of that Question which he himself was only able to answer, he took his leave and told her Mother that was he not assur'd by all those infallible Symptoms he had observ'd that she was with Child, her solemn Protestations to the contrary, would almost perswade him to credit what she had said in her own

Vindication: upon which her Mother ask'd him if it was possible for a Woman to Conceive in her Sleep, without being sensible of those Pleasures of Fruition, and the Person she enjoy'd; to which the Dr. answered it was possible, and that we might observe it in several Persons who walk in their Sleep, and do those several Acts of which they have no remembrance when they wake. This one Argument prevail'd with Signior *Conto* and his Lady, to believe *Cleandra* was with Child, and at the same time innocent of the Guilt and ignorant of the Person; for she had oftentimes walked about her Chamber, and sometimes down into the Dairy, and so to Bed again, without remembring one tittle of it next morning.

After several Considerations what was to be done in a matter of so much difficulty, and that did they know the real Father, he might possibly prove to be the Groom or Footman, where the discredit and reproach of such a Match would be equal to the infamous Name of Courtezan; the Dr. told them that if they thought him a worthy Husband for *Cleandra*, he would marry her immediately, nor did he value her being with Child, nor who was the Father, since he was so well satisfied her Soul was immaculate and pure, though her Reputation was stain'd; and that the preserving of her Fame, and the Honour of so illustrious a Family, was more dear to him than any private Interest or Respect to himself. Signior *Conto* was infinitely pleas'd to hear the Dr. express himself in those Terms, and after his most particular Thanks, told him he would endeavour in few days to dispose *Cleandra* to the Match, which he did, and ten dayes after they were privately married, not long after, Signior *Conto* and his Lady both dyed and left their whole Estate to Dr. *Parmel*, and his Children by *Cleandra*; who now lived at *Marli* in great Esteem and Reputation.

It happened one day after Dinner, the Doctor being in a most pleasant Humour, and the Discourse of the Company leading to it, he told them by what Trick he had married a Person of that Quality and Estate *Cleandra* was; at which they seem'd very much surpriz'd, but in Compliment commended his Design, which had now crown'd him with so bountiful a Success. *Cleandra* bit her Lip, and by change of Colour, discovered the inward perplexity of her Thoughts, nor could she altogether refrain from some passionate expressions of her Resentment, that she should lye under the great Scandal of a Whore, and lose her Lover *Makenti* whom she loved dearer than her Life, and be so basely betray'd into a Marriage with so mean and perfidious a Wretch as the Doctor was. Some time after she writ a Letter to *Makenti*, and acquainted him with all the Circumstances of this Relation, who was extreamly troubled at it; and upon the first Discourse of her being with Child, had utterly forsaken her and never since seen her. The Discovery of this Intrigue, created a more particular Love and Respect between *Makenti* and *Cleandra*, who readily agreed, to revenge the Injury they had both receiv'd from the faithless Doctor, by abusing his Bed in their Adulterous Enjoyments, and charging his Forehead with the shameful Emblem of a Cuckold, which they thought the heinousness of the provocation, would warrant them in. Thus did they continue in their Adulterous Pleasures, till the Doctor grew sensible of it, and by frequent Observations of their private Meetings, was sufficiently confirm'd in the Truth of their lustful Embraces; whereupon he resolv'd to meet them with a proportionate Revenge which he thus effected. Having a young Gentlewoman under Cure, who was very much afflicted with the Venereal Distemper, he designedly infected himself with it, which he communicated to his Wife, and she to *Makenti*, who neither of them suspecting the present Cause of their Illness, were so surpriz'd by the Venom of the Disease, that *Makenti*

in a short time lost his Nose and both his Eyes, and hardly escap'd with Life, spending the rest of his days in Shame and Repentance, *Cleandra* languish'd a long time in great Misery, which her Husband saw with Pleasure and Satisfaction, and growing weary at last to see her Distemper so tedious in the Punishment he design'd, prepar'd a Cordial for her in which he infus'd a large Dose of Poyson, and recommending it to her as a great Restorative to take at three in the afternoon, went abroad expecting at his Return to find her in the Agonies of Death. *Dr. Parmel* coming back very hot and faint (it being the midst of *August*) went directly to her Chamber, and sitting down by the Beds-side took a Glas of Cordial Drink, which stood by amongst the rest, and hastily drank it off; very kindly asking her how she did, and what good she found by that Cordial he had order'd her; *I have not yet taken it*, said *Cleandra*, *and don't design it till to morrow for I find my self much better than I was*; at which the Doctor started and call'd for it, when the Maid told him, *that was it you drank Sir*; at which he cry'd out *I am poyson'd*; *I am poyson'd*; and sent for his Confessor, to whom he related his intended Design of poysoning his Wife, which he was now heartily sorry for, and in two hours fell into Violent Convulsions, and dyed in great Torment. *Cleandra* continued in a most sad and deplorable Condition, and was afterwards remov'd to the *Lazaretto*, where she dyed in Misery and Ignominy.

Thus we see vicious Lives end in infamous Deaths, and the subtle Dr. Parmel at last deceiv'd himself; and was overtaken by a Punishment as just as unexpected. The lustful Makenti, and the fair but unchaste Cleandra receive their Torment by the poysonous Sting of those Pleasures they so Lasciviously and Adulterously delighted in.

HIST. V.

Bertolin and Aurella.

Monsieur Bertolin commits Adultery with Aurella, Monsieur Chapee's Wife, his intimate Friend ; upon the Discovery whereof she stabs her self. Monsieur Chapee in Revenge cheats Orinta, in the disguise of Bertolin her Husband, and lyes with her ; Bertolin surprizes them in Bed, mortally Wounds Orinta, and is then kill'd by Chapee, who is apprehended and Executed for the Murther and Adultery.

IN the Reign of that *August* and noble Prince, Henry the 4th King of France, the Marquess of Conti was made Governour of Orleans, in whose Family Monsieur Bertolin and Monsieur Chapee, two young Gentlemen of Noble Birth, and related to the Marquess and his Lady, receiv'd their Education and first Instructions in Arms and Military Discipline : the equality of their Age and Fortunes with their constant Society, rendered them by degrees most intimate and familiar Friends ; and if their outward Shape and Features could add any thing to the inward Harmony of their Affections ; never were two Persons more alike, they appear'd the same, distinguish'd only by the different Appellations of Bertolin and Chapee. But as the figure of their Bodies so nearly resembled each other, so their Temper of Mind was as much unlike, Bertolin was proud and haughty, of a Courage that rather fear'd no Evil than lov'd what's Good, Chapee was modest and humble lov'd Goodness for it's own native Beauty, and thought nothing so base and degenerate in a Gentleman as Sin and Wickedness At this time dyed Monsieur le Farin great Uncle to the Marquess, and left his Estate to Aurella a young Lady and his Neece, the Care of whose Person and Fortune he committed to the Marquess of Conti and his Lady, under whose prudent Government, she receiv'd all the accomplishments of a Religious and Vertuous Lady.

The

The constant Conversation of *Bertolin* and *Chapee* with *Aurella*, and the consideration of her Fortune, which was very great, soon fired their Hearts with the Flames of Love and Affection towards her. The modesty of *Aurella*, her excellent Beauty and sweetness of Temper, were Charms able to warm the most frozen Breast, with zeal to her Person and admiration of her Vertue. These two Rivals made their Courtship to *Aurella* in Smiles and Glances, and all those little Services which might render them grateful to her, in which *Bertolin* and *Chapee* endeavoured to outdoe each other, but still with that Respect and Friendship, that no Clouds of Jealousie appear'd by any outward expressions of Disrespect. They us'd often to Hunt together, and one Morning, *Chapee* sent his Servant to *Bertolin* to acquaint him, he was going abroad a Hunting and desir'd his Company : *Bertolin* return'd his Thanks, and told him he was yet in Bed, but would rise and follow after ; who did so, but when he came into the Field, as he soon found the rest of the Company so he mist *Chapee*, and inquiring where he was, they answer'd, he came out with them, but the Dogs making a default by yonder Copse he ridin, and since they had nor seen him. *Bertolin* after four hours stay, (*Chapee* not yet coming, and the Sport growing cold) return'd home where he expected to have met him, but the Groom told him he went abroad in the Morning, with the Dogs and had not been at home since, whereupon he went to *Aurella*'s Chamber, where her Maid answered she was gone out in the Coach alone upon a Visit to *Pontaret*. The Weather being hot and *Bertolin* weary with his Mornings Exercise, he went to his Chamber, where after a turn or two, he lay down and drew the Curtains : a quarter of an hour after *Chapee*, and *Aurella* coming by his Chamber (the same Stairs leading to her Apartment) saw the door open and no Body there ; and supposing *Bertolin* was yet in the Field walked in ; but no sooner had they begun to express the

the constancy and sincerity of their Affection to each other, but they saw the Marquess coming cross the Court with intent as they suspected to visit *Aurella*, upon which *Chapee*, hastily asked if he should not that night be happy in her arms? *Yes my dear*, said *Aurella*, *come between eleven and twelve, when my Maid is gone to her Chamber, and give three scratches upon the Door with your hand, let that be the signal and I will open it and let you in*. The Marquess was now coming up the stairs, and *Chapee* and *Aurella* being unwilling he should see them together immediately parted.

Bertolin overheard this discourse, and presently suspected *Chapee* had dealt deceitfully with him by inviting him abroad to Hunt, that he might alone enjoy the beautiful *Aurella*, which he had reason to believe from the freedom of their late Discourse, and that *Chapee* so soon left the Field, and when he came back found *Aurella* was gone out, who had no doubt made an Assignment to meet him, of which this was the Result that *Chapee* should that night be admitted to *Aurella*'s Bed, to which promise his own Ears were Witnesses. *Bertolin* who ever had a most passionate Love for *Aurella*, and always believed her of unspotted Reputation and unquestionable Vertue; now began to exclaim against all her false and counterfeit pretensions to Modesty; call'd her all the names of a Whore and Strumpet which did not so much trouble him that she was dishonest, of which he now made no question, but that he himself was not her happy Paramour, and to see *Chapee* prefer'd to those Pleasures to which his own Merit and Abilities gave him equal claim, was an affront he scorn'd to bear. However since he had a Revenge so sweet in his own power, he resolv'd to prosecute it, and supplant *Chapee* of those Delights *Aurella* had promis'd with more Lust in her than Desert in him; And having the Signal which would gain him admittance at the hour appointed, he concluded to make use of it to his own Advantage. Night being come and Supper

ended

ended, *Aurella* retir'd to her Chamber, and *Bertolin* endeavour'd to engage *Chapee* in Company with some Gentlemen of their Acquaintance at Cards, whilst he attended the lucky hour; which he did with so much Artifice, excusing himself that he was very ill of a pain in his Head, and desir'd to withdraw to his Chamber, that *Chapee* was oblig'd in Civility to his Friends, to stay with them, though he intended not to forfeit *Aurella's* Promise by two strict an observance of the Rules of Friendship and good Manners. *Bertolin* went up to his Chamber and undrest, diligently waiting till he heard *Aurella's* Maid go out of her Chamber, and then in his Gown and Slippers went softly up, and scratched three times upon her Door, she presently rose and opened it; the Candle was gone for fear the light might give any occasion of Suspicion, and *Aurella* took *Bertolin* by the hand and led him to her Bed, gently whispering him not to speak for fear they should be over-heard by the Lady in the next Chamber.

Whilst *Bertolin* was revelling in stoln Delights, and rifling the richest Jewel in the whole Treasury of Love, *Chapee* came to the Door and scratch'd three times, according to *Aurella's* Directions, which *Bertolin* heard, but *Aurella's* Senses were all lost, and dissolv'd in Raptures of Bliss. *Chapee* for fear of being discovered, went discontentedly back to his Chamber, accusing the innocent *Aurella* of Treachery and Injustice, and cursing his unhappy Stars which first inclin'd him to Love and believe false and deceitful Women. In the morning early *Bertolin* stole from *Aurella's* arms, leaving her fast asleep and went to his own Chamber and so to Bed; his languishing Spirits coveted a Refreshment, and each weary Member a quiet Repose. *Aurella* according to her Custom hearing the Bell toll to Chappel, drest and went to Prayers, where she saw *Chapee* with a sad and dejected Countenance like one who had been all night under the severities of Penance, which she little suspected

spected had been true in the literal sense. Prayers being done, *Aurella* went up to her Chamber and *Chapee* followed, and upon the Stairs with a stern look told her, he thought his present Title to her Affections had been of more value with her than to be so slighted, and her promise more sacred to him than so easily violated. *Aurella* reply'd I am sorry my Dear, you did not reap the satisfaction you expected, I had thought our endearments had been mutual and our Happiness equal in our exalted Joys. The Marquess at that word call'd *Chapee*, which broke off the Discourse. *Aurella* went up to her Chamber very much dissatisfied with *Chapee's* Behaviour and Expressions, and he no less concern'd at her Reply wondering with himself, what could be the sense and meaning of it.

Bertolin was now risen, and according to his Custom went to walk in the Garden, where he found *Aurella* gathering Flowers and her Maid at a distance from her, upon which he addressed himself to her with this Compliment; *These Flowers Madam are happy to be gather'd by your fair Hands, but certainly much happier is that Man who shall crop the blushing Rose of your Virginity*; *Aurella* started at the Expression, and told him those were Flowers in Discourse, which she did not understand nor know how to answer. *Bertolin* proceeded, *is the memory of last nights Enjoyments so soon faded? Madam I assure you the relish of it is yet fresh in my Fancy, and my unwearied Imagination e'ry minute repeats those Pleasures with fresh Delights*; *Aurella* was strangely surpriz'd at his Discourse, and after a little pause told him, she had quite forgot all Riddles, and he that made them was best able to explain them. Whereupon Monsieur *Bertolin*, discovered the Secret, telling her how happily he had overheard their discourse, and the advantage he had made of it, and that if it was a Crime, he hoped that absolute Royalty of Love, which encouraged him to the Transgression would pardon the fault. *Aurella* heard him with Wonder and Astonishment, and with

a deep sigh answered, *Alas Monsieur ! Your mistaken suspicion of my Dishonesty, will prove your Unhappiness and my Ruine ! Our Loves were not unchast as you imagin'd, I was yesterday privately married at Pontaret to Monsieur Chapee, and the Signal I gave him to enter my Chamber, was to compleat our Religious Vows in innocent Embraces, you have for ever undon me, your Friend and your self ——— Ob, Ob, and with that swoon'd away, Bertolin call'd her Maid to assist him, by whose help they carried her to her Chamber, where she continued all day extreamly ill. Monsieur Chapee was presently acquainted with it, who came to know the reason ; to whom Aurella with showers of Tears related all the passages of the last nights Transactions adding in the close, since we are so unfortunate in our Love, Heaven pardon me, and comfort you ; I will rather choose to Sacrifice my Life to the Memory of my lost Honour, and dye a Martyr to my Vertue, than live with the Shame and Ignominy of a Strumpet, and at that word struck a Ponyard to her Heart of which she immediately dyed.*

Monsieur Bertolin, upon the first notice of Aurella's Tragical end, took Horse for Paris, where he continued some time, and then travell'd into Spain and Italy, and after three years return'd to Paris, where he settled and married Orinta, Monsieur Cardans eldest Daughter, a Lady who had ingross'd all the perfections of her Sex in her single self. Monsieur Chapee was for some time, distracted with that torment of Grief which now seem'd to over-whelm him, but after two years time recovered his Senses, and vow'd a severe Revenge, should only quit scores with so treacherous a Friend and degencrous an Enemy.

Monsieur Chapee, after several inquiries, at last heard Monsieur Bertolin was return'd to France and married at Paris, where he lived in great State and Splendour ; this refresh'd his Memory, with the heynousness of that injury he had formerly offer'd him, and the loss of so Vertuous a Wife who suffered upon his Account, which

which now whetted his anger to a sharp Revenge, and exacted from him the Justice of as rigorous Punishment. After several considerations in what proper method he should challenge a satisfaction, he resolv'd to Pistoll him as cowardly, as he had treacherously abus'd him; but this not so well consisting with the Honour and Gallantry of *Chapee*, to take a base and ignoble Revenge; upon second thoughts, he resolv'd to pay him in his own Coyn, and make his abuse to *Aurella*, the square of his Revenge on *Bertolin*, to this purpose, he went privately to *Paris*, where after he had learnt where *Bertolin* liv'd, he lodg'd himself hard by, and narrowly watch'd his going abroad, and at last by some Spyes he hir'd to that purpose understood that three days after he design'd to follow the Court to *St. Germans* where he intended to stay a Week, and leave his Lady *Orinta* at home. No sooner was *Bertolin* gone his Journey, but in the Evening late he came to his House, in the same Travelling Habit as *Bertolin* wore, which rendred him so like, that his very Servants receiv'd him as their Master; but for fear of any Discovery, he had brib'd *Orinta's* Woman with a Purse of Gold, in which were a hundred Pistolls, who was ready below to receive him, and conduct him to his Ladys Chamber, who was just gone to Bed. *Orinta* no sooner saw him, but believing him to be her Husband cry'd out, O Lord my Dear, I hope you have met with no misfortune, I did not expect you so soon; No said *Chapee* with a low voice, I forgot a Paper I must give to the Secretary of State, which was the occasion of my Return, I must go back to morrow early and therefore I'll make haste to Bed; upon which he undrest and stept into Bed, where no man had ever better Opportunity or Encouragement to the Sweet's of Revenge. than *Chapee* now had. About twelve, the real Monsieur *Bertolin* return'd, having accidentally met with some Friends 3 miles out of Town, who diverted his Journey for two or three days, upon promise they would bear him Company, if he would defer it till then, and spend

spend the day with them at Bowls, which he accepted of. *Bertolin* came hastily into his Chamber, without the least suspicion of finding a Gallant in Bed with his Wife, whom he no sooner saw, without distinguishing who he was, but he pass'd at his Wife with his Sword who lay next, and ran her deep into the left Breast: *Chapee* suddenly stept out of Bed, and catching his Sword which lay naked by, prevented *Bertolin's* Revenge upon himself, by running him through the Heart of which Wound he dropt down dead upon the place. The next morning *Orinta* dyed with great Pity and Lamentation for her unhappy end. Monsieur *Chapee* was presently apprehended, who voluntarily confess'd the Murther which he was forc't to in his own Defence; and the reason of his Adultery with *Orinta* (of which she was altogether innocent) that he might satisfy the Injuries he had receiv'd from Monsieur *Bertolin* in a proportionable Revenge, for which he was condemn'd to lose his Head before the *Bastile* in *Paris*, which two days after was executed accordingly.

He that cherishes one Sin because is it but one, entertains a Legion of Devils in the singular Number, which like the seeming Viper is big with a poisonous Offspring of numerous Enemies.

Thus Monsieur Bertolin, thought Lust but a weak Enemy which once admitted, soon ripen'd into three Murthers, two Adulteries, and his own shameful and fatal Execution.

HIST.

HIST. VI.

St. Quintin and Cloissa.

The Count of St. Quintin commits Adultery with Lovisa Countess of St. Denis, and kills her Husband in a Duell; whereupon he flies to Antwerp, and there debauches Cloissa, Wife to the Heer Van Zetken. The House being accidentally fir'd, Cloissa is supposed burnt in it, but is preserv'd by the Count. They live in Adultery, till he falling from his Horse, is drag'd dead to her Door; upon which she is discovered and dyes suddenly.

THE Count of St. Quintin, was a Cavalier eminently known in the Court of France, for his Intrigue with Madamoysele Lovisa; Wife to the Earl of St. Denis; The Count her Husband growing sensible of the Injury and Disgrace he received from St. Quintin, sent him a Challenge, upon which they met in an adjacent Field to *Fountain-bleau*, where St. Denis was mortally wounded, of which in six Weeks after he dyed. St. Quintin withdrew himself for some time, and when he heard of the Death of St. Denis, made his escape to *Antwerp*, chief Town in the Marquisate of the Empire, in the Dukedom of *Brabant*; his Lady and the rest of his Family follow'd after, where he continued till the Justice of Heaven punish'd his present and former Debaucheries by a Tragical and deserved Death.

At this time the *Heer Van Zetken* was Governour of *Antwerp*, to whom the Count of St. Quintin upon his first arrival made his Compliment, and was receiv'd by him with all the expressions of Respect and Kindness, due to a Gentleman of his Quality and Grandeur. The Count seeing himself daily oblig'd by the Civilities of the Governour, pay'd his acknowledgments to him in constant Visits, which by degrees rendred them most intimate and familiar Acquaintance. The generous Hospitality of the Governour, often invited St. Quintin to his House, and the courtly behaviour of the Earl made

made him a welcome and acceptable Guest. These frequent Interviews, gave him the opportunity of a free Converse with his Lady *Cloissa*, whose Beauty was alone able to subdue an Empire, and her Wit Command it. But alas *Cloissa's* Beauty was not adorn'd with Honesty, nor her Wit inspir'd with Grace. *St. Quintin* (whose Inclinations were always Amorous) soon discovered the imperfections of *Cloissa*, and how to attaque the Fort where it was least capable of resistance. To this end, he courted all opportunities of Address to her, in which he behav'd himself with that Artifice and Cunning, that his subtle Charms soon won *Cloissa's* Heart, and made her a Slave to his Lust, whose Honour and Chastity had they equall'd her Wit and Beauty, would have made her an Angel on Earth, and a Saint in Heaven.

The great Observance and profound Respects the Earl of *St. Quintin* constantly paid *Cloissa*, were diligently remarqu'd by Captain *Cassel*, a young Gentleman, and an Officer in the Town, who was deeply enamour'd with her Beauty, and promis'd himself that happy Conquest, which he now presum'd the Gallantry and courtship of the Count had rob'd him of; this made him resolute in his Revenge, which his Interest and Familiarity with the Governour in some Measure gave him an Opportunity to effect, which he endeavour'd in this manner. Being one day alone, with the Governour in his Closet, he took occasion to commend the Count for a most compleat Gentleman, adding that if he was as great a Soldier, as he was an accomplish'd Courtier, he believ'd his Valour and Conduct would render him no less successful in War, than he was now prosperous in all his Amorous Encounters, with the fairer Sex. *Say you so?* said the Governour, *is the Count of St. Quintin, so great an Artist in the affairs of Love?* *Yes my Lord,* said Captain *Cassel*, *and has Confidence enough to tempt a Nun, if once his Breast is warm'd with the heats of Passion and Desire. You would make me Jealous* said the Governour

Governour, did I not believe you are mistaken in your Character of him; I have oftentimes observ'd his familiar Freedom with my Wife, but never yet question'd his Honour or her Honesty. Heaven forbid, reply'd the Captain, no doubt but the fair Cloissa, is Vertuous too, Chast and Uncorrupt as the falling Snow or Virgin Fountain; but this once shed upon the Earth, is trod by every common Foot, and those Waters which were pure in their Original Bed, do often lodge in dirty Ditches, and by the dangerous Neighbourhood of Filth, at last incorporate with it, and become polluted Streams. I mean Sir the Devil tempted Eve, and she yielded to it. But though I believe the Count of St. Quintin dare be a Devil in his Temptation; yet I hope Cloissa will never be an Eve in her Compliance. This Discourse fir'd the Governours Breast with Jealousie and Suspicion, and to add more Fuel to the Flame, looking accidentally out of the Window, he saw the Count and Cloissa walking hand in hand in the Garden; But being at that instant acquainted that some of the principal Officers of the Town attended him in the Hall, he broke off the Discourse and went immediately down to them.

Two days after, the Count receiv'd this Letter from one of his Footmen which was deliver'd to him in the Streets by an unknown Person with Orders to carry it immediately to his Lord,

Cloissa to the Count of St. Quintin.

My Lord,

THe Jealousie of my Husband (notwithstanding our Care and Secrecy) begins to suspect my Friendship to you exceeds the Bounds of my Faith to him, and Honour to my self; for which reason, he hath severely checkt me, and confin'd me to my Chamber; But all his cruelty shall never divide my Heart from you, though at present he deny me the enjoyment of your Company, and those ravishing Pleasures I covet with equal Ardour. I suppose Captain Castell (whose Courtship I always entertain'd with a Frown, and slighted his want

of Merit with my constant Disrespect) is the sole cause of it, whose Insolence, your Prudence and Courage know best how to correct. Farewell my Dear Lord, and be as constant in your Love to me, as I am sincere in my Affection to you, which shall never Expire, but with the dying Breath of your
Cloissa.

The Count upon the Receipt of this Letter, was very much concern'd for the distress of *Cloissa*, but not knowing how to remedy it, at present conceal'd his Resentments; and least he should give further Suspicion of his Guilt to the Governour, by the discontinuance of his Visits, made them as frequent as before, still expressing his Respect to him, with the same serene Countenance and easie Freedom he us'd to do. He had now leisure to meditate a Revenge on Captain *Cassel*, but considering him as a particular Favourite of the Governours, he thought it not discretion to give him any publick Affront; but understanding he had an Intrigue with *Olivia* (the Daughter of one *Caldus* a Shoemaker, who was dead) and by fair promises had got her with Child, and now deserted her; he privately by *Bautrin* his Taylour, encourag'd her to complain to the Governour, which she did, and expos'd the Captain to the discourse of the Town, in his Name and Reputation, but without any advantage to her self. This so incens'd *Olivia*, who had the Courage of an Amazon and the Malice of a Woman, that she swore a Revenge, and *Bautrin* acquainted the Count with her Resolution, who order'd *Bautrin* to animate her in it, and tell her, that *Cassel* was a dastardly Captain, and if she sent him a Challenge in the name of some Friend of hers he would never dare to fight, but sign what Terms she offered. *Olivia* who was of a bold undaunted Spirit, approv'd his Advice, saying, if she had but Cloaths, Horse and Arms, she would immediately prosecute it; which *Bautrin* promised, and two days after furnished her with all Necessaries, that she wanted nothing now but an Opportunity

nity to engage her Enemy, and revenge her self on the faithless and treacherous Captain. *Olivia* being thus equipp'd by the directions of *Bautrin* sent Captain *Cassel* this Challenge by a private Footman in an unknown Livery.

For Captain Cassel.

THe Injury you have done poor *Olivia*, whose Innocence and Vertue you have basely betrayed, obliges me to demand satisfaction of you; as I am a Gentleman and a Soldier I am engaged by the honour of both, to relieve the distressed; for which and no other Reason, I expect you alone, at five to morrow morning on Horseback with Sword and Pistol, in the Field next the North-gate, without the Wall, where the Courage of my Heart and Justice of my Cause, shall make you as infamous in your Death, as you have been vicious in your Life
Polyntus.

The Captain receiv'd this Challenge with Wonder and Surprise, inquir'd of the Footman who his Master was, but he being instructed to the contrary, told him he had no Orders to resolve any Questions, but return with his Answer; which the Captain with some trouble and disorder told him he should have, and bid him acquaint his Master, he would not fail to meet him upon the Word of a Gentleman and Reputation of a Soldier, at the time and place appointed. These Champions met accordingly, and the Female Warriour without any Compliment discharg'd a Pistol, which wounded the Captain in the left Shoulder, upon which he immediately desir'd a Parley, and promis'd the present payment of a hundred Pistols, to compose the Quarrel, which *Olivia* accepted of, and an hour after received them at his Quarters, and then discovered her self: For the bravery of this Action, *Olivia* was highly commended of all, and the Captain so scor'd and flouted that he immediately quitted his Command and retir'd into the Country to a private Life.

The Count made very good advantage of Captain *Cassels* Disgrace, and so well improv'd it, that the Governour reflecting on the Debauchery of the Captain, which was so notoriously apparent, began to think the Count innocent of his Aspersions, and *Cloissa* truly Vertuous; upon which he soon after took off her restraint, but still watch'd her Behaviour with an observing Eye. This the Count was sensible of, which made them both so cautious to prevent new Fears and Jealousies in the Husband, that they never durst exchange a Smile or one Amorous Glance but by stealth, and all their present Delights, were but the empty effects of exalted imagination.

A Month after, the Governour appointed a Mask and invited the Count, his principal Officers and several Gentlemen of the Town, who all came in Masquerading Habits; The Count had notice of it a Week before, and withal from *Cloissa* that her Husband had strictly charg'd her to keep her Chamber that night, for he did not think it proper she should appear, since he had only design'd the Entertainment for Gentlemen, nor was there any of her Sex to be admitted; This was a great affliction to *Cloissa* who had some hopes by the advantage, of her Disguise, to have had a more private Converse with the Count, which she saw her self now wholly debarr'd from. The Count having considered the Circumstances of time and place, communicated his design to an intimate Acquaintance, and desir'd him to be there dress'd in the same Habit exactly with himself, but to stand in a Corner where he might not be taken notice of, with a Cloak on, and not to appear till he gave him his Q. to enter. After two hours Diversion, they were all conducted into the Dining-Room where they had a noble and splendid Entertainment, and pulling off their Masks, paid their mutual Respects to one another. The collation being over they return'd to the Hall, and the Count withdrew to his Friend, where he put on his Cloak, and sent him into the Hall to Masquerade his

his Person, who was so like him in the Proportion of his Body, Stature and Habit, that the most critical Eye, could not distinguish him. The Count was immediately conducted to *Cloissa's* Apartment by *Lydia* her Woman, where the Lovers feasted their longing desires in the unbounded Joys of their Adulterous and Lascivious Passions.

In the midst of their Pleasures above, the Footmen and Servants were Revelling in Drunkenness below; whereby their Carelessness and Neglect of their Flambeaux, the Room was fir'd, which burnt so furiously that in an instant, *Cloissa's* Chamber which was overhead, was in a bright Flame before they were sensible of it. The Gentlemen in the Hall were strangely surprized with the lowd Outcryes of Fire, and as little able to assist in the extinguishing the Flames, as their drunken Servants; but each made hast away to preserve him self. The Count and *Cloissa* by the Care and Diligence of *Lydia*, had more early notice of the Danger and almost choak'd with the Smoak, with great difficulty got down the back Stairs; and thus they all three sav'd themselves from the rage of the devouring Flames. No sooner were they got safe into the Court, but the Roof fell down, and the Count spreading his Cloak over *Cloissa* (who was in her Night Gown) carried her to his Coach, and with her and *Lydia* went to his Friends Lodgings, who had personated him in the Hall, who presently came in, in great Horror and Affright, believing the Count (who he knew was in *Cloissa's* Chamber) had been burnt with her, for the Report at the House, was, that *Cloissa* and her Maid had both suffer'd in the Flames.

The next day, the Count disposed *Cloissa* and *Lydia*, to a private Lodging three miles off in the Country where he made his constant Visits to her, and without controul indulg'd himself in her lustful Arms, and the dissolute Pleasures of her Adulterous Bed. The Governor her Husband sadly lamented her Loss and continu-

ed in close Mourning for her a Twelvemonth after; which she often had the pleasure to see and smile at, as often as she met him in the Streets, where she never appear'd in her Coach, but with her Mask on. Thus they continued for two years, riotous in their Pleasures, only then most happy, when in their close Embraces they were most luxuriously wicked; till at last the Countess was privately acquainted with the Amours of her Husband; which he had so secretly manag'd that the Lady was yet undiscover'd. It happened one day that the Count being ready to go abroad to make his customary Visits to his Mistress, the Countess earnestly intreated him to stay within, adding she was not ignorant of his secret Pleasures, which she with more Passion than Prudence charg'd him withal. The Count highly irrag'd, told her he should not forget her Insolence; nor should her Prayers or Tears prevail with him, though all the Devils in Hell oppos'd him in the way; at which he clapt Spurs, to his Horse and rid on with full speed: But had not gone above two miles, before his Horse threw him, and (his Foot hanging in the Stirrup) dragg'd him along the Road, till he had beat out his Brains; and coming to *Cloissa's* Lodgings, stopt at the door, who soon saw the wretched and deplorable end of her Unhappy and Adulterous Lover.

The Countess had presently notice of the miserable Death of her Husband, and in her Coach went directly to *Cloissa's* Lodgings (where his mangled Body lay) and here saw the most rueful Sight that ever Eyes beheld. After she had in some measure discharg'd her Grief in showers of Tears and lamentable Exclamations, she sent for the Officers, and desir'd, that the Strumpet who had been the sole cause of this Misfortune, might be apprehended and carried before the Governour, whose Justice she hop'd, would punish her according to the Quality of the Crime and her own Demerits. *Cloissa* and *Lydia*, were presently seiz'd and carried before the Governour where the Countess spar'd no Aggravations,

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her Passion prompted her to, or the Circumstances of the thing admitted of. The Governour with an attentive Ear, heard this dismal Relation, and express'd his Sorrow for the loss of so worthy a Gentleman and intimate Friend as the Count was and then ordered the accus'd Lady to make her defence, and withal, bid her and her Maid put up their Hoods and discover their Faces; which they delaying to do, the Officers pulled them off, when the Governour at first sight, knew her to be his Wife, and with surprize and wonder cryed out, *It is my Wife, It is my Wife*; at which words she drop'd down in a Swoond from which she never recover'd. *Lydia* to the great Astonishment of the Governour and the numerous crowd of Spectators, gave a full Relation of all these Passages, which she had been privy to; whereupon she was committed to Prison, and a Week after condemn'd to be publickly whipt in the Market Place of *Antwerp*, and for ever banished the City.

He that goes on in a constant Course of Sin, runs on the Devils Errand, and like St. Quintin, rides Post to his own Execution: whilst the guilty Cloissa, conscious of her Shame, dyes suddenly under the horror of her own Crimes, to prevent a more ignominious Punishment.

HIST. VII.

Rigidoro and his two Sons.

Carollo, steals Corinna his Sister unknown, from the Nunnery of St. Bridget and lives in Incest with her; for which he is condemn'd to loose his Head, and she burnt. Erasto marries Favonia a common Strumpet, Rigidoro disinherits him. He Murders his Father and flies, is afterwards taken by the Turks; commits Adultery with Adulla his Patron's Wife, whereupon she is strangled, and he dead alive. Favonia dyes miserably in the Burdello of the foul Disease.

IN the Popedom of *Pius Quintus*, Seignior Rigidoro a young extravagant Gentleman lived at *Rome*, who

who according to the modish Gallantries of the Age, was a very compleat and fashionable Sinner, and familiarly acquainted with *Emilia* a young Lady, by whom he had one Daughter nam'd *Corinna*; who (to prevent the Shame, and conceal the Lewdness of her Parents) was privately educated; and as soon as her Age had qualified her for the Vows of a Religious Life dispos'd to the Nunnery of *St. Bridget*. Presently after the Birth of *Corinna*, *Rigido* married *Mariana* the only daughter of *Seignior Placento* a Goldsmith; whose plentiful Fortune was above the Quality of her Family, and by her had two Sons *Carollo* and *Erafo*, and one Daughter. *Carollo* the eldest was no sooner arriv'd to those years which ought to have intitled him as discreet as manly; but he was eminently known through the whole City for the debaucheries of his Life and Conversation, which rendred him no less acceptable to the lewd and vitious, than he was abhorr'd and detested by all vertuous and sober Men. As he went one day with some Gentlemen to see the Nunnery of *St. Bridget*, where one of his Friends had a Sister lately entered, he had the Fortune to see a young Gentlewoman, whose Beauty suddenly inflam'd his Heart, with the wanton desires of Love; which he cherish'd, though but with slender hopes of accomplishing his Design, and reaping that satisfaction he so earnestly coveted; after he had inquired who she was he understood her name was *Corinna*, but her parents unknown. *Corinna* was no less enamour'd of *Carollo* and growing weary of the smart and severe Discipline she was confin'd to, resolv'd to embrace the first Opportunity to discharge her self of those sacred Fetters which rendred *Carollo's* Courtship more easie and successful. Not to relate all the Intrigues of their Love which were many, dark and mysterious, to prevent the suspicion of the Lady-Abbes and the Holy-Sisters her Companions; *Carollo* in two months time gain'd her Heart, upon the promise of Marriage, and a Dispensation from the Pope, and at last by his Assistance, she made her Escape.

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Corinna was lodged at Monsieur *Torquato's* House, his particular Friend, where her Name and all the Circumstances of her Quality, were so well disguis'd that nothing appear'd but what was just and honourable: And here he first gained the Enjoyment of his unlawful Pleasures under the umbrage and promise of future Matrimony, which he religiously swore to, and she credulously believed. *Carollo* having now satiated his Lust, began to make his Visits more seldom, and was soon cloy'd with the Repetition of such unchast Delights. In the Interim, whilst they banqueted their Senses in the fruition of sacrilegious Pleasures, *Corinna* was discovered by the search made after her, and apprehended one night in the embraces of her lascivious Paramour, who was seiz'd by the same Officers, and both imprison'd till the Pope and the Conclave of Cardinals, were acquainted with the Fact. *Rigidoro* was not long a stranger to the Misfortune of his Son, but when he understood the Ladies Name was *Corinna*, his Daughter, and *Carollo's* Sister; he was so incens'd, that nothing could reconcile him, but resolv'd he himself would rather be the Prosecutor, than *Carollo* should not be punish'd according to his demerits. This present Fury of *Rigidoro*, was soon allay'd by his Natural Affection to his Son and Daughter, but his Passion and Indiscretion, had so far transported him; that in the extremities of his Rage, he discovered the nearness of their Relation: which the Pope and Conclave being acquainted with, all Intercession for his and *Corinna's* Life, was ineffectual though *Rigidoro* offer'd a very considerable sum, and six days after *Carollo* was condemn'd to lose his Head for violating the Nunnery in stealing *Corinna* and then committing Incest with her. *Corinna's* Crime was no less heinous and her punishment as just and severe; she was first sentenced to be Immur'd, and so starv'd to Death between two Walls, which Judgment the Court was afterwards pleas'd at the Prayers of her Father, to change into a speedier Death, and ordered that 3 days after

after in her Nun's Habit. She should be burnt near *Trajan's Pillar*, which was accordingly executed upon her.

Rigidoro was very much afflicted, at the Tragical and Unfortunate End of *Carollo* and *Corinna* but time at last dried up his Tears; and the hopes he had of being happy in *Erasmo* and his Sister, abated his Sorrows and gave some Refreshment to his distressed Mind: But alas? we too often flatter our selves, with the expectations of Happiness here, from that very Subject, which proves the only occasion of our Trouble and Misery. *Erasmo* was as vitious and debauch'd as *Carollo* had been, and no less incontinent, though more private in his Sins, which at last were punish'd by a cruel and ignominious Death. Amongst the variety of lewd Women whose Company and acquaintance were his only Pleasure and Delight. *Favonia* was one, a common Strumpet and as notoriously infamous as any of her Profession, who considering the great Estate *Erasmo* would be Master of upon the Death of his Father, resolv'd to make the best advantage of him, and by counterfeiting a Religious Sorrow and Penitence for the miscarriages of her former Life, to gain him for her Husband or else absolutely refuse him those enjoyments he so passionately longed for. *Erasmo* attempted her with noble Presents and richer Promises if she would consent to his Desires; which she slighted with scorn and contempt, telling him that all the Glories of *Rome* laid at her Feet should never prevail upon her fix'd Resolution to Honour and Vertue; and that as her more youthful days had been prodigally spent in the Pleasures of Sin and Wickedness, so now her riper Age and the whole remainder of her Life, should be intirely dedicated to Vertue and Goodness. *Erasmo* pursued her with all the Temptations his Suit and Fancy could invent, but still in vain; whereupon he at last consented to marry her, which was privately solemnized by Father *Jacomo* the Priest, to the great Satisfaction of *Favonia*, and the utter Ruin of

of *Eraſto*. Two months this Marriage was conceal'd from *Rigidoro*, but he at laſt was acquainted with it, and charged *Eraſto* with the Truth of what he had heard; that he had married *Favonia* the moſt impudent Courtezan in all *Rome*: *Eraſto* acknowledged that he was married, and without his advice or conſent, for which he humbly begg'd his Pardon; that the Perſon he had married, was call'd *Favonia*, but chaſt and vertuous as the moſt modeſt Nun; and however her Reputation had been formely ſtain'd, ſhe had waſht out thoſe Spots with Tears and Repentance: and though poſſibly ſhe had been looſe and diſſolute in her Virgin State, ſhe was now a moſt loving Chaſt and Vertuous Wife. *Rigidoro* was ſo highly provok'd to hear his Son vindicate *Favonia's* Fame, and juſtifie his own Errour, that he immediately turn'd him out of Doors, and diſinherited him, telling him with a deep Oath he would rather give his whole Eſtate to the *Lazaretto*, than relieve his utmoſt Diſtreſſes, with the leaſt expreſſion of common Charity or Kindneſs.

Eraſto acquainted *Favonia* with *Rigidoro's* Cruelty, ſaying if he continued his ſeverity toward him he cancell'd all his Obligations of Duty and Reſpect to him, by his barbarous and inhumane Uſage; and that he would Study a Revenge which ſhould make him as miſerable as himſelf. And being now reduc'd to great Poverty and Want, and finding his Father inexorable, notwithstanding he endeavour'd a Reconciliation by a moſt profound Submiſſion to him, owning his Fault and begging his Pardon for his Offence; reſolv'd, with his own hand to Murder him in the Street, rather than ſee him live in a plentiful and prosperous Eſtate, whiſt he ſtarv'd for want of Bread. Thus the Devil encourag'd him to the moſt villanous Sin of *Parricide* without any proſpect of Happineſs to himſelf, but as he gratified preſent Revenge by deſtroying that Life, from whence he had receiv'd his own, and ſince to live miſerably is the moſt grievous puniſhment of Life; he reſolv'd a

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violent Death should make his Father as unhappy as he was wretched. To this end he watch'd frequently in the dark of the Evening over against *Rigidoro's* House, and seeing him come forth without any Attendance, followed him, and suddenly ran his Rapier in at his Back quite through his Body, upon which *Rigidoro* fell to the Ground Dead, and *Erasfo* made his Escape. Presently after the Body was found, and within three days decently buried, great search was made for the Murtherers; but no Person discovered on whom they could fix the Guilt. *Erasfo*, who was constantly haunted with the Terrors of an evil Conscience, and the dread of that Punishment he had so justly deserv'd, fled aboard one of the Popes Galleys which was bound for *Sicily*, and was afterwards taken by two *Turks* Men of War belonging to *Tunis*, and all the Seamen and Passengers, who surviv'd the Fight (which was very bloody) either made Slaves aboard their own Vessels, or dispos'd to Land-Servitude, amongst whom *Erasfo* was sold ashore, to *Barbarossa* a Person of principal Note and Command in *Tunis*.

Erasfo had now leisure to reflect on the vitious and wicked Courses of his former Life, and particularly on the bloody and inhumane Murther of his Father, which he now saw in some measure punish'd by the Miseries of his present Condition; which wrought Complaint & Sorrow for the Evils he now suffer'd under, rather than a true and sincere Penitence for his notorious Offences. But though *Barbarossa* his Patron was severe and cruel, *Adulla* his Wife was more kind to him, and often when her Husband was abroad, brought him Victuals into the Garden where he work'd, above what was allow'd him, or the other Slaves had, which *Erasfo* interpreted as a particular Respect and Love to his Person, which made her so charitable and bountiful to him, and hop'd to improve, to a more considerable Advantage. The other Slaves grumbled at *Adulla's* Kindness to *Erasfo*, and acquainted *Barbarossa* with it, who presently enter-
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tain'd jealous thoughts of his Wife, and us'd *Erasfo* with the greater Severity, which *Adulla* being sensible of, redoubled her Kindness, and upon the first Opportunity exprest her more particular Love to him, which *Erasfo* readily Embrac'd, promising that no Torments should ever extort a Confession from him, of those obliging Favours he receiv'd. Their Amorous entertainments had been many and frequent, which *Barbarossa* was not altogether ignorant of; but willing that their Crime should be as apparent as he intended their Punishment, dissembled his Anger; and one day pretending to go abroad, conceal'd himself in the House, till he had notice by one of the Slaves (who was a Spy over all their Actions) that *Adulla* was retir'd to her Chamber, and had sent for *Erasfo*, who was gone in to her; upon which he followed up, and surprized them in the very Act. The next day *Erasfo* and *Adulla* were carried in Chains before the *Divan*, and there accus'd by *Barbarossa* of Adultery, which was so undeniably prov'd against them that *Erasfo* was condemn'd to be flead alive, and *Adulla* delivered to her Husband to be punished as he thought convenient, who immediately ordered two of his Slaves to strangle her. Thus dyed *Erasfo* miserably at *Tanis* whilst *Favonia* return'd to her old profession at *Rome*, and liv'd in all the lewdness and debauchery of a common Strumpet, till at last she was infected with the foul Disease, and died with Shame and Ignominy in the *Burdello's*.

Fornication, Incest, and Adultery, are three Furies with Virgins Faces, but their shining Locks are plated Serpents; like Syrens they sing Melodiously, till they have charm'd us into Misery; and made us more ugly in our Natures, than the Companions of Ulysses in their Shapes, transformed into Swine.

HIST. VIII.

The Dutcheſs of Ulme.

Anne of Werdenberg is carried away by the Lord of Zeringen; reſcued by Captain Conrade, and afterwards married to the Duke of Ulme: ſhe falls in Love with Philip (Conrade's Brother) by miſtake, ſeeks to poiſon him, and is diſcovered; afterwards runs away with the Lord of Zeringen, and lives in Adultery with him. He is ſlain and ſhe taken Priſoner and ſhut up in a Dungeon. Conrade by the means of his Brother Philip, her Keeper, lyes with her, they are ſurprized by the Duke, Conrade kills the Duke, and himſelf and the Dutcheſs are ſlain by his Guard.

IN that part of Germany which is called *Suevia*, liv'd once a Prince whoſe Name was *Rodolph*, of the Family of *Schwalen*, intituled Duke of *Ulme*, an imperial City in thoſe Parts founded at firſt by *Charles* the Great; this *Rodolph* after the Death of his Father ſucceeded in his Principality at thirty years of Age, and being as yet unmarried reſolv'd to make his own choice, & contrary to the mind of moſt Princes, to have a greater Reſpect to Love than Intereſt or Reaſon of State: whereupon he declin'd all thoſe offers made to him in his Fathers Life time that he might have the liberty of his own Election, and pleaſe his Fancy in one from whom he might aſſure himſelf of reciprocal Love and Affection. The curious *Rodolph* had ſeen all the Ladies of Quality thoſe Countreys afforded without being charm'd by any of them, till at laſt, hearing of the celebrated Wit and ſam'd Beauty of *Ann* the Daughter of the Earl of *Werdenberg*, a Town in the Province of *Suevia*, he rode

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over to the Earl's Caſtle, with a handſome Equipage, where he ſoon found Report had not been too laſh in her praiſe: The Angelical form of this Lady at firſt ſight Conquer'd *Rodolph's* Heart, but when he diſcover'd the acuteness of her Wit, and Ingenuity of mind, he ſoon concluded her the Paragon of her Sex. But alais! he could not penetrate her Soul, nor behold the Vice which lay conceal'd under ſo fair an Outſide; wi h all theſe Accompliſhments ſhe was ſickle and Inconſtant; Sullen and Revengeful, and what is yet worſe, of an Incontinent and Luſtful Temper; but the Duke ſaw none of theſe deformities, the luſtre of her Eyes, and the bright Glories of her Beauteous Form had dazled his, upon which he acquainted the Earl with his pretenſions to this Young Lady, who knowing the Worth of the Duke, readily embraced ſo fair an Offer for the Advancement of his Daughter, and the Alliance with ſo Potent a Prince, by whole Power and Aſſiſtance he ſhould be able to oppoſe himſelf to ſome Enemies he had of the Houſe of *Habsburgh*, who were now in Arms againſt him. *Rodolph* made his Court to the Lady *Aine*, whom he found very reſerv'd and ſhie, who entertained him Civilly, but without any ſign of Love and Affection; ſo that he ſoon perceiv'd it muſt be a long and formal Siege could take her in, and accompliſh his Deſires.

At this time there was a great Conteſt between the Earl of *Werienberg* (the Father of this Lady) and *Birbold* Lord of (*Zeringen*, of the Family of *Habsburg*) about certain Lands; which difference was grown ſo great, that they had both appear'd in Arms, and the Lord of *Zeringen*, by the powerful Aid of his Friends, gotten much the better of it. This young Lord was not above the Age of Five and Twenty, and poſſeſs of a fair Eſtate; who, tho' he was at difference with the Father, was in friendſhip with the Daughter, and having once upon the Road ſurpriz'd her, and made

her Prisoner for some Hours, was suddenly Captivated with the Excellence of her Wit and Beauty, and not only releas'd her, but discovered his Passion to her, begging that She might be the only Reward of his Conquests, and all their Hostile Disputes amicably reconciled in the happy Conjunction of their Persons, by the Sacred Bonds of Marriage. Not long after, *Birtbold*, by his Friends, made Overtures of Peace to the Earl, and propos'd a Match between himself and the Lady *Anne*, and that the Lands in question should be Assigned over as part of her Dowry. But the Earl diverted this Design by his unreasonable demands, which *Birtbold* in Honour could not comply withall. However *Birtbold* made secret Court to the Lady, and at last obtained the Favour of a private meeting with his Mistress, and notwithstanding the Obstinacy of the Father, came to Terms with the Daughter, and unknown to the Earl, they were Contracted, making sure of each other, before the Ceremonies of the Church had confirm'd their Vows.

But the Duke by renewing his Suit, interrupted the secret Converse of the Lovers which tho' he knew not of, yet fearing the propositions of Peace made by his Rival *Birtbold*, should take Effect, offer'd the Earl a supply of five hundred men, which he accept'd, and by this powerful Assistance regained the greatest part of those Lands *Birtbold* had made himself Master of. This so far enraged *Birtbold* (his Affairs growing every day into a worse Condition, and fearing the loss of his Mistress, with whom he had frequent meetings in disguise) that he earnestly solicited her to make her flight with him, which she as often refus'd with a Complement, That she hop'd the Valour and good Fortune of her Lover would at last compel her Father to Consent; which he seeing no probability of, resolv'd by Stratagem to carry her off. To this end he engaged her Maid *Marianna* by rich Presents, to tempt her abroad

abroad the next Day to take the Air; and then conduct her to a remote place (at an appointed Hour) in the Park adjoining to the Castle, where they no sooner arriv'd, but they were surpris'd by some Horsemen in Ambush, and notwithstanding their Shrieks and Outcries, were forcibly carried out of the Park to his Coach, where he in Person attended.

This Violence extremely troubled the Lady, who (tho' *Birbold* threw himself at her Feet; and begg'd Pardon for so great a rudeness, yet) being of an haughty Temper, and proud Spirit, resolv'd to chastise him severely for it. *Birbold* endeavour'd to pacifie her with all the most humble submissions he could make; and with smooth and passionate Language, allay the Storm he had rais'd, but all his Rhetorick was in vain; when considering this was no place for a long Parle, and the present posture of his Affairs requiring his presence, he committed her to the Care and Fidelity of his Kinsman, to carry her a private way to his Castle, whilst he return'd to his Soldierts, who were now ready to mutiny in his Absence: *Birbold* having appeas'd his Army, committed the Conduct of it to *Braganti*, his Lieutenant General, and posted away cross the Country to make a Visit to his Mistress; but on the way he met his Kinsman wounded, who presently recounted to him the sad disaster he had met with. That his Mistress was forc'd from him by a Troop of Horse, they had met withal on the way; who upon the Ladies Shrecks and Cries, rescued her from them, notwithstanding all the Resistance they could make; in which Conflict himself was wounded and severall of his Men killed. This News afflicted him beyond measure; but seeing no Remedy, he return'd to his Camp, full of Grief and Vexation.

The Rape of the Lady *Ann* being made known to the Duke, and the Earl her Father, they were extremely troubled at it, and immediately caus'd the

Ravishers to be pursued by some of his Troops, who after three days Search, understood she was brought back to the Castle by one Captain *Conrade*; upon which they made a speedy Return. The Earl was exceeding Joyful at the Recovery of his Daughter, and understanding by her, That Captain *Conrade* (whom they accidentally met, marching with his Troop for the Emperour's Service in *Hungary*) had delivered her, and safely brought her home, was returned to his Troop, without his Thanks or Reward; according to his Noble Disposition, sent to invite him to his Castle, that he might make some Acknowledgments for the great Service they had done him, and least they should not prevail with him, caused the Lady *Anne* to send him a fair Diamond Ring to wear for her sake, and he himself sent him the best Horse in his Stable, with Furniture richly Embroyder'd. But they needed not thus to have presented *Conrade*, for this Young Lady had already given him her Heart, from whom she parted with much regret.

The late Affront of the Lord of *Zeringen*, and the Generous Gallantry of *Conrade*, had now planted her fickle and wandring Heart in the Captain's Breast, whom she expected with impatience. But *Conrade* Excused himself by a Gentleman, That he was upon Duty, and in all hast going to the place of Rendezvous, return'd his Thanks to the Earl for the Civility offer'd him, and the Noble Presents he had receiv'd, with his Service and humble Respects to the Lady, Assuring her he would wear the Ring the longest Day of his Life, which should be devoted to her Service.

The Young Lady was very much discontented when she saw the Captain did not return, as she had Flatter'd her self he would, her troubled Breast was wreck'd with Hopes and Fears, and great was the Conflict between Love and Honour. The handsome Proportion, sweet Countenance, Genteel Behaviour, Courty Speech-

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es, and the Noble Courage of *Conrade*, oblig'd her to think him the most compleat Gentleman she had ever seen; but the Pride that attends on Great Persons, and often deters them from falling meanly under their Passions, began to settle hers, and calm the ruffles of her Mind into a serene and tranquil Temper. But the Contest was again renewed, and Love gain'd the Victory: whereupon she writ this following Letter, which she return'd by his Messenger, unknown to any but her Confident *Mariana*.

To my Deliverer, Captain *Conrade*:

THE Service you have done me does Challenge a far greater Acknowledgment than lyes in my Power to give you, and I hope will Excuse me if I say something to you Kind and Extravagant. I have no other way to requite your Civilities but to tell you what Power they have over a Soul so sensible as mine is, and it is your own fault that you have not more Acceptable Proofs of my Love and Affection to you. Since you are going to the Wars, perhaps I may never be put to the blush by seeing you again; but pray remember as you have set my Body free, you have made my Heart your Captive, whilst I am

Anne of Werdenberg.

The Captain having received this Letter, admired the Ladies Kindness and Gratitude to him, the unexpected Encouragement to obtain her Love, advanc'd his hopes of Success, and he resolv'd to leave his Troop to Court her; but considering the great disparity between their Fortunes and Qualities, and the difficulty of gaining a Lady not at her own disposal, he presently returned this Letter by the same Messenger.

To my Conquerour, the Fair Lady Anne.

I Acknowledge Madam that you are my Conquerour, and I am your Slave, but I hope never to be Ransom'd or Exchanged, but to wear out my Life in so grateful a Bondage. The sense of my own humble Condition forbids me to lift up my Eyes to my Adored Mistress, unless raised above my own pitch by the purchase of Honour, which I will seek with the hazard of my Life, That my Head may be encompassed with Laurels to preserve me from being blasted by the Angry Lightning of your Eyes, for my Confidence and Presumption. Madam I humbly beg Pardon for your Affectionate Slave

Conrade.

The Lady receiv'd this Letter, and read it a thousand times, fancied new Charms and fresh pleasures in every line; sometimes she would call him Cruel and Ungrateful, and then Excusing him, would blame her self, and resolve to be Constant to his Love. *Mariana* seeing her Extravagancy pityed her very much, and tryed all ways to divert her, and renew her Old Flame for *Biribold*, but in vain. She was so incensed against him for his late rude behaviour, that the Pride of her Mind, but more the Love of *Conrade*, excluded all hopes of Reconciliation.

In the mean time the Lord *Biribold* was very much distressed by his Enemies, and though he was much troubled for the Loss of his Land, he was more afflicted for that of his Mistress, the first he had hopes to recover, but the other he feared was lost for ever. He wrote to her, sent Messengers, but could obtain no Answer, but from *Mariana*, who gave him more reason to despair than hope of success. In the Interim the Duke and the Earl her Father, were agreed in all points relating to the Marriage, and she being now become indifferent, as to the Duke, did not much oppose

it: whereupon, soon after, it was pompously Solemniz'd, and the Young Dutchess conducted to his Palace at *Ulme*, where she was received with Feasts, Balls, Plays, and all the Honourable Expressions of publick Mirth and Joy. Captain *Conrable*, notwithstanding all this, still preserv'd his Image in the Breast of the Dutchess, which had made so deep an Impression, that in the midst of all those Diversions, she still sigh'd and languish'd after him.

It happen'd as she was sitting one day to see some Publick Games, her Eyes roving up and down, she thought she espied among the Croud, her beloved Captain, all the Features of his Face were so like and agreeable, That she resolv'd it must be the same, and could not possibly be any other: *Mariana* being near her, she whisper'd her in the Ear, and directed her Eye to the same object, who immediately concluded with her, That Gentleman she then saw, was the real Captain *Conrable*; but they wondred much to see him in so mean a Garb, and not in the Habit of a Soldier, which they supposed he made use of for a Disguise; and when they observ'd him so intent on the Sports, that he seldome cast his Eyes on the Dutchess, or if he did, with such Indifferency, that shew'd nothing of Love or Passion, they were more concern'd at his Slight and Neglect. This Sight rais'd so violent a Transport in the Soul of the New-Married Dutchess, that she could not contain her self from charging *Mariana* to set some body to watch him to his Lodging, and that she should privately Inquire of him his Design of coming thither in that Garb and Disguise. *Mariana* in obedience to the Commands of the Dutchess, set one of the Servants belonging to her Train to watch him to his Lodging, and there Acquaint him that she desir'd to speak with him at the Palace, whither he was privately to conduct him. The Man obeyed his Orders punctually, and the Young Gentleman

received the Message with Wonder and Amazement, protesting that *Mariana* was utterly unknown to him; however at the Entreaty of the Messenger he went along; and being introduced into a private Lobby, *Mariana* came to him, and looking full in his Face, Captain (says she) what makes you here thus disguised? The Dutchess owes too much to your Generosity and Valour, not to take Notice of her Deliverer. The Gentleman look'd strange upon her, as one he had never seen before, which made *Mariana* stop, and Ask him if he was not Captain *Conrade*? the Gentleman answered No, but that he was his own Brother, and a Twin, and so like him, that not only Strangers but their own Parents could not distinguish them, but by a Red Mole under the Right Pap, which his Brother had, that his Name was *Philip*, born at *Villengen*, and Elder by four Minutes.

Mariana seeing his Speech, Carriage, Proportion, Face, Hair, Smiles, and Actions so very like, would not believe one word he say'd, but taking all for Fiction prest him to let her know his Intentions of being there, and whither he had already forsaken his Mistress Honour, for whom he had lost a Young and Obliging Lady, to her great Grief and Trouble. *Philip* seeing the Incredulity of *Mariana*, smil'd at her Error, but it not being the first time by many he had been mistaken for his Brother, it was no great Surprise to him; *Mariana* still urg'd he was the same Person, whilst *Philip* with many Oaths and Asseverations endeavoured to confirm the Truth of what he had said, and that he came over only to see the publick Sports, and the Entrance of the Duke and Dutchess, and to morrow intended to return to *Villengen*, unless she or the Dutchess had any Commands to the contrary. *Mariana* went presently to Inform the Dutchess of what he had sayed, and desir'd him to wait in the Lobby till her Return.

About

About an hour after *Mariana* returns with the Dutcheſs who was amazed to ſee the Captain ſhe lov'd, deny himſelf, for both her Eyes and Ears told her it was he and no other. Captain (ſaid ſhe) the Obligation I have to you, may Excuse this ſtrangeneſs; but after the Letter I ſent you, and that I received from you, I cannot but wonder you ſhould call your ſelf *Philip*, and make ſo ſtrange of a Buſineſs I would have eſteemed more ſerious; and therefore pray tell me why you thus diſguiſe your ſelf, and what your pretentions are? Madam, replied the Gentleman, I deſire not to deceive a Perſon of your Quality, and I do ſwear by all that's Sacred, I am not Captain *Comrade*, but his Brother *Philip*, that I came hither only out of Curioſity, and ſhall return to morrow, unleſs for my Brother's ſake, who I perceive has done you ſome conſiderable Service. you will be pleaſed to entertain me amongſt your Followers. The Dutcheſs looked ſomewhat amazedly, and her Eyes told her ſhe could not believe him, his deſire of being retained about her made her conclude he was no other than *Comrade*, whom her Letter and his Love had brought back to ſerve her. This thought pleas'd her, and ſhe told him he ſhould Attend her the next day, and in the mean time ſhe would ſpeak to the Duke to Entertain him amongſt his Domeſticks for his Brother's ſake, if he were not the ſame ſhe took him for, which ſhe ſtill doubted.

But it is too true, the Dutcheſs is deceived, *Mariana* is deceived, and all the World who had ſeen the one, would have been deceived by the other; This was one of the Faſtaſticks of Nature, or one of her Rarities which ſhe ſeldom makes, for this ſhe had imitated *Comrade* ſo exactly, that he was not to be known from *Philip*, nor *Philip* from him, ſhe had form'd them in the ſame Molds in the dark Cell of the Womb, that it was not poſſible for the Eye to diſtinguiſh them; and leaſt ſhe ſhould miſtake her ſelf, had only differenced

Comrade

Comrade by a private Mark. But how like soever their Bodies were, their Souls were as different; *Comrade* had a Noble Generous Soul, full of Life and Valour, *Philip* (though the Eldest) was Covetous, Sordid and Cowardly: besides these internal marks of difference, Time and Accident had caused one notable distinction, which not being known to many, was kept a Secret, and being in those parts of the Body which common Modesty obliges us to conceal, was not discoverable. *Philip* in his Younger Years climbing up a high Pear-Tree, the Bough broke, and he fell so unluckily that a Scump of the Tree stuck between his Legs, which so bruised those parts, that they gangreend and were cut clean off, so that *Philip* was a Capon, and as true an Eunuch as any the Turk had in his whole *Straglio*. This was a Secret which shame caused to be conceal'd, Eunuchs being accounted Monsters in that part of the World where they are not seen every day, or do not Govern Provinces, or Command Armies.

The Dutchess was not yet convinc'd, but this was her real *Comrade*, however he was pleas'd to assume the Name and Person of *Philip*, and accordingly so represented him to the Duke, that the Brother of that Captain who had so bravely rescued her from the hands of her Ravishers was now in the City, and had Petition'd her in consideration of his Brother's Service, to be admitted one of her Domesticks: The Duke glad of an Opportunity to be grateful, and please his New Dutchess, whom he passionately Lov'd, order'd him to be entertain'd in the place of one of the Gentlemen of his Chamber, to the great content of *Philip*, and satisfaction of the Dutchess. The Dutchess for some time remain'd very reserv'd, expecting this *Philip*, or disguised *Comrade*, should make his Addresses to her, but observing in him so great Indifference, she was not a little Amaz'd and Perplex'd at it. To be better inform'd she sent privately to *Villengen*, and was there satisfied

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perisified that this was not *Conrade* but *Philip* his Brother, However as she had before been Enamour'd on the Comely Shape, and Graceful Deportment of *Conrade*, she could not be said to change the Object of her Love in *Philip*, who was so like him in all outward appearance, as one drop of water to another, which occasion'd the same Sentiments of Mind, and Lustful Desires for *Philip*, as She before had for *Conrade*. She knew that *Conrade* was gone to the Wars, and his return uncertain, but here she beheld, and had in her power the same Person with a different Name only, and thought it the greatest Folly imaginable to sigh for one that was absent, and fore-go the same present; to dye for the shadow, when she might freely enjoy the substance. The Dutchess discovered the secret Passion of her Heart to *Mariana*, brib'd her with Gold, and did all that a Flattering Mistress is capable of, to subvert the Honesty and Integrity of a Servant, and make her Faithful to her; *Mariana* readily understood what the Dutchess meant, and with pity to the poor forsaken *Birchold*, unwillingly paid Obedience to her unlawful Commands.

The Dutchess took all Opportunities of shewing kindness to *Philip*, and with her Eyes and Actions spoke the hidden Passions of her Heart; but all her Favours and Caresses were thrown away on this dull and frozen Statue, his incapacity for Love had chill'd his Blood, and made him cold and reserv'd; all her smiles were lost upon him, and for those many marks of her Esteem, he only returned low Cringes and diligent submissions. The Dutchess was vext and angry at his dulness and stupidity, or fear and modesty, not being able to distinguish which was the true reason of so great reservedness. Great Persons love to be understood at first sight, with a word and a beck, and it is better to be too forward and mistake their intentions, than too backward, and not understand their desires.

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At this time the great success of *Biribald* caused the Duke to go into the Field himself, with those New Forces he had raised for the Assistance of the Earl of *Werdenberg*, and with much regret he parted from the Dutchess, laying a particular Command on *Philip* to be diligent in his Attendance on her, and to certifie him continually of her Health, of which Honour he was not a little proud. The Duke being thus departed with his Army, the Dutchess, with *Mariana*, *Philip*, and some few other Servants, went to her Castle of *Blasford*, a League from *Ulme*, where she designed to divert her self with Hunting for two or three days, and then return to *Ulme*. Here she resolved to lay the Scene of her Amorous Design, and contrive every thing so cunningly, that the most searching Eye should not be able to find a flaw in her Honour. The second Night after her Arrival, having before order'd *Philip* to be Lodg'd in a Chamber remote from the rest of the Servants, to which there was a private Gallery, which led from her Apartment, about Midnight her unruly Love having kept her waking, she arose out of her Bed, and (giving *Mariana* strict charge not to stir) flung over her a light Silk Mantle, richly Embroyder'd, her Head was curiously drest, as on her Bridal Night, then putting on a pair of Velvet Slippers, she took the white Wax Taper burning in her Chamber in a Silver Candlestick, in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other, and in this posture left her Chamber, and through the private Gallery convey'd her self to *Philip's* Chamber. This Apparition in the middle of the Night (as sweet and tempting as this lovely and lustful Dutchess seem'd to be) struck the Amazed *Philip* with horror and consternation, not knowing whether it was the bright Vision of some Angelical Phantasm, or some sportive Devil in the Counterfeit Shape of a Glorious Spirit, his little Acquaintance with either, gave him sufficient Argument for his present Fears. *Philip* lay trembling in his

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his Bed, which the Dutcheſs approach'd and holding the Dagger towards his Breſt, thus expreſt her Self. "The many Favours I have ſhown, are the manifeſt "tokens of my Affection to you, and which have been "received with too much Slight and Neglect; you either "diſdain my Love, or are ſo ſtupid not to underſtand "my Paſſion, either of which is alike dangerous to my "Repoſe, and your Life. I have in this manner Ap- "pear'd to you, as you ſee, to diſcover the Violence of "my Love, and intruſt my Honour with you: you have "no other way to chooſe, but to Answer my Deſires, or "dye by my hands, this poiſon'd Dagger ſhall Sacrifice "you to my Fury, if you deny to be an Offering to my "Love. This was a pretty way of Courtſhip indeed, but this Lady was none of thoſe who deſir'd to be Ador'd and Sigh'd for, to be Worſhipp'd as a Saint, or Reſpected as a *Veſtal*: Hers was not Fantaiſtick or Platonick Love, placed only in Shadows and reſpectful Ceremonies, her Flames were to be quench'd, and Deſires ſatisfied with Secrecy and Expedition:

Philip open'd his Mouth, and fixing his Eyes on the Amiable yet Terrible Object, ſpake ſomething ſo conſuſedly and abruptly, that the Dutcheſs ſoon perceived the Affright ſhe had put her Lover in, had in ſome meaſure debarr'd her of the Satisfaction ſhe expected; and to allay thoſe fearful Spirits ſhe had raiſed, endeavour'd to rectifie the Error ſhe had committed, by ſmoothing her Brow, and putting on her Sweeteſt and moſt Charming Looks: She Arm'd her Eyes with a ſofter Fire, her Countenance on a ſudden became Serene and Amorous, Inviting Smiles diſpell'd the frowns of her contracted Brow. She laid aſide the Weapon in her Hand, and made uſe of none but Rays of Light, which ſhot themſelves into the Soul of *Philip* like ſo many Daggers, for he trembled to ſee what would have rejoyced another Man. She ſet down the Taper, and diſrobing her ſelf into the Glories of a Naked

Naked Goddess, lifted up the Cloaths and laid her self down by him, saying; "Thus will I Charm your Fears, thus will I Court your Love: I have laid by my Thunder and Lightning, and imagine me no longer the Dutches of *Ulm* your Mistress, but your Lover, and one that Expects to give and take a Felicity, Prince would not refuse. *Philip* was getting out on the other side of the Bed, when she laid her Arm over him, warm enough to melt the most snowy Chastity; What (said she) do you-*sic* me? am I a Person after all this to be refus'd? then resetting her disturbed spirits, and gently drawing him towards her, she began to smother him with Kisses, whilst he like a trembling Partridge under the Pounces of an Hawk made some faint strugglings to get from her Embraces, and as soon as he could have Liberty from the Kisses she loaded him with, Cried out, Ah Madam! I am not able to perform what you expect from me, I must Confess I am no Man, and that it is impossible for me to give you the Satisfaction you desire.

The Dutches was so Confounded at these words, that she let go her Arms from their Embrace, and rising half way out of Bed, thought he had been a Woman; but discovering the contrary by his Breasts, which were bare, she thought he only said so to deceive her, when presently the Colour flushing into her Cheeks, and a fierceness mounting into her Eyes, she began to grow terrible to *Philip*, who leaping out flung himself on his Knees by the Bed-side, and with many Oaths and Asseverations related his Misfortune to her.

It is impossible to speak the Confusion this disappointed Lady was in, her Eyes were fierce and sparkling with Shame and Anger, and transported with Rage she flew to her Dagger, which *Philip* being aware of, ran to the Table where his Sword lay, and put himself into a Posture of Defence, whilst she seeing herself thus defeated of her Pleasure, and prevented in her

Revenge,

Revenge, look'd like a distracted Fury, all her lovely Charms grew terrible and frightful. Whether it be true or false (said the enraged Dutchess) That you have told me, or whether thou art impotent or Ver-
tuous, 'tis not much matter, for thou shalt dye for my mistake. But *Philip* had no mind to be kill'd, and kept her off with the point of his Sword, assuring her with a Thousand Oaths and Imprecations of the Truth of what he said; told her more fully his Misfortune, promised and vow'd Eternal Secrecy, that no Person in the World should ever know one syllable of this Action, that he himself would endeavour to forget it, and believe it only a Dream or Vision, provided she did no ways hereafter attempt his Life; But if he should happen to fall by her Malice, as he easily might, he would leave this Nights Transactions, under his Hand and Seal, with an Intimate Friend, who after Death would deliver it to the Duke, and that if he might live secure, he would be secret, silent, and faithful, her Shame should be hid, and her Honour safe.

The Dutchess saw no other Remedy, but without Reply threw her Mantle about her, slipp'd on her Pantoffles, took up the Candle, and left *Philip* not a little glad that he was so easily rid of this Amiable Fury. *Mariana* saw her Lady return, but with such marks of Disturbance in her Looks, Confusion in her Eyes, and Shame in her Cheeks, that she wondred what could be the Cause of so great a Disturbance. The next day the Dutchess feign'd her self Sick, caus'd her Coach to be made ready, and return'd to *Ulme*, writing Dispatches to the Duke, wherein she told him (with the greatest Art of Feminine Cunning and Colloquing) how much she suffer'd by his Absence, who like the Flower of the Sun must droop 'till his Return, and wither like the Female Palm in the Absence of the Male. These Letters were order'd to be sent by *Philip*, who was pleas'd with the Command, and so Easie a Re-

Removal from the sight of the incensed Dutches. All this *Mariana* saw and wondred at, till the Dutches one Evening in her Closet acquainted her with the odd Circumstances of her Love, and her more strange disappointment.

The Duke receiv'd the kind Letters of the Dutches, and was not a little satisfied with her Love and Care, and after he had put his Affairs in a good posture, return'd Post to *Ulme*, to the Embraces of his Lady. *Philip* came along with the Duke, but kept himself as much out of her Presence as he could, who never beheld him but with Shame and Confusion; and that very Object, which before had been so pleasant in her Eyes, was now as monstrous and hateful, Malice and Revenge succeeded her Love in as great a degree, and considering her Honour and Life were intrusted to his keeping, she resolv'd neither could be safe as long as he liv'd, and having in vain endeavour'd by several Artifices to remove him from the Duke, she Consulted with *Mariana* what was to be done in so difficult a Case, who agreed to send him into another World, which could only secure his Silence. To this End, *Jeranto* the Cook was hired by a Purse of Gold, to Poyson him in a Mefs of Broth, which he soon after effected; But his *German* simplicity not being so well vers'd in that *Damnable Art*, as the *Spaniard* or *Italian*, the Poyson wrought so violently it discover'd it self too soon, and by the great Care and Skill of the Duke's Physicians, the Danger was prevented. He presently imagin'd it came from the implacable Hatred of the Dutches, and resolv'd to be Reveng'd of her before he Dy'd: whereupon he sent for the Duke, and having made all Persons avoid the Room, Acquainted him with the Visit the Dutches had given him, with all the particular Circumstances of it, and fully inform'd him of the reason of her Malice and his Empeysoning.

The Duke was like one Thunder-struck with this
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Relation, and having conſider'd the ſeveral parts of it, began to queſtion whether *Philip* was not diſtracted by his Diſtemper, but having heard him confirm it with many Oaths and Imprecations, expecting every moment to dye; Trouble and Grief ſucceeded his Wonder and Aſtoniſhment, and Jealouſie and Rage follow'd after. He ſtayed ſome time to compoſe himſelf, and charg'd *Philip*, To let no other know of his Diſhonour; telling him, if he dy'd he would revenge his Death, and if he liv'd, reward his Fidelity. *Philip* being young and luſty, Nature at laſt (by the help of powerful Medicines,) overcame the Poyſon, and he recover'd with the loſs only of his Hair and Nails. The Duke in the mean time ſmother'd his Trouble all he could, from the piercing Eye of the Dutcheſs, and when *Philip* was recover'd carried him one day into her Chamber. and making all others but *Mariana* to quit the Room, cauſed him to Accuſe her Face to Face.

The Dutcheſs ſeem'd not much mov'd, but took it as if the Duke had been in Jeſt with her, at which he grew ſo enraged, he flatly charg'd her with the Crime, calling her *Impudent Strumpet*, ſhe appearing as Angry and High, peremptorily deny'd it, and told him, *She wou'd have ſatisfaction for ſo baſe an Abufe put upon her*: She Vindicated her ſelf from all that *Philip* had ſaid, and with ſo many Aſſeverations juſtly'd her Innocency, that the Duke ſtood Amaz'd, not knowing which to Credit. The Subtle Lady perceiving the Duke's mind wavering, fell on her Knees and Crav'd Juſtice againſt that perjur'd Villain *Philip*; who now ſaw his own Folly and Danger, in Accuſing the Dutcheſs without any other Witneſs to corroborate his Evidence. The Duke was very much perplex'd with this matter, and knowing the Dutcheſs had not actually defiled his bed, but intentionally only, if that was true ſhe was Accuſed of, and that probably *Philip's* Impotency rather than his Verrue, or a due regard to

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his Honour, had kept him Chast; by many good words endeavour'd to pacifie the Dutchess, and reconcile her to *Phillip*, whom he still continued in his Service.

However the Duke seem'd to dissemble the Trouble of his mind, *Philip* still standing firm in his Accusation, Jealousie began to prevail upon his Soul, and imbitter all his Thoughts: He grew Melancholy and Churlish, and she so proud and disdainful, that an apparent breach was made between them; she Curs'd her Marriage, and the time she forsook *Birthead*, the Kind and Loving *Birthead*. This *Mariana* took notice of, and acquainted *Birthead* with the Discontents of the Dutchess, who diligently by Letters address'd himself to her, from whom he receiv'd this Answer.

To the Lord of Zeringen.

Birthead; If I have yet any Command over your Soul, as you say I have, then you must not dye; but preserve a Life that is precious to me, and may yet be serviceable to redeem me from Misery. Time may alter both our Fortunes, and your Constancy may be Rewarded by

Anne Ulme.

Birthead being encouraged in his Love by the Amorous Letter of the Dutchess, came over privately in Disguise to *Ulme*, and by the Assistance of *Mariana* made frequent Visits to the Dutchess, these Enterviews soon compos'd all former Differences, and entred 'em into a stricter League than ever. What mutual kindnesses pass'd between them at that time, I never yet could learn, But it is very likely, as we may judge by the sequel of their Actions, such unscrupulous Lovers made use of Opportunity. *Birthead* at last propos'd to her to leave the Duke her Husband, and go along with him, which she consenting to, pack'd up all her Jewels

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Jewels and other things of value, and one Evening with *Mariana* walk'd out to the side of the River *Danew* which runs by the Walls of *Ulme*, where *Birtbold* waited her coming, and with a Boat of six Oars, carried them over the River, and in his Coach conveyed them safe to his Castle. The Duke soon heard where the Dutchess was, and Acquainted the Earl her Father with the Treachery and Infidelity of his Daughter, who were both so enraged at the Injury and disgrace, that they immediately rais'd all the Forces they were able to make, and mutually vow'd a Revenge. So great Success attended the Justice of their Cause, that *Birtbold* was totally routed in the Field, and forc'd to take Refuge in his Castle, where the Dutchess was, which two days after was surrounded by the Dukes Army; *Birtbold* having done all that a Valiant man could do in defence of the Place, resolv'd not to be taken Alive and become the Scorn of the Victors. but thrust himself into the midst of his Enemies, and dyed bravely with his Sword in his Hand. The Dutchess had not the heart to fly to a voluntary Death, though she resisted her Fate all she could, and was taken with Arms in her fair Hands, encouraging the Soldiers with her Words and Actions. Being taken and brought before her Husband and Father, the Earl would have run her thorough with his own hand, but was hindred by the Duke, who desired her punishment might be left to him, against whom she had more grievously offended, who resolved not to chastise her by death, but to give her a Life, tho' full of pain and misery, by which she might have time to Repent of her Crimes, and save her Soul.

The Duke sent away the Dutchess, and the dead Body of *Birtbold*, with a strong Guard to his Castle at *Blasford*, and having finish'd the Campaign, and restor'd the Country to Peace, return'd to *Ulme* with Honour and Victory. The Duke being resolv'd now to punish his Adulterous Dutchess, order'd *Mariana* to

be taken from her, and being Chastised as a Confederate in her Crimes, was banish'd his Territories. The Dutchess was then put into a Room where no Light of Day or Sunshine could ever enter, in which he caused a Bed to be set up, and the Room hung with Black, with a Lamp continually burning in the midst of it, a little Table was placed by her Bed-side, with a Prayer-Book, the Picture of a beautiful Lady embracing a Knight on the one side, and the same Knight and Lady tormented by Devils on the other side of the Chamber, as Objects to remember her of her Crimes, and promote her Repentance. This was the Furniture of the Room; and to abate the heat of her Lust, he gave strict Charge that three times a Week she should have nothing but *Bread and Water*, and at other times a spare Dyer. He allowed her no other Cup to drink in but the Skull of *Biribald*, which he had caused purposely to be made into a Cup, and ript it round with Silver, nor no other Carpet on her Table but his Skin, which was flead off and drest for that purpose, strictly Commanding, That no Person in the world should be permitted to see or speak to her, except a Priest, who was order'd to Confess her once a month: Care was also taken, that she should have no Knife, or any thing else whereby she might hurt her self, and that he might be sure to have all this punctually perform'd, and she not able to Corrupt her Keeper, he gave the Command of the Castle to *Philip*, and made him her Keeper, strictly Charging him, that no Person should be suffer'd to see or speak with her, but himself, and the Priest he should send with a Warrant under his Hand and Seal. *Philip* who had no good will to this Lady, undertook the Charge not unwillingly, resolving to observe his Lord's Directions very punctually, believing them to be as Just as Severe, and good for the Soul of the Adulterous Dutchess.

In this manner liv'd the Dutchess for the space of three

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three years, never ſeeing the Face of any but *Philip* and the Preiſt her Confeſſor, whiſt the Duke liv'd Loole and Luxuriouſly, Wantoniſ'd in all manner of Unlawful Pleaſures and Luſtful deſires, there was hardly a Handſome Virgin in *Ulme* that he did not betray, nor a Beautiful Woman that he did not corrupt; His Palace was now become a meer *Sevaglo*, and his Court a more Honourable Stews. In the mean time Captain *Conrade* (a Truce being made between the *Chriſtians* and *Turks*.) return'd to *Vienna*, and from thence with the Emperours leave to his own Country, full of Glory and Renown, to viſit his Friends and Relations, till the End of the Truce ſhould call him again to Action. Being come to *Villengen* he ſoon underſtood his Brothers preferment under the Duke of *Ulme*, the various Fortune of the Dutcheſs, her Impritonment in the Caſtle of *Blaford*, where his Brother was Conſtable, and all other Circumſtances that Fame or Common report could inform him of. *Conrade* finding the powerful Image of this lovely Lady yet freſh in his mind, with all thoſe Charms ſhe overcame him with, when he releas'd her from her Ravishers, and remembering her kind Letters and Amorous Expreſſions, found he had a great deſire to ſee her, Notwithſtanding the Change of her Condition, which he might eaſily effect by the means of his Brother who was her Keeper. He therefore privately and without any attendance, went over to *Blaford*, and ſtaying at a houſe in a little Village near the Caſtle, ſent a Meſſenger with a Note to his Brother to acquaint him he deſir'd to ſee him, but without any Company for ſome reaſons he ſhould afterwards underſtand; *Philip* could not but wonder at the Secrecy and Caution that he us'd in his Viſit, but however obſerv'd his directions and went immediately over to him. The Ceremony of their mutual reſpects bring over, *Conrade* conjur'd *Philip* to hearken to his Requeſt and told him the paſſionate deſire he had to ſee

the Dutcheſs, which he might eaſily accompliſh by changing Cloaths with him, they being ſo alike that nothing but the difference of their habits diſtinguiſh'd them. *Philip* a long time endeavour'd to diſſuade him from it, urging the danger and hazard of the Attempt; but Love had blinded his Eyes and ſtopt his Ears to all Conſiderations, and the Importunity of *Conrade* at laſt prevail'd with *Philip*, who changing Cloaths with him gave him full inſtructions of all the ways and Cuſtoms he uſ'd, and delivering him the Keys they embraced and parted. *Philip* accoutred with his Buſſ, Sword and Feathers, went back to *Villengen* inſtead of *Conrade*, and *Conrade* went to the Caſtle, where he was admitted by the Soldiers for *Philip*, without the leaſt Suſpicion or Miſtruſt. At the time accuſtom'd he carried the Dutcheſs her Allowance, whom he could not behold without Grief and Trouble, his Eyes were fixt on her Face, which he ſaw Pale and Wan, and much alter'd by that ſeverity uſ'd to her, but yet that Tyranny had not robb'd her of all her Beautie, and ſweetneſs, the pleaſing Air of her Face was yet preſerv'd, though her Complexion was Faded; and even in that Languiſhment ſhe carried Charms and Sorceries. The next day *Conrade* diſcover'd himſelf to the Dutcheſs in theſe words. Behold Madam here at your Feet no longer your Jaylor *Philip*, but your Adorer and Lover *Conrade*, who hath preſerv'd your Image intire in his Heart, who bewails and pities your Miſfortunes, and who now comes to offer you a Life which hath been preſerv'd from ſo many dangers that it might redeem you from Captivity. Long it was before he could convince the Dutcheſs that he was *Conrade* and not *Phillip*, and ſeeing his Words and Actions had yet ſcarce gain'd Credit with her, he produc'd the Letter he had formerly received from her ſaying: *This Madam I have kept as a precious Relique of your Affection, it is Pen'd by your own fair Hands, and your Eyes can Witneſs the Truth of what I ſay.* The Dutcheſs Viewiug the Letter,

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was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, for now ſhe was aſſur'd he was *Conrade* and not *Phillip*, and throwing her Arms about his Neck, in a Tranſport of Joy ſunk down into his. Before they parted a Vow'd League of Friendſhip put between them, and Articles of a Polluted and Adulterous Love was Sealed; they are now become one, and united in Wickedneſs, and the Amorous and paſſionate *Conrade* ſufficiently ſatisfy'd the Luſtful Dutcheſs that he was not the Eunuch *Phillip*, but her fiſt beloved *Conrade*. He often offer'd to carry her from *Ulme*, which ſhe reſuſ'd, ſaying; ſhe could be no where to ſecure, and that it added much to the ſweetneſs of pleaſure that ſhe could in ſome meaſure revenge her ſelf on her Cruel Husband, in the ſame place he had ſo grievouſly puniſh'd her.

Philip being now deſirous to return to his Command, left *Villengen* in Order to go to the Caſtle of *Blaford*, but the Duke met *Philip* upon the Road as he was riding out to take the Air, and ſtopp'd, and aſk'd him where he had been, and how he came to leave the Caſtle of *Blaford*, and what was the reaſon he was thus Metamorphoſed into a man of War? *Philip* was very much ſurpriz'd, and looking ſtrangely on the Duke as if he had never ſeen him before, I ſuppoſe Sir (ſays he) you are ſome Perſon of Quality by your Train, but I muſt tell you, you miſtake me for my Brother *Philip*, who is Governor of the Caſtle of *Blaford*, whom I am now going to Viſit, whoſe likeneſs to me often cauſes theſe miſtakes. The Duke knew *Philip* durſt not Jeſt with him, and ſeeing him in the Carb of a Soldier, remembred he had heard the Dutcheſs ſome time ſpeak of the great reſemblance and likeneſs of the two Brothers, believed he was in an Error, and then told him that he was the Duke of *Ulme*, and that he ſhould go along with him that night, and the next day they would ride over to *Blaford*, where he would give himſelf the Satisfaction of ſo great a Curioſity. The Duke accordingly did ſo, and

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Conrade

Conrade appear'd to him in the habit of *Philip* and he in *Conrade's*, who were so much alike that the Duke and the whole Company were strangely amaz'd at it. The Duke return'd to *Ulme*, and *Philip* and *Conrade* stay'd at *Blasford*, where *Phillip* earnestly prest him to change his Cloaths and deliver up the Command of the Castle to him, for Fear any unhappy Accident should make a discovery of their persons, which would prove Fatal to them both; *Conrade* told *Philip* it was Impossible, but if he would go to *Villengen* and return two months after, he would then comply with his desire, which he accordingly did.

Conrade and the Dutchess enjoy'd themselves in the unbounded pleasures of their Lust, and laugh'd at that Vengeance which was now ready to punish all their Lewdness and Debauchery, by a miserable and Tragical Catastrophe. The Duke began now to think afresh on the likeness of the Two Brothers, and how easily he might be deceived if they should agree together that *Conrade* should be the Keeper of his Dutchess instead of the Eunuch *Philip*. He knew the Service that *Conrade* had done the Dutchess formerly, and some had told him that his Actions exprest more of Love than Civility: Evil men have Evil thoughts, and they measure other mens Actions by their own. For this reason the next Night he went privately over to the Castle, attended only with Four of his Gentlemen, resolving to satisfy himself whether it was *Philip* or *Conrade*, who had now the command of the Castle, and the keeping of the Dutchess. The Warders and Soldiers of the Gate knew the Duke and admitted him, wondering at his coming, who went directly to *Philip's* Apartment, thinking to surprize him in Bed, and there to satisfy himself, but not finding him, his suspicion encreas'd, and he went directly to the door of the Dutchess her Cell, which he found Lock'd, and harkning at it, he heard the Dutchesses voice and that of a Man dis-

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discourſing with her. *Conrade* who uſually viſited the Dutcheſs at Nights, and ſpent the moſt part of it in her Company, was now there and in the raptures of his Luſtful pleaſures. The Duke knock'd loud at the door, which very much ſurpriz'd *Conrade* and the Dutcheſs, who immediatly opening of it, ſaw the Duke with anger and Fury in his Face, whereupon he flew to his Sword that lay upon the Table, and lay'd two of the Foremoſt dead at his Feet, whereupon the Duke preſently Concluded by his bold and manly Courage he was not *Philip* but *Conrade*, which ſo far enraged him, that he advanc'd himſelf againſt this Lyon *Conrade*, from whom he receiv'd ſo home a Thruſt that his Sword paſſing through his Ribbs, appear'd a handſul behind his Back, but at the ſame Inſtant one of the Guard ſtruck *Conrade* o're his Head with a Pole-ax, ſo deep that his Brains came out, and he fell at the ſame time with the Duke dead at his Feet. The Duke being yet not quite dead commanded them to ſearch *Conrade*, and finding him to be no Eunuch, and conſequently not *Philip*, commanded him to diſpatch the Dutcheſs that he might have the ſatiſfaction of ſeeing her puniſh'd before he died, upon which one of the Guard ſheathed his Sword in her fair Breſt, as ſhe ſat on the ſide of the Bed amazed and aſtoniſht at the ſuddenneſs of this Miſfortune, the Dutcheſs fell backwards upon the Bed and dyed, and the Duke preſently after expir'd who liv'd only to ſee her puniſh'd. Thus their three Souls fled away at one moment, but whether they kept pace together, or how ſeparated in the vaſt abyſſe of Eternity, is not our buſineſs to enquire, but their dead Bodies remain'd a ſad ſpectacle of Divine Vengeance againſt the horrid Sin of Adultery.

This was the Sad and Lamentable Conclusion of the Adulterous Dutcheſs, who had ſhe been as Eminent in Chſtity, as ſhe was Infamouſly Incontinent, might have liv'd the Glorious Pattern of Vertue, as ſhe dyed the ſhameſul Example of Sin and Miſery.

HIST.

HIST. IX.

Juderina, or the Dutch-Adultress.

Juderina commits Fornication with Walter, is got with Child, and afterwards turns Whore at Amsterdam. Is there kept by mine Heer Vandrecht, proves false to him, and commits Adultery with Captain Grantzford, who is kill'd by Vandrecht, and he drown'd in his Escape. She afterwards Marries Titus a Puritan, breaks her Husband by her Riotous Expence, he in Revenge gives her the Foul Disease, which she first communicates to a Quaker, and then dyes miserably of the before-mention'd Distemper.

Juderina was born of poor and honest Parents, in a little Village near Rotterdam, and being now arrived to Twelve Years of Age, was entertained by *Emantha* an Antient Lady and a VVidow, who was reputed very Rich, and for that reason was Courtied by several Gentlemen, who more valued her for the Reputation of her Fortune, than they admired the ruins of her Beauty. Amongst others who made sute to the Widow, a Gentleman known by the name of Captain *Grantzford*, was one, who though he had no Assurance of obtaining her, had yet more Encouragement than the rest, being always Civilly treated, and greatly respected. *Juderina* who was a Person of a ready and subtle Wit, soon learnt to Sing and Dance exactly, *Emantha* having preferr'd her to wait on her Daughter *Editha*, by whose favour, and the opportunities of her Attendance on her, she gain'd all the Accomplishments befitting a Person of greater Quality: to all which, Nature added a larger share of Beauty than is commonly seen in Maids of her mean Rank and Family. Captain *Grantzford* no sooner saw the fair *Juderina* but he fell desperately in Love with her, and *Juderina* was no less pleased

pleas'd with the Captain's Courtship, which *Ematha* observing, he soon lost all hopes of obtaining the VVidow, however the satisfaction of enjoying his Lustful Pleasures with *Juderina*, made some amends, which every day advanc'd by the seeming Compliance of the VVench.

At this time Young *Walter* her return'd from the University of *Leyden*, to Visit his Mother, and Sister *Editha*, whose presence very much obstructed the Amorous proceedings of the Captain, who at first sight was deeply in Love with *Juderina* (whose Charms were not to be resisted) and quickly let her know the power of her Eyes, and the Conquest she had made. This proud Beauty gloried in her New Victory, and was not a little glad to see her Young Master at her Feet, settler'd with her Charming Graces, whom she prefer'd to his Rival *Grantzford*, and at last yielded to his Embraces, who now Enjoyed at pleasure what the Captain's Evil Fortune still deny'd him. The Widow had been very Civil and Respectful to the Captain, notwithstanding his Folly, and as she had no Passion for him, so she had forsaken him without Malice or Regret; however for fear he should debauch her Maid (which she very much suspected) she kept a strict Eye over *Juderina*, whenever Captain *Grantzford* came to the House, little imagining that her Son had Robb'd that Garden, and Cropt the Flower she had watch'd with so much Care and Vigilance. The Captain soon grew sensible of the double defeat he had receiv'd, in obtaining the Widow, and enjoying her Maid, for which reason he determin'd to try his Fortune with *Editha*, by whose Courteous and obliging Respects, he might promise himself better success: But her Person was not so Amiable, either to Enkindle Love, or inflame his Breast with Lust, *Juderina* was the only Amorous and Tempting Object, but her Cruel Disdain had now forced him to Dispair,

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The Young *Editha* was full of Passion and Desire, and languish'd after the *Unkind Captain*, which at length she discover'd to *Juderina*, who presently told her that he was not ignorant of her Love, but heard her Sighs without the least Pity or Compassion, and as she could not expect her Mother would ever Consent to the Match it propos'd to her, so she could assure her the Captain's Affections would never be tyed by the Sacred Bonds of Wedlock; but all his Passion was Lust, and his Love Dishonourable, which she sufficiently understood by his offers to herself, who Endeavour'd nothing more than the lew'd Satisfaction of his desires, which she had hitherto oppos'd with scorn and disdain. But yet she told her if she pleas'd to make an advantage of his Folly, she might both please her fancy and obtain him for a Husband if she would consent to put a Cheat upon him, which she might easily effect by her contrivance. *Editha* having heard the methods of her Design, approv'd them well, and desir'd her to put them in Practice upon the first Opportunity. The Plot being thus laid betwixt them, the cunning *Juderina* seem'd to hearken more willingly to the Courtship of *Grantzford*, she accepts his Gold, seems to believe his Oaths and Promises, and at the last overcome with his Flateries to grant his Desires. There is nothing in the World so Joyful as the *Captain* really was at the Consent of *Juderina*, the Content of his mind might be easily read in his Eyes, he kiss'd her a Thousand times, and gave her as many Thanks for what he is not like to obtain. The Assignment is made between them, and the *Captain* by Agreement to prevent all suspicion to take his present leave and return at Night by a back door of which she gave him the key which led to *Juderina's* Chamber, where he should find her in Bed, but this was to be done with all silence and Secrecy, for fear of being over heard by *Emantha* who lodg'd in the next Chamber. All this was agreed

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to, and the Captain parted with his Mistress, full of Hopes and Satisfaction. Night came and young *Editha* supply'd the place of *Juderina*, obtain'd her desires, and spent the Night in the Arms of *Grantzford*, who at the same time thought he had Embrac'd his Beautiful Mistress.

In the Morning being about to depart, he was amaz'd to find his mistake, and hear the young *Editha* speak to him, instead of *Juderina*, who held him fast in her Arms, crying out, *do not leave me now you have robb'd and deflour'd me*; but much more when he saw young *Walter* enter the Chamber with a drawn Sword and a Parson with him, who told him (with an angry look,) Captain, *either save the Honour of an house which you have now w unded, by marrying my Sister, or receive the Just reward of Lust and Treachery, either make Editha your Wife, or satisfy me by your Death.* The Captain would have risen from the Bed, and made his defence, but *Walter* set the point of his Sword to his Breast, and Swore he would Run him Through if he did not declare his immediate Consent, which he was forc'd to, and the Parson having done his Office, they left him and his Bride to their now Lawful pleasures; The Widow was amaz'd next morning at the Relation her Son gave her, of *Editha's* marriage with *Grantzford*, which she could not well credit, till a little time after they came to beg her Blessing; She consider'd it could not now be help'd, and after some grave reprehensions accepted their Duty, and caus'd their private Marriage to be publicly celebrated.

Some time after *Juderina* found her self to be with Child, and Endeavour'd to prevent her Shame and disgrace by taking such things as might cause Abortion but in Vain, her great Belly now discover'd it self, and was known to the Widow, who too late found what a Viper she had Entertain'd in her Family, and what Injury she had done her self by that Wenches Beauty, who

who first caused her to lose *Grantzford*, and now had drawn away the Heart of her Son, and inticed him to Lewdness. But least these two foolish wantons should marry together, and so utterly ruin the Fortune of her Son, she resolv'd to separate them, and accordingly sent him back to *Leyden*, and *Juderina* over to *Flanders* to lay her great Belly, where not long after she was brought to bed of a Girl, and thus became a Mother before she was a Wife, and had a Child before she had got a Husband. *Juderina* being recover'd of her Lying-In, the Child by order of the Widow the Grand-mother, was taken from her and put to Nurse in those Parts, and she turn'd out of doors to seek her fortune, with some small pittance of Silver, scarce enough to defray her Charges to *Amsterdam*, whither she extreamly long'd to go, hoping to get into some Service, or by making an Advantage of her Beauty, to inveagle some Tradesman to marry her. With this intent *Juderina* went to *Amsterdam*, where she no sooner arriv'd, but she found her Money all spent, and her self in a most miserable and forlorn Condition. By great fortune she got a Lodging, which happen'd to be at a most infamous and Notorious Bawdy house, where she behaved her self with so much Simplicity and seeming Innocency, told so fair a Story of her Misfortunes, without one word of Truth, That the Bawd her Landlady believ'd her, and under pretence of commiseration to her present Want, but more in hopes of making a good Market of her, kindly and comfortably reliev'd her.

In a short time *Juderina's* Beauty was fam'd, of which she knew how to make the best Advantage, and so was improv'd her Talent in those wicked Courses, that she had now considerably enrich'd her-self by prostituting her long lost Maiden-head, to seven or eight wealthy *Dutch Cullies*, who all swore, and really believ'd they had it, for which they roundly paid. Having thus advanc'd her Fortune, and being unwilling

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to Expose her self longer in a place so infamous, she privately withdrew, and took Lodgings between the Stadt-house and Exchange, where she chang'd her Name to *Angelica*, and pass'd for a vertuous young Lady, whose Brother was a Merchant and suddenly Expected from the Indies. Not long after it happen'd that a Gentleman of good Fortune, call'd *Mine Heer Vandrecht*, had some short repartees with *Angelica* under her Vizard at the Play-house, who was so taken with her Wir, that he would not leave her till he had seen her Face, which appearing to him, beyond Expectation, handsome, he grew passionately in Love with her, and carried her home to her Lodging in his own Coach. *Angelica* had cunning enough not to be surpriz'd with his first Offers of Kindness, nor alter'd with those rich and Noble presents he made her, which he wondring at, believed her Counterfeit Vertue was real, propos'd a Considerable Settlement, a Stately House, Gilded Coach, and rich Liveries, if she would consent to live with him and be his Mistress, which she at last agreed to, rather out of passion and respect to his person, than that such generous Offers had any power over her Chaste and Innocent mind. She now goes abroad in her Charriot, sits in the Boxes at Plays, with all the bravery and Impudence of a Kept-Mistress, or more Notorious Strumpet.

Being one day at the Play-house, she was seen by Captain *Grantzford* (whom some business had brought to Town) who presently knew her, and much wondred to see that Beauty (which ever appear'd to him with a more than ordinary Lusture) now so resplendent with Jewells, and all the dazzling Embellishments Art could invent. He could not but confess that she who before appear'd a twinkling Star of Beauty, was now become an illuminated Sun, Bright and Glorious. The Captain made his Complement to her, which she receiv'd with more favourable Expressions

of

of respect to him, and in a Short time they became so intimate that he often visited her, where he was blest with those ravishing Delights he had so long Covered in vain. This Amour of *Grantzford* with *Angelica* was at last suspected by *Vandrecht*, who surpriz'd him at the botom of the Stairs, one Night as he had newly parted with *Angelica*, and with his Sword Ran him to the Heart, of which he immediately dy'd. *Vandrecht* sent for a Friend and acquainted him with his present misfortune, dispos'd the care of his House and Goods into his hands, disrobed *Angelica* of all her finery, turn'd her out of Doors and then made his Escape, but in his way to the *Brill* was unhappily drown'd.

Angelica having Sav'd a little money, put her self in a plain Country dress, remov'd to a remote place in the Town, where she took a Convenient Chamber and professed herself a Saint, going to all the private meetings she could hear of, where she Sigh'd, lifted up her Eyes, made Faces, was diligent at Lectures and Expoundings, so that in a little time she began to be taken notice of, and attracted the Eyes of many a young Zealor and Amorous Puritan. She changed her Name to *Mabella*, though *Juderina* and *Angelica* the Hypocrite were the same in Heart and mind as *Mabella* the Saint. At length the Piety and Devotion of *Mabella* was taken Notice of, as well as her Modesty and Beauty, by *Titus* a Young Brother, a Linnen Draper, who was resolv'd not to Marry out of his own Tribe, and only wanted a Wife to make him Happy. She observ'd his Eyes to be often fixt upon her, and tho' he took Notes, and wrote in Characters none else could Read, he look'd as if he had been drawing her Picture, he was so intent upon her. His Courtship was Sentences of Love and Cant intermix'd, and *Cupid* and *Knox* were joyn'd together: His Amorous Discourse was larded with fragments of Sermons, and Doctrines and Utes shuffled

together, with Notes taken out of the *Academy of Complements*. There was such a strange medley of Love and Religion, of Wooing and Praying, of pious Non-sence and smutty Courtship, that *Mabella* could not but laugh in her sleeve, how gravely and demurely soever she look'd. *Titus* at last won the good will of his Dear *Mabella*, and what she much desir'd, they were privately Married, and she once again Mistress of an House.

Mabella had not been long married before she began to patch and deck her self with Ribbons, and *Titus* to his great grief saw his Shop crowded with Gallants instead of Chap-men, who came to Cheapen his Wife rather than Buy his Linnen; he first reprov'd her immodesty himself, and then desir'd the Pastor to reprehend the Lewd Carriage of his Wife, but to no purpose: so that seeing himself undone, he resolv'd to shut up Shop and leave her to her Fortune. *Mabella* had yet escap'd the Pox, that Ruin and Confusion of so many of *Venus* her Votaries; but as many have Escaped being wounded in a Battel who have been kill'd in a Skirmish, so far'd it with *Mabella*, *Titus* plainly perceiving his Horns grew as fast as his Estate wasted, was resolv'd to be first Reveng'd, and then leave her. To this end he designedly got a severe Clap, which he communicated to *Mabella* and then deserted her, carrying away all his Goods along with him to France. *Mabella* lay long Sick, and was twice Fluxed for her *Foul Distemper*; but wanting Money to carry on her Cure, was forced to consider of New Methods to relieve her present Wants, before it was compleated.

Mabella was now again left to her shifts, her Expensive Clap, with the Apothecaries, Surgeons and Doctors Bills, had robb'd her of all that little she had left, whereupon she resolv'd to change her Counterfeit Profession of Religion, from that of Puritan to Quaker, and accordingly took a private Lodging at a Quaker's House,

House, who had known her Husband, and believ'd him to be as she represented him, a sly and debauched Fellow, pittie'd her very much, and by her discourse judg'd her to be very Innocent, and a Zealous Professor. To this *Quaker's* House resorted several of that Sect, and amongst the rest, one *Simon* an itinerant Holder Forth, who no sooner saw *Mabella*, who was pretty well recover'd of her Clap, her Colour coming fresh into her Cheeks, and her Old waston Flame into her Eyes, but the *Carnal* and *Spiritual* Man in him began to have a desperate Conflict. We are all Flesh and Blood, and the little god *Cupid* is no respecter of Sects; he spares no *Mortal* that is composed of those *Atoms*. *Simon* with the wonted Boldness that attends that sort of People, made an Acquaintance with *Mabella*, who entertain'd him with a suitable Freedom, and whilst he endeavour'd to delude her with his Holy Discourses, *Of the Light within*, and his *Holy Inspiration*, she cheated him as much with her Modest Looks. *Mabella*'s hearken'd to all his Canting very diligently, and in a short time began to reform her Dress, ript off all her Laces, threw away her Ribbons, put on plain Coys and Pinners, and laid aside all her *Babylonish Trinkets*.

Simon overjoy'd at this Conversion, carried *Mabella* to their Meetings, where she endured their Bawling without Laughter, and heard them Rant and Cant, and Raile and speak Nonsense, with much Devotion and Counterfeit Zeal. Few days mist she was not at their Meetings, and *Mabella* was become a very Profest, Rigid, and Unmannerly *Quaker*: *Simon* was now more in Love than ever, and having Converted her from the World, he determin'd next to convert her to himself. *Mabella* was pretty in all Dresses, and no disguise could hinder the power of her Beauty; But to *Simon* she seem'd much more handsome since she was in the Habit of a Sister, and it was now Lawful for him to say that to her, he ought not to the *Prophane*, and *Wicked*

of the World. He therefore inform'd her of the Secrets of his Heart, and by what Spirit he was moved, and endeavour'd to persuade her, That all things are Lawful to the Pure, That the World ought not to Judge the Actions of the Righteous, That Defilement was from within, and the Impurity of the Mind only could contaminate the Body; That as for her Husband he was a Carnal Man, and it was no Sin to Rob an Egyptian, That if he was at this time under a Temptation, she ought to give way to his Frailty, for she had drawn his Desires after her: With such like Stuff, all to persuade her Easily and plainly to Lye with him. Mabella soon perceiv'd by the Light within, that it was either the Spirit of Love or Lust, that began to move the Carnal Man, however she Answer'd him so Cunningly and Obligingly, in his own Carrying-way, still harping on her present Necessities, that he found the ready way to gain her was to supply her wants, which he plentifully did out of their Publick Stock. With this Gold he opened the Heart of Mabella, and she had Thee'd it any Thon'd it so long, till they came to the Closest Conjunction, and mingled their Spiritual Embraces after a Carnal way. Simon obtain'd his End with advantage, for the Clap now breaking out, she severely Pox'd him, and not daring to stay longer, for fear of being discover'd, pillag'd the Holy Brother of all the Charitable Corban he was entrusted with, and stole away to Rotterdam, where the Venom of her Distemper returning with greater Violence upon her, she dyed half eaten up with that Foul and Poisonous Disease.

Such is the Ugliness of Sin, That the Devil himself is ashamed of his own Deformity, and often deceives us in the disguise of an Angel of Light: The Wicked Juderina counterfeits Modesty to conceal her Lewdness, and Religion to hide her Debaucheries: but Heaven in good time punishes her Crafty Vice, by the fruitful Off-Spring of her own Sins.

HIST. X.

Count Waldbourg and Bellanca.

The Lord Moruffi is taken Prisoner by the Count of Waldbourg, and promised to be Released, if his Lady Bellanca would Consent to his Lust, which she by her Husband's Advice agrees to. The false Count having Enjoy'd her, cuts off Moruffi's Head and gives it her. She complains to the King, who obliges him first to Marry her, and then causes him to be beheaded, and gives her his Estate. Bellanca is afterwards got with Child by a Black, she and Clora murder the Bastard. Bellanca stabs her self, and Clora is hang'd.

IN Gothland, the best and richest Province of Swedenland, which is the hinthermost part of Scandia next to Denmark stands the Famous and Impregnable Castle of Colmar, of which Count Waldbourge was Governour, in the Third Year of the Reign of that August and Victorious Prince, *Gustavus Adolphus*, King of Sweden. At this time there were Bloody Wars between the Two Crowns of Sweden and Denmark, and the Lord of Moruffi Lieutenant General of the Danish Army, by the Command of the King, made a descent into Gothland with an Army of Thirty Thousand Horse and Foot, and having miserably ravag'd the Country, at last sat down before the Castle of Colmar, which he straitly Besieg'd. I shall say nothing of those many bold Assaults made by the Danes upon the place, nor the Stout resistance and Courage of the Swedes, brave and daring Actions were perform'd on both sides, the Soldiers at last growing very much distress'd for want of provisions, the Besieged made a desperate Salley, in which they had the good Fortune to take the Lord of Moruffi Prisoner, whom they brought into the Castle and presented to the Governour. The Count of Po-

lenzi,

lenzi General of the *Swedish* Forces, receiving an Account of the ill Condition the Castle of *Colmar* was in, made a speedy March with his Army for the Relief of it, which the *Danes* having notice of, and considering they had lost their General the Lord *Moruffi*, on whose Courage and Conduct they very much depended, they immediately rais'd the Siege and return'd.

The Virtuous and Beautiful *Belanca* upon the first Report that her Dear Lord was a Prisoner in the Castle of *Colmar*, was very much afflicted, but there being some overtures of a Truce then made between the Two Crowns, she hop'd upon the Conclusion of it the Lord *Moruffi* would be discharg'd; but the Terms propos'd not being agreed to, the War was renew'd with greater Violence. Three months after a Cessation of Arms was Consented to, for a short time, and *Belanca* attended with some few of her Servants, having obtain'd a Pass-port from General *Polenzi*, took a Journey, full of hazard and danger, to the Castle of *Colmar*, to see her Beloved Lord and Husband. The Count of *Waldbourge* the Governour receiv'd her with all respect and kindness, who soon became an Earnest Suitor to him for the Release of *Moruffi*, offering all her Jewels and a very considerable Sum for his Ransom, which the Governour told her he could not comply withal without direct and positive Orders from the King. *Belanca* told him that would be a matter of great difficulty to Effect, till a Peace was Concluded, which was very uncertain, but if he pleas'd he might suffer him to Escape, for which she would make him the same generous Present; the Governour answer'd that was so great a piece of Treachery to his Prince, that in Honour he could never admit it. The Fidelity of this Noble Count which was not to be Corrupted by Gold, was soon Conquer'd by the more powerful Charms of *Belanca's* Beauty, whose

Vertue after he had long and in vain solicited, he promis'd to free the Lord Moruffi his Prisoner, if she would Consent to his unchaste Desires, and upon no other Terms whatever: Belanca was very much surpriz'd at his discourse, and told him, *I wonder my Lord that you who have so great a Regard to your Honour (as you but now Express your self) can have so little Esteem for your own Vertue, or my Chastity.* Belanca would have proceeded but the Count interrupted her, saying, *Madam I expect not your Advice but Consent, if my Lord Moruffi is so dear to you, you know upon what Terms you may gain his Freedom, which if you do not readily Comply with, I will prevent all his designs of Escape, by a Closer Confinement.* Belanca desir'd leave till the next day to consider of it, and then promis'd to return her Answer, and having parted from the Count, acquainted her Husband with the Discourse which had pass'd betwⁿ them, that she found the Count altogether inflexible, and unless she submitted to such dishonourable Terms should never be able to Obtain his Liberty upon any other.

Moruffi was very unwilling to purchase his Freedom with the loss of his Honour; but his Restraint growing now more irksome and tedious to him, by the daily hopes of Liberty, he at last Advis'd his Lady to Consent to the Count's demand, tho' they were rigid and severe, adding, *That since she was now in his power, he might possibly force her Vertue to a Surrender upon worse Terms.* Belanca, who was wholly at the Devotion of her Lord, whom she lov'd intirely, was with some regret at last prevail'd upon by his Argument, assuring him, *That she could at the same Instant, with greater Satisfaction, Sacrifice her Life for his Ransom, than prostitute her Honour.* The False Count having now Satiated himself with the full Enjoyment of his Lustful pleasures, left Belanca in his Chamber, telling her, *he would now go and give present orders for the Lord Moruffi's discharge, desiring her to stay and expect him there:* whereupon he commanded four

four of his Servants to go to the Lord *Moruffi's* Chamber, and bring his Head to him in that Embroyder'd Bag, which was accordingly done. The Count took the Bag in his own hands, and went to *Belanca's* Apartment, where she was with great Impatience expecting *Moruffi*, and told her, *Madam, take there your beloved Husband*, *Belanca* not understanding his meaning, open'd the Bag, and there saw *Moruffi's* Head fresh Bleeding, at which she Swoond away, and had not the diligent Attendance and Care of the Women, and the Excellent Vertues of the Cordials they gave her, forc'd her Soul unwillingly back to her hated body, she had immediately followed her Beloved Lord. Three days after the Count being acquainted that her passion was something abated, made a V'sit to her, and by all the tender Expressions of Love and Affection, excus'd the late bloody Act he had been Guilty of, that having once tasted those ravishing delights, he not only resolv'd never to part with her, but could endure no Rival, and that not his Cruelty to *Moruffi*, but his Love to *Belanca* was the Occasion of it. The Count at last won so much upon her, that she seem'd wholly to forget *Moruffi*, and with pleasure and delight wanton'd in his Lustful Arms, till Three Months after, that Noble Prince *Gustavus Adolphus* being Encamp'd with his Army Ten Miles off, rode over to his Castle of *Colmar*, to whom *Belanca* on her Knees related this horrible Cruelty of the Count to her Husband the Lord *Moruffi*, and Implor'd his Justice against him the King having understood the whole Intrigue of their Amours, ask'd her the next day what would Satisfie her for the loss she receiv'd in her Husband, and propos'd a Match with the Count which should compensate the Injury she receiv'd. *Belanca* accepted of the Kings proposal, and the Count was well pleas'd his Punishment was not more severe; whereupon they were Married in the Kings presence, who told

her, I have now in some measure Answer'd your Complaint, and now I will satisfy my own Justice, and immediately order'd the Governour should be Beheaded, and gave her all his Estate.

Belanca not long after remov'd to *Stockholm*, where her own native Beauty, and the Report of her great Riches, gain'd her many Suitors, and amongst those, *Adrastus* second Son to the Duke of *Helsinga*, with a more particular Zeal, Admir'd and Couried her: Six Months were now past, since he had laid Siege to the Affections of *Belanca*, yet had not the least private Parley with her, which added more to the Esteem and Devotion he had for her. At last, upon the importunity of Prayers and Presents, one of her Gentlewomen promis'd to bring him in the Night time, to her Ladies Lodgings, and so to dispose of him, that he should see her pull off her Cloaths before she went to Bed, walking in her Smock about the Chamber for Coolness, and Singing and Playing upon the Lute, which she did admirably well. *Adrastus* was overjoy'd with the thoughts of so great an happiness, *Belanca* was very surprizing under the disadvantages of a Widows Habit, but would certainly be much more Beautiful, when she appear'd like a Naked *Venus*; Her great pretensions to Vertue and Modesty, laid so severe a Restraint upon her Conversation, That she rarely or never admitted any Gallant to a private Discourse; These Considerations rais'd *Adrastus* his Expectations to the highest degree of Pleasure and Contentment. Night being come, *Adrastus* by the direction of *Clora*, *Belanca's* Woman, convey'd himself into her House, and was so conveniently plac'd, that he saw her sitting on a Couch, reading in a Prayer-Book whilst her Women were undressing her. *Belanca* was ready to go into Bed, when *Clora* entreated her Mistress to Sing, and put a Lute into her Hand, which she readily comply'd withal (it being her usual Custom, when she was not

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Melancholy indispos'd) and perform'd so well, that *Adrastus* could hardly forbear casting himself at her Feet, there to Act the Part of the *Ecstatick Lover*. She Sung not long, but went to Bed, her Women withdrew to their Chambers, and *Adrastus* went our undiscover'd at a Door *Clara* had left open for him, but coming into the Court, he found the Gate shut fast and Lock'd. Not knowing what to do in this Distress, he sat down upon the side of a Well in a Corner of the Court, to consider with himself: While Thoughts were thus Engag'd, he perceiv'd a Door, that belong'd to some part of *Belanca's* Lodgings, and saw the fair Widow, whom he thought fast Asleep, with a Wax-Candle in one Hand, and a Plate cover'd with Jellyes and Conserves in the other; she had a Rich Flowr'd Gown wrapp'd loose about her; and in this Dress she was so full of Charms and Attraction, that he much wondred what this Beautiful *Phantasm* meant, sometimes flattering himself that he was the Person she sought after. At length he perceived her to go towards the Stable door, whither he at a distance follow'd her, and supposing she went to visit some Servant that was Sick, wondred at the Excess of her Pious Charity. He hid himself behind one of the Horses, and saw her go to the Bed-side of a *Black a nupte*, that was Sick, who seem'd to be about Thirty Years of Age, but with so Ghostly a Look, that he appear'd like the true Image of Death. *Adrastus* admir'd the unparallel'd Goodness of *Belanca*, who took up the *Negro's* Coverlet, and having rais'd his Head, sat down by him, and with Tears in her Eyes, wiped the Cold Sweat from his Forehead with her Handkerchief. *Adrastus* knew not what to think of a Charity so Transcendent, when she with shows of Tears, Ask'd him *How he did?* and with a Voice interrupted by Sobs, *My dear Franck* (said she) *Art thou resolv'd to dye, and with thy own, be my Death too? Thou speakest not to me, my Dearest,*

Dearest, Take Heart my Soul, if thou desirest I should Live, and Eat a little of this Jelly, for my sake, who Loves thee, who Adores thee, Kiss me my Angel, Kiss me and recover thy Health or let me dye with thee. To this effect were her Expostulations, joyning her Angelical Face, to the Diabolical Countenance of the Moor, which the bedew'd with Tears. When he with his scraggy Hand removing her Face from his own, with a hollow Voice, said to her, *What would you have of me Madam? why will you not let me dye in quiet? Is it not enough you have reduced me to this miserable Condition I am in, but now you Expect at the poynt of Death, I should sacrifice the few Minutes I have left, to the Satisfaction of your Insatiable Inclinations? Take a Husband, Take a Husband Madam, and Expect no more from me, who am more fit for the Cold Embraces of Death, than the Warm Pleasures of your Lustful Arms.* Having so said, he slunk down into the Bed, and so suddenly, that Belanca could not get one word more from him, but return'd to her Chamber with a Countenance full of Sadness and Discontent, like a disconsolate Widow at the Funeral of a Husband she dearly lov'd. Adrastus lay close in the Corner of the Stable till the Gate was open, and getting into the Streets return'd to his Lodgings with Wonder and Astonishment. Next day as he pass'd by Belanca's House, the Moor was carried out to his Burial, and a Week after he receiv'd this Letter from Belanca, by one of her Servants.

Belanca to Adrastus.

YOU would have me believe you think me not Unhandsome, and I cannot but Acknowledge I am so taken with you, That I am willing to Grant you immediately what I had not promised till a Year was Expir'd. My Person and Estate are at your disposal, and though I cannot be too Circumspect in a Business of this Nature, yet your Merit and my Affection, shall be my Security.

Belanca.

Adrastus was now alter'd in his Resolutions of Marriage, and having read her Letter twice or thrice over, return'd this Answer:

Adrastus to Belanca.

I Am naturally a Person of a very nice Conscience, and therefore cannot without some remorse, Answer your Proposal of Marriage, you being a Widow but since last Week, You are much more Oblig'd to the Memory of your Negro, who lost his Life in your Service, and can bestow no less than a Year in bewailing the miscarriage of a Person, whose Performances you thought so Extraordinary. In the Intrim we shall both of us have time to Consider what we have to do.

Adrastus.

Adrastus having sent his Mistress this Letter, immediately left *Stockholm*, and retir'd into the Country, where five Months after he received this sad Account of her miserable End.

Belanca finding her self with Child by her African Gallant, conceal'd her Great-Belly from all the World but her Confident *Clora*, who Assisting her at the time of her Delivery, they murder'd the Tawny Off-Spring to concale the Shame of her Lustful Dalliances, and *Clora* commanded to Bury it in the Garden, but being Discover'd, was Apprehended and brought before the Officers of Justice, where in hopes of Pardon, she Confess'd how far she was Guilty, Charging the rest on *Belanca*, who having Notice by the Officers who came to Seize her, what *Clora* had Accus'd her of, what through the horror of the Guilt, and dread of the Punishment, snatching up a Ponyard which lay upon the Table, she stabb'd her self to the Heart, and dyed immediately. *Clora* had Confess'd her self Guilty of the Murder.

Murder of the Infant, which though it might look rather like an Act of Service and Fidelity to her Lady, than a malicious Design in her Self, was condemn'd to be hang'd, and Three Days after Executed.

Nothing Encourages Sin more, than the false Hopes of Impunity; for did we really believe the Justice of Heav'n would most certainly punish our Sins in proportion to our own Demerits; the Murderer would temper his Passion, and the Adulterer cool his Lust. But that thou may'st no more dare to Sin, than thou art willing and able to bear the Punishment Heav'n shall inflict on thy Guilty Head; I have here represented the sad Consequence of those two horrid Sins, Murder and Adultery, where in Variety of Tragical Examples, thou may'st see the Justice of Heav'n Triumphant in the Punishment of such Notorious Offenders.



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Printed for *Benj. Crayle*, in *Fleetstreet*.

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THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP, &c.

By way of Introduction.

IN the two former Treatises I have lively represented how nearly Sin is ally'd to Punishment, in several Tragical Examples of Murder and Adultery; to deter us from the Commission of those Crimes which will render us as infamously miserable, as those poor Wretches were. And in this Second Part I shall endeavour to encourage Vertue by those Glorious Instances of Successful Goodness, which have perfum'd the Memories of the Authors, and given Immortality to their Names, whose Bodies are long since crumbled into Dust, and their Ashes lost amongst the common Ruines of Mankind. I shall Contract my Discourse under these two Heads, *Friendship* and *Chastity*, as they do more directly oppose the precedent Crimes of *Murder* and *Adultery*. And here I mean not that Friendship which receives its Birth from any Effeminate Passion of Love and Desire; but that Exalted Friendship, whole

whose Noble Extract is only derived from Vertue and Honour, which is of so pure a Temper, that none but Good Men are Capable of it. 'Tis a Misery indeed, that the Knowledge of such a Blessedness as a True Friend is, can hardly be without some sad Misfortune, for when we are Happy in the Spring-tide of Abundance, and the Rising flood of Plenty, all Men flock about us with bare Heads, bended Knees, and protesting Tongues: But when these pleasing waters fall to an Ebb, then they look upon us at a distance, and stiffen themselves as if they were in Armour, lest (if they should comply with us) they get a wound in the Clofe. This has deterr'd some from taking part with an inauspicious Friendship, but by how much the more miserable, by so much are they the more certain Examples of a Generous Fideliry. For a Man to Expose his Life to the Hazard of a Duel in behalf of his Friend, may appear an Action of Honour and Gallantry; but Cold Blood to present himself to an undoubted Death for a Friend, is a thing rarely seen, and Antiquity furnishes us with few Examples thereof, they tell us indeed of *Damon* and *Pythias*, and the Poets speak with Admiration touching *Cassius* his sharing of Immortality with his Brother *Polux*. But I shall here present you with a late memorable Example of a Generous Friendship (out of the History of *Poland*) which preserv'd the Lives of both the Friends, who eagerly contended to Dye for each other, As follows:

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HIST. I.

Rabatski and Farnel.

Rabatski and Farnel, two Intimate and Faithful Friends.

Rabatski falls in Love with Hilaria, who is also Courted by Potoſki, but ſlighted by her; whereupon he endeavours to murder him in the Street, but he is preſerved by his Friend Farnel, who kills Potoſki and his Man, and flies. Rabatski is taken and Condemn'd to loſe his Head. At the Place of Execution Farnel appears, owning himſelf the Murderer. They are afterwards, in regard of their Inviolable Friendſhip, both Sav'd, Married and Preſerv'd.

AT Vilna the Métropolitan City and Univerſity of Lithuania, one of the Principal Provinces in the Kingdom of Poland, liv'd two young Gentlemen named Alexander Rabatski, and Peter Farnel, who had ſuch an Inclination and Affection for each other in their tender Youth, that if their Friendſhip increaſed with their Age, it was judg'd by all they would attain ſuch a degree of Perfection, as would dimme the Luſtre of all thoſe, Antient Hiſtorians have ſo highly commended to us. They Studied together in the Univerſity, and Learn'd all the Exerciſes in the Academy beſitting their Birth and Condition, wherein by a worthy Emulation they ſurpaſſed their Fellows, and as the Poſſions which moſt agitate Youth are Quarrels and Love, in both theſe Storms they ſupported each other with ſo inviolable Fidelity, that the Intereſt of the one was the others, without ſuffering the leaſt ſprig of Jealouſie to caſt its Thorny Roots of Suſpition into their Hearts. At length it hapned Rabatski placed his Affection on a ſubject full of Honour, the Vertuous and Beautiful Hilaria, who was one of the compleateſt Gentlewomen in the City, of a Good Family, and Conſiderable

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Fortune : But that which made his Address to this Lady most difficult, was the Courtship of *Potoski*, Son to one of the Principal Citizens of *Vilna*, who had already gain'd her Parents Good-will, and Rivall'd him in his Affections to his Mistress. *Hilaria*, who was Judicious above her Age, soon discover'd the different Tempers of her Lover, and knew how to make a Choice most agreeable to her own humor ; she observ'd *Potoski* was Proud and Haughty, Arrogant in his Behaviour and Discourse, who instead of winning Love by Submission, made himself odious to her by his Vanities and Bravadoes. *Rabatski* was Mild and Modest, indued with all those Charming Qualities which render Conversation pleasing and grateful, this so much affected *Hilaria* that the Offer of his Service was no sooner presented but received. And although he had no permission from her Parents to become a Suitor to her, yet she apply'd her self to Love him with that Ardency of Affection, that jealous *Potoski* soon discover'd his Rival had robb'd him of his Mistress her Heart, for which he vow'd a severe Revenge. Not long after they met accidentally, and *Potoski* with more Boldness than Civility told him, *If he dar'd to Offer any farther Respects to his Mistress Hilaria, he would punish his Insolence, and make him dearly repent his great Folly and Rashness.* *Rabatski* told him, *He could not flatter himself into an Opinion that he deserv'd so good a Lady as Hilaria was ; but he hoped his Pretensions might any where be Equal to his in point of Honour or Quality, and that he had neither so little Affection, or so great a share of Cowardize, to fear his Threats who was his Superior in nothing that was Generous and Brave.* These words seconded by sundry Replies, would have urg'd them to a present Quarrel, had not some Friends interpos'd.

In the mean time *Potoski* possess'd the Parents of *Hilaria*, as much as *Rabatski* did the Heart of the Maid, and caused them to forbid her his Company, and by an Acquaintance of *Potoski's* sent *Rabatski* word, that they

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desir'd he would forbear his Courtship to their Daughter, which was very displeasing to them; and for the future he would avoid their House to prevent any farther incivility that might be offer'd to him. This so incens'd *Hilaria* against *Potoffi*, that as she shunn'd his Company and all Converse with him, so she diligently sought all Opportunities to see or write to her belov'd *Rabatski*. *Potoffi* daily saw by what secret Practices his Rival advanced himself in the Affections of *Hilaria*, and not being longer able to bear her rigorous Contempts, resolv'd to rid himself of his Competitor by a private and bloody Revenge; whereupon he caus'd him to be watch'd Night and Day, and at length understood his usual walk was by Night up and down before *Hilaria's* House; *Potoffi* like to a Jealous Person who seeks nothing more eagerly than that which he is least willing to find, went in the Evening and hid himself near the House with his Friend *Leoline*, and one of his Men, a lusty tall Fellow, whose Courage and Fidelity he much trusted. Long had they not lain in Ambuscade before *Rabatski* came, accompanied with his Friend *Farnel*, to walk their accusom'd Round; when at certain signs which he made, *Hilaria* appear'd at her Window, with whom he entred into Discourse, whilst *Farnel* being a little wide from them, gave 'em time and liberty to talk.

What Furies of Jealousie did then invade the Breast of Impatient *Potoffi*? then was the time, the Appetite of Vengeance seiz'd him, and that he intended to Cut his Rival in pieces, who to his disadvantage was thus favour'd by his Mistress; upon which he commanded his Man to set upon *Farnel*, whilst *Leoline* and he wou'd Chastise the Insolence of *Rabatski*. At this they all three started out at once, and parting, ran to Assayl their Adversaries. *Farnel* soon laid the Servant at his Feet for dead and then ran to help *Rabatski*, who having set his Back to a Wall, by the advantage of a Shop,

warded the Blows and Thrusts which his Enemies made at him. *Farnel* came furiously up, and the first he met with at his Swords point was *Potosi*, whom surprizing behind as he was eagerly passing at *Rabatski*, he ran his Sword into his Back up to the Hilt, whereupon he fell dead to the ground: *Leoline* receiv'd some slight wounds, but secur'd his Life by a speedy Flight. *Farnel* escap'd without any hurt, but *Rabatski* was in danger of his Life by the great effusion of Blood from his several Wounds. The People came out at the Noise of this Combat, and found *Potosi* stark dead on the stones, and his man some few steps from him, yielding up the Ghost. *Rabatski* was conducted to a Neighbour's House, and a Surgeon sent for to dress his wounds, but he swooned in such a manner that for a while they thought him dead, but by the force of Remedies they brought him to himself again, and after he was dress'd, laid him into Bed.

In the mean while *Leoline* acquainted *Potosi's* Parents with the untimely Death of their Son, and related the matter to his own Advantage, telling them they were both treacherously assaulted by *Rabatski* and *Farnel*, which took such impression, that they believ'd all he said, and immediately acquainted the Officers of Justice with the Murder, who order'd that *Rabatski* and *Farnel* should be Apprehended and cast into Prison, whereupon *Rabatski* was seiz'd and dragg'd to Prison, without any respect to his weak Condition. *Farnel* made his Escape in hopes to prove his own Innocency and his Friends, by showing what they did was in their own Defence: But the Case went quite otherways than he expected, *Potosi's* Friends and Relations had that Power and Authority in the City of *Vilna*, that in few days *Rabatski* was Arraign'd and Condemn'd to lose his Head. The time of his Execution being come, he was brought to the Scaffold, and though he publicly protested his Innocence, that he was not the Author of this Mur-

Mur-

Murther, but Assaulted by the Treachery of *Potoski* and *Leoline*; yet the Executioner was ready to give the fatal stroke, when behold *Farnel* came thrusting into the Crowd, and with an admirable Courage cry'd out, *Rabatski is Innocent, and I only am Guilty of the Murder of Potoski and his Man*, and then with a clear and distinct Voice, and a Countenance which outbrav'd Death, declar'd to the Magistrate (who was present to see the Execution) how all had pass'd, Concluding, *That if a Man must dye for defending his own Life, he was there ready to offer his own Head to Justice to preserve his Friend.*

All the Company were struck with Admiration to see this Generous Act! and the People began to Murmur, Crying out *Pardon, Pardon*, resolving to kill all that oppos'd them, rather than suffer the Execution to proceed any farther. This Tumult grew very great, But with difficulty was appeas'd by the Magistrate, who promis'd the Cause should be heard over again, and Judg'd according to Equity, upon which they grew quiet and the two Friends were led to Prison. The Palatine of *Vilna* hearing of this Incomparable Generosity of *Farnel*, went himself in Person to the Prison to visit these two Friends, who both contested before him who should dye for his Fellow. He heard the History of the two Lovers *Rabatski* and *Hilaria*, and a particular Relation of all the Circumstances of the late Accident. *Leoline* was then Examined and Confronted with them, who by the Death of the Man and the Master, and by the force of Truth was constrain'd to Acknowledge the Ambuscade, and that they were Three against Two, and that *Farnel* alone kill'd *Potoski* and his Servant. Upon this *Farnel* pleaded the Cause for his own Death and the Safety of *Rabatski*, with all the powerful Arguments a less Generous Friend could have us'd for the preservation of his Life; urging, *That if to save his Friend from Violence was a Crime so bainous, he alone deserv'd the Punishment.* Nay, rather Glory, Honour and

Recompence (replied the *Palatine*.) and thereupon discharg'd them both from Prison, and gave them their Pardons. *Leoline* like a base and treacherous man, was put into the same place, and had been a Spectacle to the People on the same Scaffold, had not his Friends by their Prayers and Intreaties, obtain'd the Favour to have his doom chang'd into a Banishment for Seven Years.

The *Palatine* was not pleas'd only with saving the Lives of these two Friends, but caus'd *Rabatski* to marry with *Hilaria*, and procur'd a Wife for *Farnel*, a Gentlewoman who was nearly Allied to himself; intreating these two Friends to receive him as a Third into their Incomparable Friendship. This afterwards coming to the Ears of the King, in favour of the *Palatine*, they were both advanced to Honourable Employments. And Liv'd together many years after, happy in the fruition of a Reciprocal Affection, and intire Friendship, till time at length put a period to their days, and immortality to their Names, who still bear Record, as a Glorious Example to future Ages.

Thus we see a Sincere Friendship is the strictest Alliance, and most Noble Relation. Orestes is better known by his Friend Pylades, than by Agamemnon his Father. Hence do we conclude, That he that follows Vertue and Embraces her, shall be Crown'd with Glory and Honour.

HIST. II.

Aleran and Incmar.

Aleran and Incmar two Faithful Friends. Incmar falls in Love with Yoland, the Marriage is obstructed by her Parents; and the day appointed for her Espousals to Hugolin. Aleran and Incmar steal her away in Mans Habit, and fly to Briemberg, where (forc'd by want) they List themselves Souldiers. The Town is Sack'd, Incmar and Yoland are k'l'd in the Breach. Aleran lives to tell the sad Tale, and dyes of his Wounds. They are all Three Buried in one Grave.

IN the time of *Alexander Farnese* Prince of *Parma* the *Marquess de Varambon* receiv'd Orders to block up *Briemberg*, a very strong little Town near *Rhinberg*, under the States of *Holland*. This Brave Captain made his Approaches with so much Courage and Policy, that at last upon a general Assault the Town was taken by Storm; the enraged Enemy gave no Quarter, nor any respect to Age or Sex, Honour or Riches, all was now become desolate, and submitted to the absolute and incite Conquest of the *Marquess*. Particular Care was taken to bury the Dead for fear any Infection should corrupt the Air: amongst whom two Soldiers were found in the Breach so closely Embrac'd, that nothing but that unhappy state they were in, seem'd able to divide their Bodies. The Enemy seeing these two reasonably well Cloath'd, stript them quite Naked, when to their great Amazement they found one of them white as Snow, of wonderful Beauty, excellent Propotion, and a Woman. The *Marquess* who was a Gentleman that made great Account of Love and Valour, being acquainted with it, was curious to know the reason of this memorable Adventure, which prov'd fo

unfortunate in the Success. It seem'd strange to him that an Armed *Venus* should be found there enchain'd in the Arms of *Mars*; he passionately desir'd to know who these two Lovers were, that he might pay a suitable Honour to the Memory of their Courage and Fidelity. At length he was told, that a Soldier who was extremely wounded, and had yielded himself Prisoner to a *Burgundian* Captain, had offer'd to satisfy him in the Truth of this Amorous and Warlike History.

The Prisoner being in that desperate Condition, the Surgeons thought it very unsafe for him to stir, whereupon the Marquis went to see him, accompanied with several of his Principal Officers, that he might learn from his own mouth the particulars of this strange Event. The Sick Man resuming an extraordinary Courage upon the appearance of the Marquis, made this Relation:

My Lord, I render Thanks to Heaven, which hath given me so much Life as I wish for, to yield in so Honourable Company the glorious Testimony which I owe to my Love, and to my Friendship, which done, I shall dye in peace; for I can no more live without Friendship, than move without a Soul, that indeed is my Soul, the Intelligence which actuates this Body, and gives Life and Vigour to all my Faculties.

My Name is *Aleran*, my Birth Noble, my Country is the *Landgraviat* of *Hessen*, the Place that saw my entrance into the World is *Melsigam*, near unto *Cassel*. I entred into so strict a Friendship with *Inomar*, a Gentleman, Native of *Rottinburgh*, who had been bred up a Page to the *Landgrave*, that we were commonly call'd *The Inseparable*: Those Impatiencies which Lovers feel when they are from their Mistresses, we felt whensoever we were asunder. We liv'd in the same House, lay in the same Bed, had but one Purse, one Table, the same Servants, the same Liveries, the same

'same Retinue, and when any of our Servants were
 'Ask'd unto whom they did belong, they answer'd to
 'The Two Friends, if those that are but one, may be
 'called Two. It happen'd once when we were at
 'Melfignam, my Friend saw a fair Maid in Company,
 'nam'd Yoland, whose Graces so surpriz'd his Heart,
 'that all his Thoughts and Meditations were fix'd on
 'this Beautiful Object. I presently judg'd he was stung
 'with Love, and he acknowledg'd as much to me at
 'first asking, for he conceal'd nothing from me. Truly
 'said I, I am very glad you have address'd your Af-
 'fections to a Gentlewoman with whom I have some
 'Interest and Acquaintance, and who is at a distance
 'ally'd to me, and by these Advantages I hope to make
 'your access more easie to her. My Friend with Tears
 'of Joy in his Eyes, told me it was the most grateful
 'piece of Friendship I could offer to him, and earnestly
 'begg'd of me that I would contrive some way that
 'he might the next Evening be happy in her Com-
 'pany. This and all other good Offices I perform'd
 'with that Success, that my Friend was now assur'd,
 'that all his Respects to the Beautiful Yoland were
 'answer'd with a reciprocal Passion.

'Thus Incmar by frequent Conversation at last won
 'Yolands Heart, but how to come to the possession of
 'her Fair Body, that Ornament of Nature, seem'd a
 'Task more difficult, there was some Obstacles which
 'appear'd Invincible, if any thing can be so to the
 'Almighty Power of Love. Raoul, Yoland's Father, was
 'Married to Graciana her Step-Mother, upon condition
 'that a Son of hers nam'd Hugolin, should marry this
 'Gentlewoman, as soon as their Age made them capable
 'of those Nuptial Ceremonies, which Raoul in consi-
 'deration of Graciana's present Fortune (which was
 'very great) had sacredly oblig'd himself to, without
 'any respect to the content of his Daughter, who cer-
 'tainly could never take pleasure in the Embraces of
 'such

such a monstrous Deformity: *Hugolin* had a Back higher than his Head, able to ease *Atlas* of his Burthen as well as *Hercules*, had the rest of his Body bore any proportion to it: But he was so little one would have thought he had grown in no part but his Hair, since the Day of his Birth. His Shape was like a middle siz'd Bowl, his Complexion a little whiter than an *Ethiopian's*, near the Colour of a Sick *Spaniard*, his Lips big, his Cheeks flat, his Eyes almost lost in his Head, and this Figure supported by two Legs so small, that the Ears of Corn which totter in the Field with the least breath of wind, have a fairer foundation; these were the Columns of this *Mighty Hercules*. With all these Remedies to Love, what could be bred in the Heart of *Toland* but an utter abhorrence and detestation? whilst my Friend was adorn'd with all those Graces which render a Gentleman Compleat and Amiable.

Hugolin soon grew Jealous of *Incmar*, and challeng'd *Raoul's* Promise to his Mother *Graciana*, who seconded her Son's Request with that importunity to her Husband, that he promised in six Months the Marriage should be solemniz'd, and in the interim that he would discard this brave Courtier (meaning *Incmar*) that thus put crickets into his Head, and forbid his Daughter to see him any more, which he accordingly did. My Friend with great Trouble and Discontent withdrew from *Melignam* and went to the Court at *Cassil*, and left me his Resident to Negotiate his Amours with that Diligence and Fidelity he might justly expect from me. I inform'd him Day by Day of the Constancy and Affection of his Mistress, but as it is hard to be long in the Sun without being tann'd, or in a Perfumer's Shop without drawing from thence good Odours; It happen'd that my frequent Converse with *Toland* rais'd I know not what inclinations in my Soul, which became Love before I perceiv'd it; her

Attraction

Attraction and Charms struck so deep into my heart,
that I was a long time in Ballance tottering betwixt
Love and Friendship, not knowing unto which party
to yield. The Combat was long and doubtful, but
at length my Honour conquer'd my Sense, Reason my
Passion, and my Friendship to *Incmar* Triumphed over
my Love to *Yoland*.

Hugolin and *Graciana* narrowly inspected my proceedings, and soon discover'd the Design I manag'd;
That in vain they had forbid *Incmar* their house, and
Yoland his Company, since I yet remain'd behind, who
with my utmost Diligence endeavour'd to promote
his Interest with their Daughter. *Hugolin* and his
Mother by their Daily Complaints to *Raoul*, at last
so incensed him, that he promised he would acquaint
the *Landgrave* (by whom he was much esteem'd) that
Incmar and I design'd a Violence upon his Daughter,
and troubled her Marriage, which he accordingly did.
Whereupon I was sent for by a Messenger to *Cassel*,
and *Incmar* and I receiv'd sharp Reprehensions from
the *Landgrave*, who ordain'd that she should marry
Hugolin, according to the Promise *Raoul* had made
his Mother. This Decree from a Sovereign Mouth,
was without Appeal. *Incmar* at the same time, by
the suggestions of *Raoul*, who prosecuted him with
the utmost Malice, was threatn'd to be Banish'd the
Court, and lose all thole Honourable and Advan-
tagious Employments he enjoy'd, if he ever after
dar'd in the least to disturb the Match. My Friend
continued at *Cassel*, having promis'd the *Landgrave*
never more to intermeddle with that Affair, and I
by his directions went back to *Melfignam*, to observe
what measures they took.

Raoul went back to *Melfignam* to consummate the
Marriage of his Daughter with *Hugolin*, and not long
after the Time was fixt, and I had Notice of the Day
by Letter from *Yoland*, who was resolv'd to dye
rather

rather than marry with that shame of Humane Nature. I soon transmitted the Letter to *Incmar*, who that Night came privately over to me; I obtain'd a private meeting from *Yoland*, when it was resolv'd that all our hopes of future Happiness depended upon a sudden Flight, which was agreed to the next Night. Judge now the force of my Friendship, it hood-wink'd my Eyes from all Considerations; I serv'd my Friend against the Honour of my own blood, I in an Instant renounc'd all Love to my Country, all my Estate, the Favour of my Prince, and all hopes of Fortune, to follow the blind desires of these Lovers, both which I lov'd with Incredible passions. It was I that in the Obscurity of Night which favour'd our Enterpize, drew *Yoland* forth of her Fathers house, through a Window, and having Cloath'd her in one of my Suits, led her to *Incmar*, who stay'd for us in the Fields. With good Horses, wee Rid till day, and made that speed that we got out of the *Land-graves* Territories e're any Justice could lay hold of us; But because we knew the hands of Princes are long, finding no safety in *High Germany*, we came down disguis'd into these parts, where we had not continued long, e're that little was consum'd, which the sudden hast of our departure had permitted us to bring from our Country.

To tell you something of what pass'd in our Country after our flight, we heard by some secret Friends, That the *Land-grave* was unmeasurably incens'd against us, Ordain'd that the Law should proceed against us as *Ravishers*, we were Condemn'd to loose our Heads, which we suffer'd in *Effigie*, our Goods were Confiscate, in brief we were us'd with all Imaginable rigour and severity, so that having no hopes of succor from home, we settled all on our own Valour, and committed our Fortune to the hazard of Arms. Behold now to what degree of Courage Love doth Ede-

vate

'vate a Soul Inspired with it! *Yoland* who had taken
 'mans Apparel to follow her Lover, found her self so
 'well in that habit and took such delight in the Exer-
 'cise of Arms, that she learn'd in short time to Fence,
 'to Ride the manag'd Horse, and did every thing with
 'that Dexterity that she was deservedly accounted the
 'Compleatest Gentleman in the Troop. The necessity we
 'were under, and the fear that the *Land-grave's* wrath
 'should persecute us by his Agent, constrain'd us to In-
 'roll our selves under the *States Colours*: *Yoland* as-
 'sum'd the name of *Roland* and was *Incmar's* Comrade
 'and Bedfellow being first privately married to him,
 'of which I my self was witness, and since by her
 'Bravery and Courage made her self famous in many
 'Encounters. When I saw them in possession of their
 'desire, It was then that I discover'd with how much
 'labour and pain I had overcome the Violence of my
 'passions, in consideration of my Friendship to *Incmar*.
 'They admir'd this Victory over my self; *Incmar*
 'highly applauded my Exalted Friendship, and *Yoland*
 'protested to me, that saving her Honour, after her
 'Love due to *Incmar*, she lov'd no man better. *Incmar*
 'gave me leave to call her my Mistress, and she call'd
 'me her Servant, and that was all the Favour that ever
 'I had from her, Except sometimes Kissing her no less
 'valiant than fair hand.

'After many Encounters we shut our selves up in
 '*Beimberg* resolving to shew in this Siege, the highest
 'proofs of Valour in Extreame Events, where there
 'hath happen'd what you have seen: Military Com-
 'mand having separated me from them, they have
 'been kill'd in the Breach, and as it may be thought,
 '*Incmar* being first dead, and *Yoland* unwilling to sur-
 'vive him, was kill'd on his Body and Expired in his
 'Arms.

'Alexan thus ended his Discourse, and had like at
 'the same time to have ended his Life, so extremely

did

did grief oppress his heart ; The Marques plying his great Courage, gave order to his Doctors and Surgeons to labour in this Cure with all their Industry, but notwithstanding their great Care and pains he died two days after, and was by Command of the Marques Interr'd with Honour by Incmar and his wife, under a fair Marble Tomb with this Inscription.

**To the Memory of the Three Lovers,
Inseparable in Life and Death.**

Sincere Friendship is the most Excellent Endeavour of Humane Nature ; it Contracts Two Souls into one, and according to the fable of Aristophanes unites a Man with the other half of himself.

HIST. III.

Mellinto and Valeria.

Mellinto Courts Valeria, and is betrayed to her. The Lord Belmore falls in Love with her. Mellinto out of his great Affection to Valeria, and respect to her advancement, retracts the Esponsalls. They are afterwards married, she is taken by Pyrates, he Swims after to the Galley, and for her sake, makes himself a voluntary Slave. The King of Tunis understanding their faithful Love, releases both. Upon their Return they find Belmore dead, who by Will Bequeath'd his whole Estate to Valeria, in regard of her Constancy and fidelity to Mellinto.

NOT far from Brundisium (in the Province of Otranto in the Kingdom of Naples) formerly well known for one of the best Havens in the World. liv'd Seignior Morosini, a Gentleman of considerable Quality and

Quality and Estate, much about the same time that *Massinello* made his Insurrection at Naples. This Gentleman had five Sons, and one Daughter named *Valeria*, who bore away the Palm of Beauty from all the Maids of that Country, and as she had many Admirers, was more particularly Ador'd by *Mellinto*, a Young Gentleman of more Esteem for his great Vertue than Eminent in his Fortune; between whom there was that sympathy of Affection, and agreeableness of humour and disposition, that the Match seem'd to be made in Heaven, and they born for the mutual Love and Enjoyment of each other.

The Father of *Valeria* was much oblig'd to the Lord of *Blimore*, a Nobleman who liv'd three Miles off, from whom upon all Occasions he had receiv'd generous Testimonies of his Friendship and Kindness, for which reasons, amongst other Gentlemen his Neighbours, he invited his good Lord and Patron to the Ceremony of Betrothing his Daughter to *Mellinto*, who willing to do *Mordenni* all the Honour he could upon so great a Solemnity, promis'd his Company. All things were perform'd with much Pomp and Solemnity, and *Mellinto* and *Valeria* mutually Espous'd and Engag'd to Marry each other, on such a day as should be agreed upon between their Friends and Relations. Nothing now was wanting but to proceed to the Consummation of this Marriage, the term of few days was prescrib'd to prepare and end it. The Content of the two Lovers had exceeded all common bounds of Delight and Satisfaction, had not the adjourning of the Day (on which they should have been United) put water into their Wine, and moderated their Joy by ensuing Troubles. Whether *Valeria* had added to her Natural Beauty any secret Embellishments of Art, or whether the Earl's Eyes were more discerning that Day than they were formerly, is uncertain; but so it fell out that *Valeria's* Conquering Charms so far prevail'd upon him,

him, that he lost both Judgment and Knowledge of himself; and though he was very Antient, and extremely Afflicted with the Gout, yet would he needs enroll himself under the Standard of *Cupid*, where the Old and Impotent are never welcome; so great was the Folly and Dorage of this Decrepid Lord.

After he had made a weak Resistance to the Assault this Innocent Beauty made, he yields, resolving to Cure himself of this importunate Desire by Marriage; whereupon he went to *Mordenni*, the Father of this Beautiful Conqueress, and weeping like a Child, represented his Grief to him: *Mordenni* took pity of him, and counted it a great Honour that he should request to have his Daughter in Marriage; But my Lord (said he) you know she is Espoused to another, and this Promise cannot be broken but by the Consent of both Parties. I shall (reply'd the Lord *Beltimore*) deal so bountifully with *Mellinto*, that in obliging me he shall be the better for it as long as he lives, and I will so well provide for your Daughter, that both she and your whole Family shall be sensible of the good effects of it.

This News was carried by *Mordenni* to *Mellinto*, who (poor Gentleman) receiv'd it as the Sentence of his Death, and indeed to send so strong a Love from his Heart, was no less than to tear his Soul from his Body. He could not Answer but with Tears, like a Stag that stands at Bay (*Mordenni* pressing him to it) he fell down in a swoon, shewing thereby that he could not grant so hard a Request but by Death. Then went he to his Daughter to try her mind, who had no other Answer but Sighs and Sobs; at last, amongst many interruptions, he learn'd That her will was in the hands of *Mellinto*, and being Espoused to him, she had now no more power to dispose of her self. He then went back to *Mellinto*, who having with incredible Convulsions of mind, digested the bitter Thoughts of the Ruin of his Love, which he saw so apparent, took at last

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last a Courageous Resolution and such a one as he might justly be blam'd for, if not rightly understood, *Philosophers* distinguish between Loves, and say the most perfect is that which tends most to the good of the Person belov'd, and that which is less perfect and respects the advantage of the Person loving, is not so properly call'd Love, as self-interest and design. In this *Mellinto* desir'd to show the perfection of his love to *Valeria*, by considering more her happiness and advancement, than his own content. Whereupon *Mellinto* told him, he would, though unwillingly, resign his Title to the Lord *Belsimore*; *Mordenni* overjoy'd at this answer, tenderly embrac'd him, and mixing their Tears together, told him, he should be eternally oblig'd to him, and wou'd ever account him as much the Raifer of his House and Family as the Lord *Belsimore* was. This news was presently carried by *Mordenni* to his Daughter, who was so incredulous, that she told him she would never believe it, till she heard it from *Mellinto's* own mouth. Presently after *Mellinto* came in, with a dejected countenance, and eyes overflowing with tears, who could not endure to look *Valeria* in the face, who he thought wou'd upbraid him with disloyalty thus to forsake her, & give her up to the embraces of another. After they had in some measure overcome the violence of their passions, *Mellinto* made it evidently appear to *Valeria*, that she was much mistaken in accounting that for baseness of heart and disloyalty in him, which was the greatest act of *Magnanimity* his heart cou'd show, to renounce his own proper interest and satisfaction in favour of the person he so dearly lov'd.

Valeria could not at first conceive this subtilty, her soul being so closely united to *Mellinto's*, that she believ'd nothing but death cou'd part them. Oh *Mellinto*! (said she) Dear *Mellinto*! What hath caus'd you so easily to forsake me? Call you that loving, and per-

perfectly loving to part with me? I should not only have prefer'd you to a Lord, but a King, to the most potent Emperour on the Earth; for I esteem not men for their wealth or greatness, but for their own proper merits. Dear *Valeria* (repl'd *Mellinto*) the affection I bear you, works in me the same effect as death wou'd do, since it separates me from you: my vehement desire of your greatness, makes me deprive my self of the greatest contentment I cou'd have with'd, and without which my life henceforward will be but a death: Live then Great, Honour'd, Happy, Rich, most Dear *Valeria*, and by marrying with *Belshire*, become the Glory of thy Kindred, whilst I go miserable poor, unhappy and forlorn *Mellinto*, spinning out the remainder of my sad days in melancholly Groves, and solitary Retirements. Much adoe had they to part these two Lovers from each others Armes: A heart as hard as Adamant, could not but have relented at so Tragical a scene of Sorrow.

The words of Betrothing being rendred back, the very next morning the Lord *Belshire* made his visit to *Valeria*, vainly flattering himself, it was now no longer in the power of fate to blast, or cross his Amours; he promis'd to make her a Lady, & settle his whole Estate upon her (having no Children,) and that the Writings should be seal'd before the Marriage was Consummated, which was appointed two days after. *Belshire* generously sent *Mellinto* a Bag with 2000. Chequins, with all the Expressions of gratitude, and an assurance of his perpetual Love and Friendship, which he as Nobly return'd with this Complimental Letter.

Mellinto, to the Lord Belshire.

MY Lord, I am no stranger to your favours, neither am I ignorant of your being Master of a liberal and grateful soul, but as I never was in a Capacity to oblige

you,

you, so I cannot with Justice to my self receive your Lordships present, which must make me a Debtor to you, more than ever I shall be able to repay. If your Lordship thinks my resigning Valeria to you, had a respect to my own Interest, or your Satisfaction, you much mistake me, all my good wishes center in the fair Valeria, whom I endeavour to render as compleatly happy, as I make my self wretched and miserable. Upon no other Terms would I have parted with her, whom I value above the Treasure of both the Indies, and was I that Potent Monarch, who sees the Sun both rise and set in his own Dominions, I would lay my Crown at your Feet to preserve Valeria in my Armes.

Mellinto.

Valeria was in presence when Belshire receiv'd this Answer from Mellinto, which made so deep Impression on her, that the next morning, which was design'd for the Wedding, she rose early, and attended only by her Maid, went over to Mellinto, and was privately married to him, of which, she immediately sent her Father an account. Modenni spar'd no words to express his rage and fury, nor did Belshire conceal his deep Repentments of the Affront done to his Person, and the disappointment to his longing Expectations. The Father utterly disown'd his Daughter, and would not admit of a Reconciliation, though they offer'd the most powerful reasons for what was done by the Intercession of Friends. Mellinto had but a very small Estate, which the Expences their Quality oblig'd them to soon Consum'd, nor would Cruel Modenni relieve their distresses, though he daily heard of their complaints: But these wants made no breach between this loving pair, who were constant in their affections, happy in the midst of poverty, and contented in the extremity of misery.

It unfortunately hapen'd, that Mellinto and Valeria walk'd out together one Evening, more to divert their

Melancholy thoughts, than any Pleasure they could take in viewing that single Acre which was all the Remainder of their Land, on which fed their whole Herd of Cattle, two loving Muls, the living Riches, and support of their Family. *Mellino* upon some urgent occasion in their return staid behind, and *Valeria* went on to take her usual walk upon the Beach where she had the prospect of those Gallies which Row'd by, A Turkish Galley belonging to *Algiers* having just landed their Boat, immediately seiz'd all they met with on the Strand, and amongst others *Valerea*, who in sight of her Husband, was carried off to the Galley which lay hard by with Spanish Colours, this dreadful sight he saw, heard her Skreams and outcries which peirc'd his Heart, but he was too far distant to make any attempt, tho his best endeavours would have prov'd fruitless, and unsuccessful in her Rescue. He saw her gone beyond recovery, and tears and complaints were but in vain, when like a constant Friend, and loving Husband, he plung'd himself into the Sea, and swam up to the Galley where he was taken up and brought before the Captain, who told him, he was come to follow his Wife, and neither fear'd their Cruelty nor beg'd their Pity, that freedom without her Company was a more miserable slavery to him, then they endured who rung'd at the Oar. The Turks very much admir'd his Transcendent Love and Courage, for they had seen some of his Country Men rather choose death than endure a life so Severe and Cruel.

Amongst some others that he knew a Board, there was a Young Gentleman nam'd *Placento*, about 22 Years of Age, whose Father was next neighbour to *Mellino*, *Placento* lying chain'd to his Oar as the rest were, was not able to endure the Turkish Cruelty, but contriv'd an escape, and Communicated the Methods of it to *Mellino*, intreating him to bear him company, who told him he had made himself a Volun-

tary

tary slave for the sake of his Wife, and would scorn that Ransom which did not first purchase her liberty before his own, much less would he run the hazard and danger of his project, and then leave her behind to their merciless fury and revenge. However *Placento* proceeded, and was happy in the success, which he effected in this manner, he had observed that the utmost liberty they had, was no further then their Chain gave 'em leave, which reach'd to the end of the Bench, where there was a large hole for the necessity of nature. *Placento* having prepared his Chains to come off upon easie Terms, goes to the Hole one Evening as they lay at Anchor, and according to the Custom of the *Turks*, cry'd *Ala Banda*, which is the signal they are oblig'd to give, when they go to that Convenience, otherwise they are Bastinado'd. The Slaves were all asleep, and only the Sentinells awake upon the fore or hindeck, who mistrusted nothing. *Placento* first pul'd off his Coat, which he underprop'd with two sticks, and then got off his Fetters, (his legs being so fallen away since his being a Slave, that they grew too small for his shackles) and committing himself to the Sea, landed safe upon an Island not far off, but though his Person was gone, his Coat was severely threatned with Bastinado's before his real escape was discovered.

At their return to *Tunis*, the Captain of the Gallie acquainted the King with the whole account of their surprizing *Valeria* walking on the Beach, and how her Husband *Mellinto* swam after in Love to his Wife, and made himself a Voluntary Slave, rather than be depriv'd of her Company. The King was much mov'd with the Relation of so faithful & constant a Love, and within three days gave them both their Freedom. In the interim, the Lord *Beltimore* having receiv'd intelligence by some of the Neighbours of this sad Misfortune of *Mellinto* and *Valeria*, in respect of their great fidelity,

(like a Noble Gentleman, had taken Care for their Ransom,) but dying before he could have any account of their Arrival at *Tunis*, bequeath'd his whole Estate to *Valeria*, and left it in trust with her Father, who upon their return to *Brudusium*, enjoy'd it, and liv'd out the rest of their days in a pompous plenty, and happy Tranquillity.

Such is the inestimable value of Friendship, and Conjugal Affection that he that hath found a true Friend in a Loving Wife, hath found a double Treasure, more to be priz'd than all the Gold of Ophir.

HIST. IV.

Venon and Teudas.

Teudas being in Prison, is set at liberty by his Friend Venon who purchases his Freedom, and in regard of their great Friendship, Marrieth the Daughter of Teudas, by whom he had one only Daughter, Named *Rosana*, Who went in disguise with her Husband, and Prince Sapor to the Wars in Hungary, where being slain with her Husband after many signal proofs of their Valour, are both afterwards honourably enter'd by the Prince, in regard of the inviolable Friendship contracted betwixt them and the Prince.

AT Breslaw, Chief City in the Dukedom of *Silesia* a Province of Germany, lived two Citizens of good quality, who lov'd each other entirely; the one was *Teudas* a Goldsmith, and the other *Venon* a Merchant, *Venon* being gone to *Vienna* in *Austria*, to buy some Commodities, staid three Months in his Voyage: and at his return, found himself welcom'd with two disasters, viz: The loss of his Wife whom he dearly loved,

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loved, and the misfortune of his Friend, who was cast into Prison, and past hope of ever getting out; it was not any disorder, but rather his goodness which had reduced him to this deplorable Estate, for being bound in a great sum of Money for one of his Friends, who prov'd insolvent, he was condemn'd to the payment of it himself, whereupon all that he was worth being sold, his body was attach'd and clapt up into prison for the remainder.

In this place, which may very well be call'd the Center of Misery, and the Tomb of the living, *Venon* came to see him, who grievously complain'd of Fortune, accus'd her of Injustice, for reducing him to that miserable Estate for well doing; But that which most troubl'd him, was that he lost the means to marry his only Daughter, (her Age now requiring it) fearing necessity should bring her into some vain and lewd course of life. *Venon* stood not to comfort him with many words, but came to promises which he soon confirm'd by effects. He told him that his Misery was a mark of his Vertue, against whom Fortune had sworn a professed Enmity; that he should possess his soul in patience, and seeing Friendship had cast him into Prison, Friendship should fetch him out again, that he had means sufficient to relieve his extrem necessity, and redeem him out of this misery, which by the sacred laws of Friendship, he had an equal Title to. And I am so far pleas'd with your misfortune (said *Venon*,) as it gives me the Opportunity of showing the sincerity of my affection to you in this necessity, and that I am truly your Friend: As for your Daughter, let not that trouble you, seeing I have lost my Wife, I am contented to take her for my second, if you will; but if her Affections are otherwise disposed of, I have wherewithal to give her a good Portion.

What unexpected Consolation was this to the heart of *Tendas*, to hear these speeches from his Friend, whose words he knew were as true as they were free! He would have used some Complements to him, but the greatness of the benefit going beyond his Thoughts, Words and Thanks vanished in his Mouth. No says *Venon*, (who judg'd of his Interior Thoughts, by the Exterior alteration of his Countenance,) we need not give thanks for that which is our own, If I am yours, much more are all my goods yours; and either you had no need of them, or else it was your own fault, you did not dispose of them at your pleasure before, without any longer discourse, he went presently home, and fetch money, and paid the sum *Tendas* was detain'd for, upon which he was presently discharged.

Not long after, *Venon* married *Ermige* the Daughter of *Tendas*, who notwithstanding the great disparity of their Years, lov'd him affectionately, not only as a Husband, but a second Father, and esteem'd her self happy, to be a Recompence to him who had with so much goodness and liberality, releas'd her Father out of Prison. Of so Amorous an Union of these two Hearts and Bodies, *Rosana* was the fair product, a Creature destin'd to love honourably, and generously, and was but two Months old, when her Grandfather *Tendas* overcome with sorrow and grief for the loss of his Estate, left this life to enjoy a better. Her Father *Venon* (who had much weakened his Fortunes in delivering his dear Friend out of Prison,) daily felt necessity approaching, but Heaven which guards the just, and will not suffer such noble Acts of Friendship to go unrewarded, provided for him beyond all hope and expectation: *Venon's* grief was much like that *Tendas* felt in Prison, seeing himself old, he much fear'd he should not leave his Wife wherewithal honestly to maintain her self, and bring up, and match his Daughter. But Comfort thy self

self O *Venon* with good *Tobias*, and be assur'd, that though poverty overtake thee, yet thou shalt have means sufficient; hope with *Jab* and thou shalt have all things restor'd to the double.

The Dutches of *Signis* of a Noble House in *Silesia* reckon'd in the Rank of Princes being ready to cry out, a Nurse was sought for to give suck to the Child she expected; and *Ermige* was chosen to be one of the best that could be found in all *Breslaw*; this came in good time to preserve this poor Family from necessity, which daily encreased upon them. The Dutches was delivered of a Son, whose name was *Sapor*, who was delivered to *Ermige* to Nurse, and *Rosana* put to another, *Ermige* and her Husband were now both made part of the Dukes Household, and when time came, that *Rosana* was weaned and of some stature, she was put to rock the Prince, and find him sport, as the manner of Children is, thus grew *Rosana* gently like a Vine by its Elme Tree. *Sapor* was not above three or four Years old when *Venon* died, leaving both his Wife and Daughter to the Dutches, who look'd for no other Fortune but what proceeded from her Bounty. The little Prince affected his Nurse and *Rosana* in such a manner, that although he was wean'd, yet they both tended him and waited on him.

Although it is a grand Error to say that the Parents beget the Souls as well as the Bodies; yet since the disposition of the Temperament, and of the Organs, through which the Spirit exerciseth its Functions hath great effect in regard of the firm Union of Soul and Body; It is no great wonder if that *Rosana* sprung from Parents, whose Inclinations were wholly to Friendship, was naturally her self addicted to the same passion; which she discover'd in that Love and Affection her more early Years constantly express'd to *Sapor*. *Rosana* lov'd *Sapor* in her infancy, with such an extraordinary fervour, that as soon as she lost the sight of him, she did

did nothing but weep and complain; never was there seen in so tender Years so strong a passion, all the World wondered at it, and the Duke and Dutchess took incomperable pleasure in it. It was a thing impossible but that *Sapor* should love this little Creature, which so much affected him, for to love is the most powerful Charm whereby to make our selves below'd of others: He cou'd not be without her, and if at any time she chanc'd to be away, there was nothing cou'd make him merry. The Dutchess seeing the humour of this little Girle, caus'd her (for Recreation only,) to be cloath'd like a little Page, a habit which pleas'd her so well, that she never put it off, but with Tears. In their first Infancy which Unites the Tongue, they without Ceremony call'd Brother and Sister, every one wonder'd at the Courage and Boldness of this little Girle, when she grew bigger, she call'd the Prince her Master, and he call'd her his Page. All the Exercises which the Master learned, the Page did learn, and what is more to be admir'd, with such a Grace, that she seem'd for a Mirrour or Example to her little Master, as Physick is given to the Nurse, that so through her milk the Child may be cur'd, so was it with *Sapor*, for when they were to give him any lesson either of Study, Dancing, or any thing else, they first taught it to his Page, she learn'd the faster to please him, and he took the greater Care that he might not be out-strip by a Girle, an Emulation of Vertue without Envy.

They being now grown up from the Innocency of their first Age, they entred into the limits of Civility, and the Cerimonies of the World. She was always much affected with all bodily Exercises, as Leaping, Vaulting, Riding, Fencing, and whatever was manly and the proper accomplishment of a Cavaleer; The Prince still calling for her, not only when he was at any Exercise, but at all other times when she was absent. At

last

last her Age permitting her no longer with decency and modesty so freely to frequent with *Sapor*, the Dutchess plac'd her among the other Gentlewomen, where upon all occasions she still payed that diligent observance to the Prince as sufficiently witnessed the Ardour of her Affection: And the Prince on his part bore with no less Impatience the privation of his Pages Company, it was his greatest contentment, when he could steal in amongst the Gentlewomen, thereby to entertain her who wholly possessed his thoughts.

Lewd desires entering into his heart with knowledge poyson'd his Love with sensuality, which he for some time dissembled, but not being able longer to bear the Impetuosity of his desires, he offer'd these Indecencies to her which could neither consist with his Honour or her unspotted Honesty, from whom he received this discreet Answer. 'Remember O Prince that 'poor as I am, and destitute of Fortunes Favours, I 'am Rich in Honesty, which if you once offer to undermine, you ruin my Vertue the most Establish'd Foundation of my Life, but as I love my Honour more then my Life, so I love it also more than *Sapor*. 'If you truly love me as you have given me many 'signal Testimonies of it, love me honourably, otherwise I freely renounce your Friendship, and all the happy advantages thereby. I love you without Interest, and without any other desire than to see you Great and Glorious in the World, and in the Arms of a Princess worthy to be the Spouse of so Noble a Prince, and she will I wait upon with all the humility and affection of a faithful slave, who will seek no other Reward but the Glory of serving You. If Fortune should so frown that you dye in deeds of Arms I will perish at your Feet, that on my Grave may be mixt the Lilies of my Chastity with the Palms of your Valour, and the Mirtles of my Incomparable Love to so dear a Master. Whoever hath

bath seen a strong North-Wind sweeping away on a suddain all the Clouds which obscured the Face of Heaven, hath seen the effects these generous words utter'd with so good a grace, immediately wrought in *Sapor*, the flame of his Love was now pure, the heat moderate without blackness or smoke.

The Duke his Father being dead, and he the next Lineal Successor of that House entred into the Honour his Birth called him to. Amongst many Gentlemen, his followers, he had a particular favour for *Numerian* a younger Brother and a Gentleman well descended; *Sapor* desirous to advance this Gentleman thought he could not more befriend him than in giving him for his Wife her whom he affected as his Sister, and her whom he could have wish'd himself, if the Grandure of his Birth had not obliged him, by reason of State, to seek a Match more suitable to his Quality. The Prince first acquainted *Numerian* with his design, who received it with all the humble and dutiful acknowledgments for so great an Honour, and next *Rosana* who Answer'd him with her accustomed Generosity; *Master* (said She) will it not be a Treason to give this Body to a Man who shall not possess the Heart, being so fill'd with the honest love it bears you, that there is no place void for any other Subject; Permit me (My dear Prince) to die a Virgin, with the glory of a Vestal, who hath not let herself go out. The Prince was infinitely pleas'd with her discourse which at that time lasted long, still closing every Period with some expression of a love to him as sincere and innocent. The next day the Prince ordered *Rosana* to come to his Chamber in the Afternoon where she should meet *Numerian*, whom she no sooner saw but with a Manly and Generous behaviour, which was both natural and usual with her, spoke to him in these words.

Yes Sir, Here is your Master and mine, who hath a desire to joyn us together in the Rites of Hymen:

And

but

but before I embrace this proffer, and be subject to
your power, I must propound two Conditions, with-
out which I cannot, nor will not be, perswaded to
take you for my Husband: My Body shall be thine,
and so entirely thine, that never any but thy self
shall have part therein. I shall come a Virgin to thy
Bed, and if it be so that I must loose the flower of
that Integrity (which I did intend to preserve all my
life time,) yet it shall Perish at last with Honour in
lawful Wedlock. First, then thou shalt not need to
watch over my fidelity, of which I shall be more vi-
gilant than thou canst, and if it shall be my hard for-
tune to outlive thee, I will be just even to thine Askes
and keep a body pure, and a Troth inviolable. I will
Love thee as my Husband withal my Heart, but to
prevent future Jealousies, know this, that I will love
Sapor as my dear Prince, and dear Master, but Ima-
gine not him to have any part thereby, in any thing
that shall appertain to thee, he hath no such thought,
and if he had, he should find his expectations fru-
strate; and if thou dost think this Friendship which
is so pure, honest, just and lawful, should be con-
trary to the Loyalty I owe to thee; I do now re-
nounce to thy love and alliance, for I am resolv'd
to carry to my grave this first & glorious flame. The
other Condition is, that thou permit me to exercise
my self in Arms, in Hunting, and other like Recre-
ations, and if thy Courage calls thee at any time
to War, either of thy own accord, or with our Ma-
ster, that thou permit me to be partaker of thy la-
bours and thy hazards as I desire to be of thy Lawrels,
and thy Palms. On these Conditions I am ready to
obey, and follow thee in life or death.

Numerian no less Ravish'd at the Spirit and Courage
of this Maid, than with her Beauty, agreed to all she
desir'd; and the Young Duke Honour'd the Marriage
with such Pomp and Magnificence, that he could not
have

have expended more liberally at the Marriage of his own Sister. Thus they passed some Years Rich in Wealth and Children, when the Wars of *Hungary* a Kingdom bordering on *Silesia*, came to disturb this Calm. The Prince being call'd by the Emperour, had a great Command in the Army, unto which he went with a Train befitting his Greatness, and attended by *Numerian* and *Rosana*, who would not be perswaded by any Arguments to stay behind, but dressing her self in Mans Apparel, Accompanied her Master and Husband to the Army.

One day the Prince was commanded to make an assault upon the Enemy in one of his Quarters, which he did, (attended by *Numerian* and *Rosana*, who never left him in the most dangerous encounters) with more bravery than Success; for on a suddain he was encompassed by the Turks, and in great hazard of losing his Life, or being taken Prisoner: Then did the great Love of *Rosana* appear fir'd with Fury, who like a raging Tigress, ran her self upon the Weapons of the Handlers to Rescue the beloved Sapor, *Numerian* wrought no less miracles with his devouring Sword, for his *Rosana's* preservation, than she had done for *Sapors*. At last the Prince recover'd his safety, and these two Lovers found themselves surrounded with Enemies, who summon'd them to lay down their Arms, whereunto their great Courages reply'd boldly, they were never us'd to such dishonourable Terms, and pressing into the midst of them, either to break through, or dye in the attempt, were both Kill'd, *Numerian* fell first, and *Rosana* after she had given sufficient marks of her undaunted Courage, and fully reveng'd her Husbonds Death, was run through the body by a *Janizary*, and her soul sent to be for ever happy with *Numerian's* in a blest Eternity. The skirmish being ended she was found among the Dead, with her Husband, and after they knew she was a Woman, they that felt her strokes did more admire her Valour.

The

The sorrow and grief of *Saper* cannot be express, which he took in this loss ; He sent for the two Bodies, that he might yeild to their Ashes (which he water'd with his Tears) some Testimony of his Friendship: He caused them to be carried into *Silesia* where he spared no cost to make their Funerals sumptuous, and caused a stately Tomb to be erected over them, to preserve their Memories to posterity as long as Marble can last.

In the Precedent Histories, we may behold the Glorious Rewards and Triumphs of Friendship, wherein the chief Bonds of Amity and humane Society do consist, for without Friendship Mankind would be like Ravenous Wolves, destroyers of each other, as in the former Histories of Murders, we have had too many Fatal Examples. Friendship is the perfection of Prosperity, and support of Adversity ; Which Alexander having experienc'd as a mighty truth, when he was asked by some, where his Treasures lay, Pointed to his Friends. The Pythagorians prefer'd Friendship, before all other good qualities, call'd it the Combination of all Vertues, and affirm'd it to be the Uniting of Souls here on Earth, which is the preparative to the Heavenly Union, by this Divine Vertue, we may with Lot unawares, give entertainment to Angels upon Earth, at least we may expect with the foregoing examples to stand in a fair and bright Character in the Book of Fame, and Comence Stars of the greatest Magnitude with them above.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Triumph of Chastity



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Triumphs

OF
CHASTITY.

HIST. I.

Christiana.

Christiana refuses the Embraces, and Rich proffers of the French King, and in her flight for England, was solicited to debauchery by De Boi Master of the French Vessel, to avoid whose lust She cast her self into the Sea, where she was taken up by Codrinius Vice Admiral of the English Navy, who in Regard of her great Chastity married her; The Lord Sebastian attempting to poison her, was discover'd, and afterwards slain, she after her Husbands decease, is married to the Duke of Guise.

FOR the further encouragement of Vertue, after those Glorious instances of Friendship, 'twill not be improper to present the (Courteous Reader) with some examples of Chastity, which have Crown'd the Memories of those Fam'd Persons with immortality and honour, in which thou may'st as in a mirror behold the Beauty and reward of the Resplendent Vertue of Chastity.

in the former Histories, thou seest the deformity and punishment of that raging sin of Adultery, whereby thou may'st be perswaded to follow the Dictates and Precepts of the one, as thou would'st shun the evil consequence, which attend the other. As Beauty without Chastity is like unto Mandrake Apples comely to the Eye but Poysonous in tast, so Chastity is the Beauty of the Soul, and Purity of Life, which despiseth the corrupt pleasures of the Flesh, and is onely possessed of those who keep their Bodies clean and undefiled, which consisteth either in sincere Virginity, or faithful Matrimony; But Chastity is most conspicuous when surrounded with dangers, and then deservedly lays claim to the most chaste and pure joys of a happy Eternity.

But I proceed to the Story.

AT *Tours* (chief City of *Touraine*, a Province which is said to be the Garden of *France*, seated on the *Loire*,) lived *Monsieur de Cadex*, a private Gentleman, who by his Wife had one only Daughter, by name *Christiana*, whom Heaven had blest with so vast a share of Beauty, that she was the admiration and discourse not only of her Native City, but likewise of the Court, and often solicited by the King (with the promises and certainty of great Wealth and Dignities) to be the pleasure of his Bed, but the no less Vertuous than Beauteous *Christiana*, esteeming the honour of her Chastity, far above the Dignities of an Empire, renounc'd to purchase such shadows of Glory with the Pollution of her Soul, whose Verrue she knew would Crown her, not only with Honours here, but Immortality hereafter, with these vertuous meditations her purer Soul peirc'd Heaven, & there took prospect of those far greater dignities which would reward her Chastity. Long had this Family of *Monsieur de Cadex*, lived at *Tours* in the favour & respect of all Men, blest with his

vertuous,

vertuous, & chaste *Christiana* whose Beauty & Vertue,
 (it being rumour'd, how she had refus'd the Embraces
 of the King,) drew after her many adorers who both
 by plain addresses and subtilty, vainly endeavour'd to
 win her, some to their lawful bed, some to their lew-
 der Arms. At length in the Reign of King *Charles* the
 9th. Anno Dom. 1562. The Persecution being fore in
Tours, *De Bois* the Master of a French Ship induced more
 by his Lust to *Christiana* than his love to the Unhappy
 Family of *De Cadex*, promist to set them safe on the
 English shore, with some others who fled from the rage
 of the Persecutions. *De Cadex* and his Wife kindly ac-
 cepting so vast a favour, which should protect them
 from the hand of the devouring Tyrants, took with
 them some of their lighter possessions, their Gold and
 Silver Plate, bequeathing the rest to the said *Monsieur*
de Bois, to whose mercy they ow'd both their Estate and
 Lives, and embarked that evening. *De Bois* (whose
 Lust admitted of no Bounds) when he had sail'd 50
 Leagues from shore, was not able longer to contain,
 but thus address himself; *Madam*, to me you owe
 this great Protection from the Sword and Fire, thus far
 my Mercy hath secur'd your Parents, all this I did not
 for the hope of gain, 'twas you fair Lady did induce
 me to it, your Eyes with mighty Charms did plead so
 strongly, I could not but be merciful. Sir replies the
 modest *Christiana* My Parents & my self, still own these
 Favours, a grateful Spirit cannot soon forget such
 mighty Obligations, and doubtless well pleas'd, Hea-
 ven will reward that Charitable Vertue. Alas fair Lady!
 (returns *De Bois*,) leave not so small a debt for Heaven
 to pay, since you can fully make me satisfaction, let
 me embrace the body I protected, and bless your
 Worshipper with happiness. *Christiana* perceiving his
 passion, and that her refusing his Lustful motions, might
 endanger the Liberty of her Parents, beg'd of him to
 grant her one hours consideration, and she would pre-

pare her self for his embraces. He transported with this answer, believing it to be no other than real, admitted her the time. *Christiana* whose Chastity could not digest so base and dishonourable an Action, yet tenderly affecting the safety of her Parents, whom she must either expose to his Mercy, or admit of his lewdness, knew not what to do in this her greatest extremity; therefore consulting with her Father, was advis'd according to her wish, rather to suffer Death than defame her Honour. *Christiana* Triumphant, now since her Parents could without much Reluctancy, choose to see her dye a Martyr for her Chastity, rather than live with Infamy and dishonour to the Name and Family of *De Cadex*; therefore recommending her self to the Diviner powers, committed her body to the mercy of the Seas, without the hopes of Life, but we see despair is some time the ground of hope: as when the darkness of the night is thickest, then the morning begins to dawn, thus the extremity of *Christiana's* Misery was at the height when she had the prospect of some relief, for *Codrinus* a Noble Man of England, who then Rode Vice-Admiral of the British Seas, perceiving at some small distance, a Woman struggling with the Waves, compassionately received her into his ship, and upon her Information of the Villanous design, which forc't her to prefer death before life with defilement, he sail'd up to *De Bei's* Vessel, demanding *Monsieur De Cadex* and his Wife, and the others which fled from the Persecution bound for England. *De Bei* whose Conscience accus'd him, knowing *Codrinus* to be the British Vice-Admiral, a Souldier of an undaunted Spirit, and a singuler Respector of honourable Actions, without disputing the Case deliver'd them, whom *Codrinus* first received, and then with two broadsides, sufficiently corrected the insolence of *De Bei*, and so sail'd forward for England. This deed being of so generous a Nature, obliged them all to admire

Codrinus, & especially *Christiana* who with her all conquering Charms, had wounded the *Vice-Admiral* there, where the searching Cannon ne're had found a passage. He gaz'd with admiration on her Beauty, and though her misery had reduc'd her to a Poverty, yet he knew not how to resist the powerful Charms of Love, In conclusion, he address'd himself to the beautiful Virgin, who being equally affected with his Heroick Actions, not byast by Interest, and well pleas'd with his sweetness and fluency of language, the excellency of his Courteous and affable Demeanour, admitted an easie Victory upon honourable Terms. *Codrinus* (being now arriv'd at Court, as happy, as so short a time could make him,) made great preparation for his nuptial solemnities, the Consummation of their bliss. The appointed day being come, and dinner ended, the Wine flow'd merrily round: in the height of their Mirth, *Christiana's* remarkable passages of her Life, & the wonderful Vindication of her Honour, being the general discourse of the Table, my Lord *Sebastian* after the retirement of *Christiana* told *Codrinus*, he would engage a 100. Pound, that she would admit him into her bed that ev'ning, and that he would enjoy those pleasures which he had reserv'd for his own Appetite. The *Vice-Admiral* who was willing rather to improve Mirth than disturb the Company, merrily accepted of the Terms propounded. No sooner had *Christiana* enter'd her Bridal Bed, expecting *Codrinus* the blessing of her Arms, but *Sebastian* without attendants, came into the Chamber, and undressing himself, so surpriz'd *Christiana* that she shriekt out, asking him the reason of his rudeness, he answer'd, what mean you Madam, how am I rude, do you not know your Lord, *Christiana* who was certain it was not the *Vice-Admiral*, both by his shape and voice, cry'd out a Rape, Murther, a Rape, at which *Codrinus* and the Company, which were at the door ready, burst in, seeming very much incens'd with *Sebastian*

Sebastian, and threatening to chastise his Insolence, dismiss him, who pleaded a mistake, and that he thought his Wife now repos'd in that Chamber (as formerly she had done,) which *Codrinus* acknowledg'd to be the truth. Next day the *Vice-Admiral* went to demand the Money forfeited by my Lord *Sebastian*. *Sebastian* readily confess'd it due, and w^old his Servant to pay it to *Codrinus*, in the mean time his merry humour was turn'd into a real Lust, and he took this Opportunity of soliciting the Lady, who was still in her honour, as invulnerable as ever, therefore finding his attempts in vain, returned to the *Vice-Admiral*, who after the receipt of the Mony, not willing to carry it off, presented it to *Sebastian's* Lady, *Sebastian* thankful for the favour, loaded the *Vice-Admiral* with too much Wine, and that evening, in disguise, attempted once more to win the chaste *Christiana* but was by her Steward (who found him in a private Room, next the Ladies Bed Chamber) suspected for some Robber, & there slain. The Excess of Wine which *Codrinus* drank, cast him into a fever, of which he dy'd, & *Christiana* whose honourable Name, had travaill'd to the utmost Coasts of Fame, was afterwards married to the Duke of Guise, with whom she liv'd long and happily.

'Tis said of Eve, that her greatest misery on Earth, was that she had too lustfully affected the forbidden fruit, when only charm'd with an exterior beauty, the Vertuous *Christiana* considering this mighty truth, would not admit of the Serpents various temptations to taste the forbidden Pleasures, though fairly guilded with the outward gaudiness of Imperial Dignities; She consider'd that her Lust might by chance make her seem great upon Earth, but was certain that her Chastity would entitle her to Honour amongst the Angels in Heaven.

HIST.

H I S T. II. why
 Of Samina. it is a heap of blood below on every

Romindus (after a close Siege having taken the Castle of
 N. attempted a Rape upon the Lady Samina, but
 she is rescued by the Lord Arminius, who is afterwards
 espoused to her. Romindus in another attempt fires the
 House where the Lady Samina lay, by which means con-
 veying himself into her Chamber, he would have defiled
 her, but she to preserve her Chastity, stabs her self with
 his Dagger. He finding himself defeated, murder'd
 himself by her side.

IN the time of the late Rebellion, Romindus (for un-
 der that Name I shall disguise him) who was one of
 the chief Agitators of the unhappy Civil Wars, laid
 close Siege to the Castle of N., whose Noble Lord
 and Governour (Earl Lucius) hath by his Loyalty and
 Valour left his Name firm in the Records of Glory.
 Romindus (whose factious, base, and treacherous spirit
 render'd him odious to the Family of Lucius) inspir'd
 with a particular malice, upon his Daughter Samina's
 slighting him, resolv'd (if possible) to make the Castle
 their Funeral Pile, and Samina's blood a Sacrifice to
 his Revenge, since he could not violate her Honour,
 that Guardian Angel of her Chastity. Therefore with
 a strong Power, after the effusion of much blood,
 (Lucius and his small Army being toil'd in defence)
 he enter'd the Castle, took Lucius and his Lady Pri-
 soners, and searching for Samina, found her at her Devo-
 tions in her Closet; and now imagining that to save her
 Parents from the Sword, the Castle from Flames, and
 her self from certain Death, she would prostitute her
 Honour to his Lust, with a smooth speech he attack'd
 her in this manner: 'Why are you so unkind, fair
 ' Lady, cruel to me, your Parents, and your self?

'You that have Charms enough to soften Rocks, why
 (Madam) are you so obdurate? Say not hereafter,
 that I am bloody; it is for You this heap of dead have
 perished, for You such Seas of blood do flow on every
 side; 'twas You that rais'd these storms within me;
 and Your Beauty drew the hot-brain'd Souldier on;
 Your Beauty set an edge to every Sword. Oh power-
 ful Woman! O wonder-working Charms! Yet see,
 fair Lady, low as your feet the Conquerour lies down.
 'I sheath my satiated Sword; the anger'd God of War
 'I banish hence; I am all soft as Love; Oh then be
 kind. *Samina* (whose Devotion he interrupted) star-
 ted up from her knees on a sudden, and with an an-
 tere countenance said, Hence thou Curse of Nature, thy
Last is hotter than the flames of Hell that wait thee.
 'Saidst thou so, my scornful Lady? Doth the aspect of
 grim Death seem no more terrible than so? Madam,
 your Fathers blood perhaps may soften you; your
 Mother too shall die; the Infants who are Innocent
 shall not escape my Sword; and You, obdurate La-
 dy, who affect such a Religious Pride, shall first sub-
 mit to my Embraces, and then shall be a common
 Strumpet to my Souldiers. But still your Beauty
 moves me to compassion: If you will save your life,
 your Parents, and the Infants, 'tis in your power:
 'I speak quickly Madam. *Yes* (replies she) *I will speak*
quickly, for consideration cannot move Samina swerve
from the Rules of Virtue. If they must perish, 'tis not in my
power to purchase their ransom: You ask too large a price:
I cannot give my Honour for their Lives; but yet be merci-
ful. 'Yes Lady, since you waken my revenge, I'll shew
 you mercy presently; and drawing his Sword in a
 great fury, went down, designing first to present her
 with her Fathers head, and by degrees of cruelty win
 her to his arms. But see the interposing Providence of
 Heaven which protected them in the extremity of dan-
 ger; for ere he could accomplish his design, the Kings
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Party, under the Command of my Lord *Arminius*, (whom the Earl had sent for) came in to their aid, and with such a violent onset assaulted the scattered Army of *Romindus*, that he overthrew them in an instant, destroying 1300, and putting the rest to flight, among which *Romindus* escaped. My Lord *Arminius* was with wonderful joy received by the Earl, who informing him of the Treachery and Lust of *Romindus*, (from whose Sword he had protected him) added, that his Estate and Life were at his Lordships service. *Arminius*, who had long respected *Samina*, found his desire now more eager than ever, and therefore took this opportunity of urging his Love to her, which *Samina* and her Parents out of gratitude soon and thankfully accepted of. The Earl, whose Estate was larger than my Lords, blest him with a considerable Dowry with her, and the Nuptials were solemniz'd out of hand. The Charms of this chaste and beautiful *Samina* still drew after her many Admirers, whose Lust could not admit of limitation, though they knew her fix'd, like Heaven, above the reach of the Damn'd, the Gulph of Marriage being betwixt them; but with the same constancy, the same loyalty to her Honour, renounc'd them all with scorn and detestation. After the happy Restauration of His Majesty, *Romindus* (who had hid himself from the stroke of Justice) despairing of mercy from his too much injur'd Monarch, and wanting a supply of moneys to maintain him in his concealment, knew not what course to take, his Life and Conscience being equally burthensom. Long he waver'd, doubting what to do; till at length, by the suggestion of the Devil, his malice to *Arminius* who defeated him, and his equal Lust and Envy to *Samina*, whose Charms had tempted and deluded him, he resolv'd to enjoy her yet, to be reveng'd and die; but fearing the Courage of my Lord *Arminius*, in whose Arms she liv'd secure, he employ'd a servant with a counterfeit Letter to my Lord, to acquaint

quaint him that his Father was near the point of Death, and required him to attend him that evening, (as he valued his Blessing.) The Earl surpris'd at the News, little suspected the villanous design of *Romindus*, neither did he believe the messageto be other than real, therefore took Horse with some few Servants, and with all speed posted away to Court. *Romindus* (then but one mile distant from the Abbey where *Samina* was left to the charge of some Gentlemen) soon receiv'd the news of my Lords departure for Court, and in the dusk of the evening set fire to the outer Buildings and Stables, which so surpriz'd the Family, that all regardless of their Lady, ran out to secure what they might, and defend the Abbey from the flames; but, alas! the hottest fire was within, for his design working to his will, he watch'd this opportunity of taking possession of *Samina* in the Abbey, and securing the doors after him, he apply'd himself to the Lady; at the appearance of whom she swooned away, but in a small time recovered, and said *Oh bloody Villain! is there no limit to your Lust and Treachery?—* 'No talking, Madam, (says *Romindus*) your Charms which soften'd me before, made me delay, and ruin'd me; but now they shall not interrupt me. Madam, I come o'r-gorg'd with Fury and Revenge; be patient, for you shall submit: Your Beauty shall plead no more; Rapine and Slaughterer both attend. And thus saying, drew a Dagger. The Lady shrieking, was over-heard by some of her Servants, who making up towards the door, found it shut, and thought that she might have shut it to secure her self. The Fire being now extreme violent, gave them reason to fear the ruine of the Abbey, which made them all very busie and laborious to extinguish it, which could not be done without much noise and clamour. This pleas'd *Romindus* well, for their tumult drown'd the cries of *Samina*, whom he had wounded in several places, (though not mortally.)

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imagining that the sence of torture might move her to admit of his Embraces ; but all was without effect, for with how much the greater violence and severity he us'd her, with so much the greater constancy and chastity of spirit she renounced him. After a great reluctance, recovering a Dagger from his hand, she said, *You base and ignominious wretch, dost think that Heaven cannot free me from thy lewd Embraces ? Yes ; thus, thus* (stabbing her self) *I set my self at liberty: My Honour far outweighs my Life, and my blood shall cool the fire that burns within mee ; and thus speaking dy'd.* When Romindus had seen the firmness and Chastity of Samina, he turn'd his Revenge upon himself and with the same Dagger stabb'd himself, where he was found after the extinction of the fire, with so much life remaining in him as to satisfie the spectators with a relation of this Tragical History and then expir'd, breathing out his polluted Soul by the side of the chaste and beauteous Samina, who is left upon Record to future Ages, as an eminent and virtuous defender of her Honour.

Thus the Virtue of Samina was most conspicuous and resplendant in her greatest extremity, who rather chose the chaste Embraces of a cold Grave, than the hot polluted Arms of lustful Romindus. In honour of whom an English Poet thus writeth :

When sinful Man from Paradiſe was driven,
Th'Almighty sent his Angel down from Heaven,
To guard the Tree of Life with Sword of Flame,
Gainst all who thither on Presumption came.
But Fair Samina (whose forbidden Tree
Could not by Lustful Man defiled be)
Had no such flaming Sword sent down from Heaven
To guard her, when into Temptation driven ;
Her Virtue and her Honour were more great,
Which rather than foul Lust should separate,
In Death courageously sh'outbrav'd her Fate :
For when the Tempter fiercely did pursue,
She stabb'd her tender Breast, and upwards flew,
To those unspotted Virgin Spirits above,
Who live in a most chaste refined Love,

HIST.

neither would the Blessing of Heaven attend upon such Marriages: they both liv'd together in Adultery, spending the remainder of their days in Discord and Infamy.

And now the old Burgher having disposed of his eldest and most beloved Daughter, he began to think of a match for the youngest, in which he resolv'd to consult more his own judgment and convenience, than his Daughters affection and liking. He had bestowed a large a Portion on his beloved *Helga*, that he much heightened the Fortune of *Imbrigo*, and could not expect any great and rich Husband for her, unless such a one should be extraordinarily smitten with Love, or some great disparity in their years; however the Virtues and excellent Graces of *Imbrigo* had rendered her desirable to several persons of a suitable condition, but none were so agreeable to the humour of the old Burgher as to obtain his approbation, till Fortune and Blind Love brought one as unsuitable to the Youth of the Daughter, as he was acceptable to the covetous mind of the Father.

An ancient grave Doctor named *Helga*, a Widower, and one of the Heads of the Colledge of *Sora* in that Island, being sent by the University to Court, the Wheel of his Coach broke as he passed by the door of the old Burgher, who (being in his Porch) invited the Doctor into his house whilst the Coach was making fit, which *Helga* readily accepted, and there first saw the lovely and virtuous *Imbrigo*, whose Wit and Beauty had such powerful Charms over him, that notwithstanding the Snow which covered his head, and the chiliness of sixty Winters that had benumm'd his flesh, he found the Ice which the Frost of Age had congealed about his heart begin to melt, and all the fiery passions of a youthful Lover play in his breast, which he strove to lay with Stoical Maxims and prudent Morals; but all proved weak and defenceless against the more powerful Artillery

millery of Love; he finds his youthful thoughts to spring up anew, and the Image of the beautiful and modest *Imbriga* never from his sight, which makes him renew his visits, till by daily converse his flames increasing, he was forc'd to declare to her Father his passion, and the desire he has of making her his Wife, who readily embraced his motion, and commanded his Daughter to entertain him as her Lover.

And now this grave Doctor is become a Child again, ridiculously acting over at three-score all the follies of a youthful Lover: He makes court to this young Virgin of nineteen, plays with her Hands, looks old Babies in her Eyes, discourses to her of Love, Fire, and Flame, and makes Verses and Sonnets in praise of her Wit and Beauty. But whilst he thus plays the Lover and Gallant, she seems to act the Stoick and Philosopher, by representing to him the evil effects which such unequal Marriages might produce, tells him his flame will soon vanish and decay, and that his Love is but an *ignis fatuus*, a wandering and erroneous fire, that will lead him at last into a thousand inconveniences, and precipitate him into the Pit of Jealousie; that though she should be never so vigilant and circumspect over her actions, his Age and her Youth would give grounds for the world to asperse her Honour, though never so white and innocent; that she could not have any passion for him, and that without Love Marriage would be a double Yoke and intolerable Burthen. But *Helga* was deaf to these speeches, to the great grief of the modest and virtuous *Imbriga*, who had a God to wrestle with that made fools of wise men, and Children of Philosophers; a God that had enkindled a more bright and Coelestial flame in her breast, than in the heart of the grave Doctor, which made his Deformity apparent, and the Commands of her Father more terrible.

Amongst

Amongst the many Conquests which her Beauty & Virtue had obtain'd, and that seem'd to stand first in her esteem and favour of the number of those who made their Addresses and Courtship to her, was *Sueno*, a young Gentleman of a comely Personage, and nobly descended, though a younger Brother, and of mean Fortune, (being at that time an Ensign in the Castle of *Cronenberg*) yet in regard of the constant and sincere love he bore to the chaste and virtuous *Imbriga*, had the happiness to be at last blest with a reciprocal and mutual affection from her, and so far prevail'd upon her as to gain her consent to the uniting of their hearts in sacred Matrimony so soon as her Fathers approbation should be obtained. But they both solicited the old Burgher in vain, for he would by no means hear the suit of a needy Souldier, but more eagerly prest forward the match with old *Helga* his Rival, whom Fortune and blind Love had now brought to interrupt his Amours. All this the prudent *Imbriga* was sensible of, neither was she ignorant of the covetous inclinations of her Father; she therefore discreetly began to lessen the hopes of *Sueno*, doubling her Duty and Obedience must take place of Love, for she was inform'd by her Father that he had concluded the match with *Helga*, that her Portion and Jointure was settled, and the day prefix'd for the solemnization of their Nuptials, who commanded her to prepare for the Wedding. However she was resolv'd first to take her farewell and last meeting of her beloved *Sueno*, which she performed the night before her Marriage. What pass'd betwixt these two Lovers was very moving and tender, and poor *Sueno* receiv'd her last farewell with as great emotion of Spirit as a condemned Criminal his Sentence of Death; however he was perswaded to preserve that Life which was not displeasing to her.

After the celebration of their Nuptials, *Helga* returns to *Sora*, and carries with him his beautiful and chaste Wife,

Wife, who would have been priz'd as a greater Treasure by any other person than the covetous Miser, whose short-liv'd flame was too violent to continue: His Age at length declares him Impotent, yet the virtuous *Imbriga* was most delighted when she could contrive any thing to the content and pleasure of her Husband, and declared she should enjoy more satisfaction with him (since they were espoused) at a slender entertainment, than to swim in the most luxurious Plenty of a Seraglio.

And now I shall proceed to shew you the many trials and temptations she resisted by her Heroick actions, which made bright her Virtues, and illuminated her Glory.

Her former Lover *Sueno* (by the death of his elder Brother) is become Lord of a plentiful Estate at *Helsmere*, where he now resides, refusing many rich Matches and beautiful Ladies, whose Charms could not deface the Image he bore in his mind of the virtuous and chaste *Imbriga*, whom he esteemed as a Jewel of greater worth than all his Lands and rich Possessions. And now he rides over to *Sora*, to enjoy a sight of this beautiful Image which so frequently represented it self before him, and to inform her both of his good fortune, and firm resolution of living only for her, still hoping that the declining Winter of Age will at last give place to the spring of Youth, and that he shall be made happy in the possession of his Love: But his journey was in vain, for all his Artifices and Stratagems to speak with his beloved *Imbriga* were defeated; she would neither be seen nor spoke to by him, as doubting that the former sparks of her affection might re-kindle at his sight. He returned therefore to *Helsmere*, but before his departure made shift to get this following Letter conveyed into her hands.

Sueno,

Sueno, to Imbrigis:

THough I die by your cruelty, Divine Imbrigis, I cannot but admire your Virtue: and whilst I blame your severity, I praise your prudence and caution; but methinks the constancy and purity of my affection might have pleaded in my behalf, and have induced you to have permitted a visit without believing it criminal; however, since 'tis your pleasure that I leave Sora without seeing you, my presence shall no longer disturb your repose. Remember me then no more, but let me be placed among the Dead in Oblivion. Let the remembrance of this Letter be rased out of your mind, if it be any trouble to you, though induced by the greatest passion, and most pure and constant affection; for since your severity hath banish'd me your heart and memory, it shall also banish me the World and Life, which is the firm resolution of your Faithful

Sueno.

This passionate Letter mollified the heart of Imbrigis, and tears melted in her eyes, when considering her severity had brought him into despair, and might endanger his life, if not timely remedied; she resolv'd to send him an Answer to his Letter, which she thought she might do without any breach of conjugal Faith, or transgressing the bounds limited to Wedlock, and accordingly return'd this following Reply.

Imbrigis, to Sueno.

YOU ought not, Sueno, so much to admire, as approve my severity, since 'tis only the effect of Virtue. Did I not know the purity of your affection, I should not have returned you an Answer; but since the brightness of your flame has yielded a light whereby I have read the integrity of your heart, I will believe favourably of the visit you inten-

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ded me, and that you meant nothing but what was just and honourable. But I intreat you not to call my scrupulous Virtue, Cruelty, and my Denial, Tyranny; for could I have been either Cruel or Tyrannous, I might have spoke to you, and seen you. No, *Sueno*, 'tis the too great compassion I feel in my soul, and the too great mistrust I have of my self, that makes me seem thus severe, and not any doubt of your Virtue. Return therefore with more favourable thoughts, and with all those hopes that have hitherto supported you, and believe that I wish you all the felicity the best of your Friends can wish you; and know also, that I will not forget you, but remember you as much as I can without rendring my self criminal; and believe also, that your Death would give as much trouble, as your Life gives content and satisfaction to

Imbrigis.

Sueno having received this Answer, which gave ease to his troubled Spirits, returned to *Sora* with some satisfaction; when contemplating and admiring the Virtue of *Imbrigis*, some good genius inspired him with hopes, and assured him he should one day be happy in the fruition of that Chast and Virtuous Lady.

Imbrigis is well pleas'd with the departure of her beloved *Sueno*, as hoping now to enjoy an undisturbed repose; But, alas! her hopes are vain, she must yet undergo a harder task, her Chastity must yet shine brighter, by resisting the assaults and batteries made upon her Virtue; she has hitherto only encounter'd with a virtuous and chaste Love in *Sueno*, who is rather a Son of *Urania*, than *Venus*: but now she will be expos'd to the fury of one sully'd with impurity.

The Baron of *Fobrock*, who liv'd in a very stately Palace not far distant from *Sora*, (a person very eminent at Court, and in great favour with the King,) having several times seen the virtuous *Imbrigis* at Church, was more attentive upon her Beauty, than

his

his Devotions, the splendor and beams of which had heated his Breast with a lustful and impure fire.

Greatness begets respect, and commands an entrance into almost all places; the doors of *Helga*, which were shut to almost all the world, were opened to *Fobrecht*, and *Helga* thought himself honour'd by the visits of the Baron, whom he entertains with freedom and joy, hoping by the favour and friendship of this Nobleman and Courtier to obtain great advancement. It was not long e're the lustful Baron acquainted the chaste and virtuous *Imbrigis* with his Love, and made many rich Presents to her, not doubting but she would surrender her heart upon the first summons; he believed the Beauty of *Imbrigis*, and the Age and Covetousness of *Helga*, would prove Traytors within doors, and easily give him admittance into the Fort and Heart of his Mistress; that the Guards of Duty and Honour were weak against such potent Adversaries, and where Love was not Commander, he might have an easie Victory. But he was much surpriz'd to meet with such stout resistance from the virtuous *Imbrigis*, who receiv'd his Courtships and Addresses with disdain, refused his Presents, and avoided his Company as a Pestilence, however he takes a review of this impregnable Fort, but finds no other access than by the covetous and sordid humour of *Helga*: He therefore feeds him with hopes of great Preferment, and finding him a great lover of Play, (whilst on the winning side) he designedly, whenever he came to visit *Helga*, lost ten or twenty Crown-pieces of Gold, which so much rejoyced the heart of the old man, that the sight of this Lord was as desirable to him as an Angel, and *Imbrigis* solicited him in vain not to entertain the Baron so often, intreating him to let her retire to her Fathers, or some other place in the Countrey, whilst the Baron continued in those parts, lest his frequent visits might blemish her Honour, and blast her Reputation: But perceiving him instead

of discouraging her new Lover, give him fresh opportunities to court her under the colour of Play, *Imbrigis* was at last forc'd to discover to him the Barons dishonourable intentions, and sedulous Courtships, that he was in love with her, and had attempted her Love and Chastity. But the sweetness of winning the Barons Gold took away the bitterness of Jealousie; And the virtuous *Imbrigis* seeing that *Helga* knew not how to guard her Honour, was the more circumspect herself: She therefore (whenever *Fobrock* came to the house) immediately lock'd her self up in her Chamber, or went to a Neighbours house, and neither the intreaties of the Baron, or commands of her Husband, could obtain her presence.

But the Baron finding the effects which Gold had over old *Helga's* heart, and that 'twas rather his Wifes Chastity and Prudence than his Jealousie, put a stop to, and obstructed his sight of that beautiful Object, he resolves to bribe the covetous old man, and so purchase the dishonour of his Wife; in order to which, he invites *Helga* over to his own Palace, and (his Lady being gone to the *Spaw* in Germany for the recovering of her health) there they diverted themselves with Tables as they us'd to do, when the Baron having one day drawn aside this old Dotard from all Company, he carries him into a Chamber, where on several Tables he had laid one by one 20000 pieces of Gold, most of them Crown-pieces, and having fastned the door, made him sit down before this Golden Idol, which he knew he worshipp'd in his heart, and told him, *That he might by an easie Purchase, if he pleas'd, become Master of all that Gold.* *Helga* was not backward to enquire which way? to which question the Baron reply'd, *That he must confess he was passionately in love with his Wife, that he had courted and solicited her several times, though without that success some young and briske Gallant might probably be blest with, and at*

an easier purchase than he could expect ; for he knew that a person who had seen the change and vicissitudes of sixty Winters, could not always satisfy the craving desires of Youth ; That he would exchange all that Gold (a real substance) with him, for one nights lodging with his Wife, which was no more than a transitory Pleasure, and pay one moiety now down, (if he consented) and the other half when the business was effected.

Helga (whose eyes were dazzled at the sight of this Golden Idol) after a short pause made answer, That he had taken a fair (though unusual) course to obtain his desires ; for since the Wife, her Honour, and Chastity, is the Husbands own and proper Goods, it was the better and more lawful way to have them by the Husbands consent, than to purloin them by corrupting the Wife, which without the Husbands knowledge was under-band dealing, and not lawfully purchased ; that he was sensible he had bid him fairly, and like a Chapman, and therefore he was willing to accept his proffer, conditionally that he would keep it as a secret not only from the world, but his Wife also, which if he observ'd, he would give his consent and assistance.

The Baron at the ending of his discourse embraced the old man, and promised to perform the condition required, and the bargain being concluded, *Helga* returns with 10000 Crowns, laughing at the folly of the prodigal Baron ; he shews the Gold to his Wife *Imbrigis*, as so much won at play, which she little thought to be the purchase of her Honour and Chastity.

Within a few days *Helga* visits the Baron, where all things being in readiness, as they before had contriv'd, late in the evening *Imbrigis* receives her Husbands Ring with a message from him, that he was taken with a desperate fit of sickness, and that she should by that Token know it was his desire to have her come to him immediately in the Baron's Coach, which he had sent for her : *Imbrigis* concluded he was to be dying, and

and out of duty went with the messenger in the Barons Coach, though not without some reluctance, as fearing it might be some trick of the Barons, whose Palace she arriv'd at in the evening, and was lighted up stairs by the Servants, then conducted into a very stately Chamber richly adorn'd and sweetly perfum'd, in which were several Lights, and in the midst a rich embroider'd Bed, &c. The Servants withdraw, and whilst she steps to the Bed to seek her Husband, supposing him sick and laid there, she spies the Baron enter the Room, and shut the door fast. Then 'twas that the brave and heroick *Imbrigue* (finding her self betray'd, and the Baron approaching towards her with eager steps and open arms) flew swiftly to the window, and (to preserve her Honour & Chastity unblemish'd) violently dash'd her head against the glass, and had already got half of her body through the breach, when the amazed Baron caught hold of her Garments, and pull'd her back, though not without her face being cut and batter'd by the glass, the affright putting her in a trance, that she remained senseless, and as one dead; in the arms of the vicious Baron, who having laid her on the Bed, went to bereave her of her Honour and Chastity; but the violence he used in the attempt brought her to her self again, when beholding the rude approaches of the lustful Baron, she shrieks out, and struggling with both her hands, one of those Guardian Angels that attend on weak Innocency and assaulted Chastity, guided her hand to a Dagger that hung at the side of the Ravisher, with which she first gave him a mortal wound, and then lodg'd the fatal steel in her own chaste and virtuous Breast, to let out that blood she mistook to be polluted by the Baron.

The noise they made in this bloody skirmish, and the fall of their wounded bodies from the Bed, alarm'd the Servants, who standing at the door, rush in, and behold this sight with amazement. The

The Chyrurgions having drest both their wounds, that of the Barons prov'd mortal, and he dy'd within three days full of penitence and trouble for the evil he had caused to the chaste and virtuous *Imbrigis*: But Heaven had a greater care of that brave Woman, the Dagger had not touch'd her Intellects, and she recover'd after some days. The Baron before he dy'd acquitted *Imbrigis* of his death before his Servants, and ask'd her pardon for the injury he had done her, his Soul being now refin'd from that Lust which before had engender'd about his heart. He confest likewise the business of *Helga*, who considering the shame and ignominy his ill-made bargain had cast on his Honour and Reputation, took it so to heart, that before *Imbrigis* could recover of her wounds he dy'd, and left her a rich Widow.

And now the hopes of the faithful *Sueno* revive, who had heard of the heroick action of his adored *Imbrigis*; and at last Heaven took pity of his constant sufferings, and rewarded his faithful Love; for after *Imbrigis* had paid what was due to decency and the memory of her Husband, and remained twelve months a Widow, she was married to *Sueno*, both spending their days in the fruition of their chaste Loves; he blest in a chaste and loyal Wife, she happy in a faithful and loving Husband.

As the charming pleasures of Innocence and serenity of mind, are visible inhabitants of those hearts consecrated to Virgin Chastity; so in respect of its prevalence over the minds of its Votaries, it makes riper age continue incontinent, and the Matrimonial liberty undefiled, as we have seen in the precedent Example of the virtuous and constant Imbrigis.

HIST. IV.

Van Zwerts and Marinda.

Jacob Van Zwerts, after many signal proofs of his Chastity, takes shipping for Spain, but in his Voyage is taken Prisoner by the Turks, and sold to Ali Pigget, a Turkish Merchant, whose Sister falling in love with Jacob, solicits him to Debauchery, and upon his refusal of her lewd Embraces, accuseth him of a Rape: Ali Pigget being sensible of her Treachery, first stabs her, then gives Van Zwerts his liberty, who soon after his arrival at Spain is married to the virtuous and beautiful Marinda, who by a notable Stratagem preserved her Chastity.

Not many years since at Rotterdam, a Port-Town in Holland, one of the United Provinces belonging to the States, lived Jacob Van Zwerts, second Son to the Heer Van Zwerts, a very wealthy and creditable Merchant, of ancient and reputable Extraction. Jacob Van Zwerts (whose Virtue and Chastity was as remarkable as any left upon the Records of Time) being weary of the Debaucheries of that City, to which he was often and frequently solicited by some extravagant Youths of his former acquaintance, did by the next opportunity resolve for Spain, whither he might retire with an intimate acquaintance of his Fathers, and reap the peaceable enjoyment of himself and his Virtue. While his Father was weighing the consequence of this design, the unpleasant News had reach'd the ears of the roaring Debauchees his late Companions, who having let loose the Reins of Sobriety and Virtue, had plung'd themselves into the greatest Exorbitancy, and therefore nothing could be more unwelcome than the desertion of one of their beloved associates, on whom

whom (as he was rich) they had some flattering hopes of dependance, and therefore were resolv'd, if possible, to convert him to themselves; to which end they sent for him in the names of some later Friends, (of whom he was less shie) to drink with him at the *Sam-Thurn* not far distant from his Fathers, not doubting thereby to prevent his Voyage to Spain. Van Zwerts (according to their request) went to them, where he found them caressing each one his Strumpet, and using even the most immodest and lewdest actions. They observ'd Van Zwerts, that his eye was fix'd, and his countenance austere, as declaring the inward resentments of his mind; yet however they presented him with one of the most beautiful of their Company; but he declar'd his aversion to such lewdness, saying, Gentlemen, Have ye neither sense of Honour, Virtue, nor Conscience? Think ye that Justice sleeps for ever? No, Heaven will be speedily mov'd, lay all its Mercy down, take up revenging Bolts of Thunder, and dash all such profligate offenders to inevitable ruine: Why then--- But as he would have proceeded, they interrupted him, and said, What, Jacob, always preaching! will you never give over canting? Let dull Religious Fools, who never knew the sweets of stolen pleasures, be ty'd to the strict Rules of Virtue; but Love's a rowing Libertine, scales the weak Battlements which Virtue raises, and tramples upon Honour, to obtain a place safe in the arms of Beauty. Alas! thou art lost, thou huntst after shadows, and followest imaginary Heavens, while we have ours in possession. 'Tis ill trusting to Castles in the Air, or, like Astrologers, have twelve Houses they know not where, yet never a one for themselves to live in. No, 'tis we alone enjoy Honour, Beauty, Happiness, and Heaven on Earth. To which Jacob reply'd, O prophane wretches! have you no remorse of consciences? what means--- But they interrupting him, said; Go preach conscience to the Spaniard; 't might perhaps make him less proud, though no ways abate his ambition,

you,

rous inclinations, for he'd love his Wench in spite of Fate, or twenty Consciences; and so dismiss him.

Van Zwerts remain'd unshaken in his resolutions, and hastning his Voyage, embark'd the night following, but ere he had reach'd the Coasts of Spain, he was taken by a Turkish Pirate, (whose Power they were not able to resist) and straightway convey'd to Turkey, and (as Providence had appointed) sold Slave to *Ali Pigget*, a Turkish Merchant, formerly a correspondent of his Fathers, which *Ali Pigget* by questioning him concerning his Countrey, Education, and Extraction, found out, but did not discover it to *Van Zwerts*, only pretending civility on the account of his Learning, (for he was a good Linguist, and an excellent Penman and Accomptant) he employ'd him as Steward of his house. *Ali Pigget's* eye was always severe and strict over *Van Zwerts* and his own Sister, (whose modesty he had reason to suspect) judging that she who had formerly so little respect to her Honour as to admit of the lewd embraces of a common Slave, would not be backward in promoting her lustful inclinations to such a qualified person as *Van Zwerts*; neither was his suspicion or jealousy in vain, for she omitted no opportunity of spreading her Charms to catch the heart of *Van Zwerts*; neither was she asham'd to tell him many times, that he was a person of the most winning and obliging good nature, that he had fir'd her heart, and she should never know any greater happiness than to be blest in his Embraces. Thus she often assaulted him, but found her amorous passion still defeated by the Chastity of the virtuous *Van Zwerts*; yet she resolv'd with all the power and Charms imaginable, and the strongest temptations of Lust, once more to besiege his Virtue, which she did in this manner.

Ali Pigget being to ride out of Town some miles distant, about his Merchandise, she thought it her best and securest time to put in practice her unchast design.

Accor-

Accordingly upon the departure of *Ali Pigget* she ordered *Van Zwerts* to wait on her at her Chamber within the space of half an hour at farthest: *Van Zwerts* (whose Honour was his guard) suspected not the lewd intentions of this Lady, but went into her Chamber, where finding her in bed, began to retire, when she call'd to him as to speak with him, and laying hold on his hand, said sighing, *Jacob, hast thou no sense nor compassion for a poor suffering Lover? must I for ever burn in these hot flames, and will you never yield to cool my passions? Fye! leave these youthful blushes, and come into thy Lovers arms.*—Not for ten thousand worlds, reply'd *Van Zwerts*; and so striving to withdraw his hand, she turn'd her Lust to Revenge, crying out, *A Rape! A Rape!* *Ali Pigget* suspected her design, and therefore return'd immediately after his departure, and conceal'd himself in the next Apartment to the Chamber they were in, he heard her lustful Courtship, and his chaste Answer, and upon her crying out went in, and with his Sword stabb'd her in that Bed which she design'd for the consummation of her Lust; and as a reward for *Van Zwerts's* Fidelity and Chastity, bad him ask any thing in his power, it should be granted him.

Jacob, who still longed to see *Spain*, begg'd (since his bounty did extend so far) that he would give him his liberty, and fit him for that Voyage. *Ali Pigget* (to whom *Jacob's* Father had sent 2000 Cobs for his Ransom) gave him his Liberty with his Ransom. *Van Zwerts* taking shipping, in a short time arriv'd at *Spain*, where he had not long resided ere he found his breast heated with Love, and his inclinations and affections tend towards the virtuous and fair *Marinda*, whose unblemish'd Chastity in *Spain* was most conspicuous, and spread far on the wings of Fame. She was indeed the Mirrour of her Age, and had as large a share of Beauty as any in that Countrey could boast of, which probably might occasion her more temptations to try her

her Chastity, than others who were less beautiful; for in the Civil Wars, when Rapine was fierce and prevalent, and Virgins knew not by what means to resist or reclaim the extravagances of enraged Souldiers, she by a notable Stratagem (tho' very irksom to her self) preserv'd her Chastity, which she effected in this manner: Under her Arm-pits she plac'd raw Bies, and retain'd it there till by the heat of her body it became so loathsom that none could endure to come within her sight, much less endure her Embraces. The relation of this, and the like Triumphs of her Chastity, well pleased *Van Zwerts*, who after the formalities of Courtship (which he was well vers'd in) obtain'd her consent, and was espoused to her, returning shortly after to his Fathers house in *Rotterdam*, who in a short time after his Sons return dy'd, and left him Master of a plentiful Estate, upon which this chaste Couple liv'd many years happily. Such are the rewards of Heaven here frequently to them who become strict Votaries of Chastity and Virtue.

Thus we have seen in divers Examples the eminent Rewards of Chastity, by the Mercy and Providence that attends upon Conjugal Faith, and Matrimonial Loyalty: for as Chastity, Friendship, and the other branches of a virtuous Life, do carry some part of their reward in the pleasure of their Performances, so Constancy and Perseverance in the same crowns our Fidelity with the consummation of a perfect and glorious Felicity.

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